

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE  
OF  
POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

OCTOBER, 1876.

THE CENTURY—ITS FRUITS AND ITS FESTIVAL.

X.—ART.\*



INTERIOR OF ROTUNDA OF MEMORIAL HALL.

IT costs us no effort to conjure up the idea of internationalism as we as-

\* The illustrations of this article are intended merely to serve as aids to the text in indicating the subjects and composition of some representative works.

send to the vestibule of Memorial Hall. It is all around us before we reach the threshold. We pass under the shadow of an enormous pile of unexceptionable

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granite shapen by American hands into the similitude of an American soldier of to-day, eloquent to contemporary eyes,



SÈVRES VASE.

but little apt favorably to affect connoisseurs of the more remote future, is happily addressed by the selection of an unchangeable material. To them the hard, meagre lines of kepi, trousers and close tunic will speak poorly for the notions of grace and beauty prevalent among those who chiseled and set up this votive offering to gunpowder. Advancing between the big Viennese horses, we perceive far off to the right a bronze lion on a much smaller scale, also from abroad, while a flock of eagles and goddesses of German origin contemplates us, with more or less of calmness, from the cornice above. Under the stately doorway we are confronted by the English group of a plunging bison, rather groggy in the legs from the weight of a bevy of lightly-clad nymphs who find a soft seat on his shaggy winter *pelage*. Around and overlooked by this singular group cluster thick

the marble elegancies and—witness the colossal bust of Washington sprouting from an eagle, and gazing upon the hurly-burly with much the air of a political roué on the watch for the next revolution—inelegancies of Italy. Just behind the east pier we catch the brazen glitter of a form that haunts the whole exposition, and Prussia stands confessed in the great chancellor, lumpish and rudely modeled in harmony with the policy of sheer force with which he is identified, and which seems to scorn the aid of mellowing and conciliatory detail. France infuses color with one or two Sèvres vases, and the United States restore the supremacy of pure form with the statuary of Story, Harseltine, Rogers and others—a task in



CONNELLY'S "THETIS."

which the sculptors we have here named are, we had almost said, led by Connelly, whose *Thetis* is conceived in the spirit of

the antique and fails to come up to it in little else than the execution of the drapery, the lines and masses of which are too much broken. The world of color lies beyond, and it is by a very proper and well-considered arrangement that the chisel intervenes between it and the architectural.

That one of the assembled nations which is most adroit and profuse with the chisel naturally commands the greater share of attention at this point. The countrymen of Canova seize us with a multitude of marble hands, and from the first moment till we leave the building and its cloisters swarms from the Carrara hive surround us. We cannot escape them if we would; and can we say that we desire it? No. Did they serve no higher purpose than that of physically relieving the eye after resting, not reposing, upon acres of tinted wall, they would be welcome, and their removal would be no trifling loss. But they do much more. Taken as a mass, they are as well able to stand by themselves on their own merits as any other modern art-group here. Leaving out some absurdities, like Pezzicar's negro with a frontal development worthy the most gifted poet or statesman, and a calf that would make the fortune of a footman, brandishing aloft a written document which he never read, the average of conception and treatment is good. That of technical knowledge and execution is high—markedly above the standard of statuary among the other nations as shown by their exhibits here. Texture and flexibility, according to the object represented, are imparted to the stone; a glaring fault in drawing is almost never met with; and a combined freedom and delicacy of touch, sure to be appreciated when we transfer our glance to the works of the other nations, is everywhere apparent. To the last-named trait may be ascribed an occasional overstepping of the bounds of the sculpturesque. Facility misleads itself, and strays into the fantastic. Among a hundred or two productions from artists of every grade it would be singular were there no worse faults than this.

We shall be the better assisted to a recognition of the merits of the higher class of these works by fancying the sensation which would follow the sending to his native home, by an American sculptor trained in Italy and living there, of such a production as Barcaglia's *Love blinds*,



BARCAGLIA'S "LOVE BLINDS."

Buoninsegna's *Slave*, Bergonzoli's *Angelic Love*, or Calvi's *Lucifer*. By the side of the *Slave*, Powers's well-known rendering of the same subject is hard in line and pose, at several points faulty in proportion, and altogether wanting in surface and in that minute truth of detail, curve within curve, which may be termed the *chiaroscuro* of sculpture, and which constitutes so much of the subtle charm of the best Greek statues. Within the narrower scope of a portrait-bust the Northern chisel finds a more manageable range, and there it escapes, on the other hand, the insipid sweetness into which the Italian is apt to lapse.

Barcaglia's group is from all points a study. In every aspect its "grand lines"

are sweeping and graceful, and its minor contours soft, correct and "multitudinous" without destroying unity or becoming mechanically repetitive, as a want of knowledge or feeling would have made them. This and other examples in the Italian display go to prove that if, as is often forcibly alleged, modern sculpture is but an imitation of the old, the Italians have at least not been careless in the imitation, and that if they have not caught so successfully as the Thorwaldsens, the Flaxmans and the Schwanthalers the severe side of the common model, they have excelled them in the apprehension of its lovelier and perhaps its deeper traits; and that, moreover, they have gone farther in transcending the rôle of the mere copyist and seeking the fountain-head of reality for the minutiae of form so closely studied by the ancients. For this, not less than for the inspection of remains in marble and bronze, they have advantages over their rivals of a less sunny latitude. Their merit is to be measured by their utilization of both sources of success; and we confess to an agreeable surprise at the evidences here afforded of the extent to which they have met that criterion.

It is in the mastery over stone, in statues, tazzas, vases and mosaics, that Italian art chiefly stands forward. In painting it makes no mark at the exhibition. The few pictures shown can be assigned no generic character, either in selection of subject or mode of treatment. All themes are handled indifferently, in both senses of the word, from the religious in deference to local tradition to genre in concession to the bias of to-day. Pictorially, we should say the Peninsula was at sea. Desperately bad canvases, with the best things of the Renaissance looking down from every wall, it cannot produce. But it appears as little able to pass the mediocre far in the opposite direction. Until this transition period shall have been traversed, and a definite course have been decided upon, it will not do to look very hopefully to the Italian easel. The people and the government are both poor, and patronage must come mainly from foreigners,

whose passion is for copies or counterfeits of the old masters. The Church, being in a state of suspended animation, is out of the market, and occupies itself with little beyond the perpetuation in mosaic of old works. Still, the artistic sense cannot be smothered, as some of the specimens before us prove. A decollation of Saint John by Valaperta of Milan may be cited. It shows knowledge, which we can all appreciate, and motive, best appreciated from the devotional standpoint of those among and for whom the picture was painted.

Let us compare another projection of the antique, a Pompeian interior by Sciffoni, with the representation of an almost identical subject by a naturalized English painter who has earned distinction in his new home, the Hispano-Belgian Alma-Tadema. M. Tadema has blocked out for himself a very peculiar style. He gives you the impression of one who knows how to draw and compose, and is not incapable of aerial perspective, but who scorns to do his best in either. So he presents us with groups that resemble a cross between Limoges pottery and mosaic, the outlines sedulously intensified, the tone of a feeble yellow and the effect flat and meagre. In the Italian work, on the contrary, we find careful drawing, softness of effect and air. There is no affectation, no obvious running after the artist's individual conceits, to affront our sense of probable truth. One picture we can realize: the artificial is the first thing to impress us in the other.

Invaders appear to have lost their strength on British ground, in art as in politics. The times have changed since the art of the island was wholly centred in a succession of imported names, and when it did not even furnish the undergrowth to a succession of tall exotics like the Torrebianos, Holbeins, Rubenses, Vandykes, Lelys and Knellers. Since the memorable day when the American West made for it a new Declaration of Independence against the unanimous protest of the indigenous artists, including Reynolds, and persisted in tearing the toga from General Wolfe and shield and



spear from his soldiers, it has been busily and hopefully building up a school of its own. It is difficult to realize, as we look upon the very poor effort, one of West's first and worst, which inaugurated this revolution, and established for all coming time the right of British heroes to the pictorial pursuit of life, liberty and happiness in their own clothes, that the innovation should have been so long in coming, and that it should have come finally by so insignificant a door. Causes productive of one absurdity naturally continued to breed others, and the crotchets of Fuseli, Barry, Haydon, Turner and Millais, the first and last two men of indisputable power misdirected and lost, have at intervals interrupted the growth of British art. It pushes along, however, in its eccentric insular way until it is able to offer on these walls much that is, to the Anglo-Saxon eye from whatever quarter of the globe, delightful, touching and instructive.

It must have been with a preresognition of the sympathies to which she had this time to appeal that England prepared for Philadelphia an exhibit of her art so far exceeding in completeness that which she sent to Vienna or Paris. She knew our people could understand her, vagaries and all, and that in a country whose household engravings were from Hogarth, Wilkie, Landseer, Frith and Faed her painters would be at home. Her story-tellers with the pencil, her replacers of ink and paper with canvas and oil, were sure of an audience who would overlook some typographical errors and some crisp defiances of syntax and prosody like those in the sister art of Carlyle and Dickens. The language would reach its mark despite a stutter, and not always the less, considering how many more there are of us backwoods-men who feel than who know in art-matters, by reason of the stutter.

Thus it is that if only for the family motive which induced the sending over of this collection the millions who visit Memorial Hall have so many acknowledgments to make to the mother-country, to say nothing of the pleasure imparted by many of the pictures. With

a number of these we were all familiar before, thanks to the engraver, and they came to us like relatives whose photographs had been long in our albums: Here is the *Railway Station*, with its string of dramas in real life crowded on the narrow stage of a passenger-platform. They might all have been as truly told of a French or German station, but somehow they would not have struck us with the same force. Something in the faces, bearing, gestures and *mise en scène* would have been wrong. The happiness of the bridal party would not have been so clearly our happiness; it would not have been our child so solicitous about the pet dog; the dapper lad so proud to be off to his first boarding-school could not have been mistaken for our boy; and the burly driver in blue overalls whose touch of the valve is about to bring down the curtain would not have been so nearly the fellow who scatters cinders in the eyes of the universal Yankee nation. We do not stop to remark—we do not want to remark—that the composition is wholly devoid of unity, that the coloring is as Heaven pleases, that the carefully-finished faces are all very much alike, and that other weak points invite the critic's lance. We warm to the thing "without a why or a wherefore;" and the fact that we do, when we come to reflect, aids us in comprehending how it was that the early Christians found objects of devotion and founts of pathos in the staring dolls they placed in the Catacombs, how the Peruvians came to worship the great stone gods that remain to us, and how the pappoose and its mother in the Swedish pavilion may be a deeply-touching sight to the Laplander. If we here employ caricature for illustration, it is with no idea of depreciating the undoubted merit, in several points, of the picture cited, and some others of its class. We only mean to say that the bottom principle which determines the special effect in the one instance is the same as in the others, and that it has not much to do with the science of æsthetics, those addressed being satisfied if their art-standard, high or low, is only not shocked.

*La Vendée*, Mrs. Ward's *Poor's First Love*, and *Baith Faither and Mither* by Frith, are others of these painted poems that warn off—and make the spectator join in warning off—all criticism. In the first our admiration belongs to the cen-

his command as the sunnier accessories of English life to which we have already adverted, and which are more frequently depicted. If exact imitation is the acme of art, as in the representation of a copper kettle, a decanter or a pineapple, then



PRINSEP'S "LA VENDÉE."

tral figure, a French boy calmly confronting, from the ashes of his native cabin and village, a storming-party of British troops; but we dwell longer and more pleasantly on the frank, homely faces of the men themselves as they bend forward surprised into homage to the brave little fellow. The picture is so ballad-like, smooth and ringing in its metre of tints and lines, and the measure is above all a home measure.

*The Casual Ward*, by Fildes, affects us as vividly, but with less of the "happy pain" that constitutes the pathetic. This scene is beyond pathos. It is more revolting than any of the melodramatic horrors of the French section. They avowedly aim at exaggeration. This, on the contrary, is hard and simple truth—simple enough, too, in scheme, being but a blotch of London fog enshrouding a huddle of wretches who crave a night's shelter from a public charity. The artist has well studied his subject, and the sad part of the thing is that he had abundance of studies at hand. Squalor and rags, with their appropriate local setting of dank mist, are evidently as ready at

this picture comes up to the requirement as well as any bit of still life on the walls; and it is, additionally, a work of imagination. The artist labored without the clog of color, or even that of strong light and shade. All is in a dim half-tone that leaves us room to dread something muffled in the murk worse than what we see. The force of the work being nevertheless more narrative than pictorial,

one is disposed to regret not having been spared this glimpse at one of merry England's closet skeletons.

In passing from these portraits of society to those of individuals, we look for something to sustain the conceded eminence of British art in that walk. We see a strong, characteristic head of Carlyle, badly hung and almost invisible; one of the painter Millais, well modeled; and, better, Landseer's sketch of the present Lord Ashburton, dashed in with comparatively little regard to color and finish, like the same artist's lions, and unlike his elaborate little gem, the *Sick Monkey*. We see also Holman Hunt by himself, a flare of red locks washed in with burnt sienna, and a complexion of apparently the same pigment mixed with white, two hands more like flesh than the face, but altogether different in color from it and from each other. Nothing but the large price paid for Mr. Hunt's *Christ* could possibly create any danger that this defiant violation of Nature and sound taste in the name of realism will become popular, or prove more than the most evanescent of insular eccentricities. Another

fantasy does seem popular—a style of which the leading feature is the discharge of all strong shadow from the face and figure, and picking out the sitter as a flat expanse of light and half-shade from a dark background. This chalky system is a refraction from the sunken sun of Pre-Raphaelitism, and will soon follow its source.

Portraiture cannot be said to show an advance for the half or three-quarter century. Lawrence's group of the first three members of the firm of Barings asserts his superiority. Ræburn, his contemporary, is less fortunate in a representative picture, his duke of Gordon having a flayed look. Opie's Hannah More we all know of old from engravings. It does not equal many by Hoppner, of whom those who selected the collection of old works forgot to send a specimen. Nor could they have really thought to show us Reynolds and Gainsborough at their best in the Royal Academy portrait of the former and the latter's duchess of Richmond. Upon the former the artist's unfortunate method of selecting and applying his pigments and vehicles has, with due aid from time, wrought its worst. The picture, never thoroughly finished, is now but a wreck. We know of copies in this country, executed when it was comparatively fresh, which give a much better idea of its primal condition than the original itself as it hangs here the victim of internal decay. As to the Gainsborough, it never was or could have been anything more than a third-rate work. It may illustrate the artist's manner, granting that to be worth illustrating, but there can be no other pretext for its public exhibition. The figure is out of drawing; the colors are crude; the drapery, seemingly dragged in with a garden-rake, would disgrace a schoolboy; the foliage—Gainsborough's trees, too, of which we have heard so much—is too flat and dense for a rifle-ball, much less a bird, to fly through; and, altogether, from five gargets out of six nothing but the name would have rescued it.

Turner and Constable are almost as unfortunate in the examples chosen of

them. The details of *Dolbadden Castle* are undistinguishable. *The Lock* is better in that respect, but cannot account for Constable's reputation. One of Fuseli's nightmares, a sketch by Wilkie, and bits of the "high art" of their day by Northcote and Barry conclude the ancients, if we claim for America Stuart's Lansdowne Washington, which ought, if possible, to be kept on this side. Etty and Maclise belong to a later generation. The former speaks through a pink, pulpy and invertebrate nymph, and the latter is very fairly represented by *Macbeth* and *Banquo's Ghost*. The latter picture is stagey in conception and management, and we look instinctively along the bottom of the frame for the footlights, or at least their reflection in the pool of thick molasses that has supervened from the upsetting of the usurper's goblet. But how can Shakespeare be illustrated without bringing in the boards? He wrote with one eye constantly, and composed often with both feet, upon them. In large and complex subjects from him this difficulty is especially prone to assert itself. Single figures and small groups more easily escape it. We may refer for examples to Miss Starr's *Imogen* among the modern English pictures, a delicate and beautiful creation, and to Ambarg's *Ophelia* in one of the German halls, to our mind the best rendering of Ophelia with the pencil we ever saw, just as the Bard of Avon may be imagined to have stumbled upon an original of the character, singing and swinging herself, half unconsciously, half desperately, to death. Neither of these suggests the stage, but sundry *Lears* and *Hamlets* on the walls around us do. A German *Falstaff* gives us a similar interpretation of fat Jack, with a stage wink in his left eye and a *mot* quivering on his lip.

The care of the English committees on selection has averted from us an inundation of dogs. Animals, so favorite a subject with their painters, might otherwise have driven man from the walls. We should like, however, to have seen more from Landseer in this line. His admirable execution atones for the over-humanizing of his brutes. Ansdell does

not err in that direction. He plumps his sheep and cattle on the canvas as though it were the prize-stall of a cattle-show, fat, smug and stolid, so much first-class mutton and beef. The horses, too, express nothing so vividly as high groom-

ing and unlimited oats. Like Lance's *Peacock*—a familiar work, yellow with oil but still distinguishable in its higher tones of color—they stand quietly to be painted, having nothing else to do. The continental brutes, with less provender



TADEMA'S "VINTAGE FESTIVAL."

and currycomb, show more life and action. Princeteau's horses scared by a railway-train, for instance, could not possibly have come from an English easel. No British artist would think of lifting a horse sidewise in the air clear of his feet. The Frenchman not only conceives it, but does it with perfect ease, spirit and truth.

Landscape is another department that has undergone repression. We find but one of Stanfield's marine pieces. This deals with the short, jerky and conflicting waves characteristic of the Channel, and consequently to a great extent of English sea-pictures, contrasting strongly with the long roll of the flat and open American coast, more familiar to our artists and their critics. They are more difficult to paint, and Stanfield's mastery of them has not been equaled. His pencil tumbles about with the water, but, unlike water, fixes form as it speeds past. At the same time it shoots through the billows with the rays of light, and carries the eye with it. They stand solid, but translucent. The thin layers of superimposed color employed to produce this luminous effect are liable to alteration by time, and Stanfield's work has not escaped this misfortune, the greens having become somewhat turbid.

England's position in landscape is mainly entrusted to the keeping of her unrivalled array of water-color drawings. She has enlarged the capabilities of the process, and shows us here everything it is likely to accomplish. Johnson's *Carrara Mountains* and a carefully-finished drawing of scenery in the Isle of Skye deserve places at the top of the list. Willis's *Cattle* and Linton's *Washing the Beggars' Feet* are as prominent among life-scenes. The heads in the latter are full of character. *The Picture*, by Alma-Tadema, is remarkable for a solidity approaching that of oil. It shares in other respects than technical and mechanical the peculiarities which infect the same artist's performances in oil—his *Vintage Festival*, for example, where the figures might have been borrowed from Etruscan vases if not from an Egyptian sarcophagus. If the highest attainments of the age in the perception of the beautiful are to carry us straight into the tombs of the Tarquins and the Pharaohs, the world has wasted the last four centuries, and all this art-progress is a snare and a delusion.

In historical painting the English school was not supposed to stand high, and there is nothing here to remove that impression. Sir John Gilbert's *Nase-*



by and *First Prince of Wales* fall below the Northcote level. Feeble in conception and grouping, and smudgy in color and handling, they interest one only as samples of the work upon which the honors

of British art are at present conferred. And yet we are not sure that in looking round we find anything much better. Prinsep's *La Vendée*, which though in no sense a great picture, we delight in an opportunity



RIVIÈRE'S "CIRCE AND THE COMPANIONS OF ULYSSES."

to mention again; Johnston's *Covenant-er's Marriage*, known in many engravings; Stuart Newton's *Abelard*; Elmore's *Leonore*, marked but not vitiated by a novel bronze tone that harmonizes with the unearthly character of the subject; Poynter's *Golden Age* and *Festival*, graceful in design and correct in drawing, and Rivière's *Circe* and *Daniel*,—may be told on the fingers. Both the last-named pictures are distinguished by freshness and originality in viewing the subject. The enchantress is utterly without ornament, and sits on the ground in the simplest possible attire before her enamored pigs—pigs as unmistakably non-English, by the way, as the name of their creator. Long-snouted and razor-backed, they are still common in the country of the sorceress, but would not be suffered to exist in an English farmyard. Their countenances express a human sentiment in a piggish way, and are to that extent more natural than Landseer's dogs, which are but disguised men. It may be objected that Circe's victims are so too, but her transformations would have been incomplete had they not imparted the ani-

mal nature with the animal form, leaving but enough of the spark divine to keep alive a consciousness of the degradation.



LEIGHTON'S "EASTERN SLINGER."

Leighton's *Slinger* is a production notable for extreme simplicity in composition, both of color and form. It consists

of a single figure projected in unbroken shadow from a cloudless sky behind. The foreground is a line of level grain, and there is no distance at all. The figure is only a tolerable life-school study in outline, the head being proportionally too small; and the strongest point of the work is its success in preserving harmony between two opposite masses of color without aid from intermediate tints.

British sculpture has little to say for itself. Nothing tells us of the delicate grace of Foley or the power of Chantrey in busts. The latter's West is his only example. The drawings from Westminster and South Kensington speak well for the future of decorative and manufacturing art. Their range is greater than that of the school-exhibits of other countries, and shows more attention to color. All that



WAGNER'S "CHARIOT-RACE."

chromatic science can do to supply defects in the chromatic sense is evidently being done, and if English silks remain inferior to those of Lyons, it will not be for want of systematic effort at remedying the fault. That the etchings from schools, clubs and individual artists are not up to the mark is an observation that may be extended to all the nations and to engraving generally. The bitten plates are scratchy and muddled, and a first-rate line engraving may be sought in vain upon the walls. A mixture of line and mezzotint takes the place of the old process, and that in turn is jostled by a new mode of press reproduction which so far has had the effect of encouraging a hasty, superficial and sketchy style of drawing, tolerable only by reason of the quantity there is of it. From such multiplication of chaff there may result an increment of wheat.

The English ought to cherish engraving. It is the soul of their art. Not only do their pictures as a rule look best when translated by the graver, but many of them are incomprehensible until subjected to that treatment. Turner and Reynolds hardly exist now on canvas. In

this respect they differ from the continental schools. We may cite, at hazard, two pictures, German and French, familiar to us through plates—Wagner's *Chariot Race* and the *Gladiators*. The former is in Memorial Hall, and its immense superiority to the engravings and lithographs of it is apparent at a glance. The difference in favor of the other is equally if not more striking.

The same causes which give English pictures eloquence to the American eye, with only secondary reference to their technical qualities, will preserve a certain resemblance between the styles of the two countries. When the United States shall have succeeded in building up anything that can be called a school, many of its characteristics will be those traceable in the works just noted. We may hope to escape those desultory and fruitless but perpetually recurring excursions in search of novelty characteristic of the movement of British art, for, though geographically more remote, we are more accessible than our English cousins to the conservative influences of the Continent. Our ideas of color, also, are probably sounder. But in the selection and

treatment of subjects a likeness will prevail, modified of course by the different physical conditions governing in the two countries. Home and forest will furnish the favorite subject of the American painter.

A glance at the walls of the United States section shows how deep we are in the landscape stage. On this broad territory of ours men are in a feeble minority as compared with acres, and the face of Nature is the first countenance to offer itself. The Durands, the Kensetts and the Cropseys had pretty well worked out the fields and rivers of the Atlantic States when Hamilton invented the sea, and Church, Moran, Hill and Bierstadt discovered a new world on the Colorado,

the Yellowstone and the Yosemite, five times as gigantic and ten times as wild and lifeless. The pictures, like the literature, of the Plains must have a run. The redwood and the red sandstone of the cañons will gloom and blaze upon our awed optics at least as long as it has taken us to recover from the similarly stunning assaults made upon our literary prepossessions by Messrs. Harte, Clemens and Joaquin Miller. This certainty we accept uncomplainingly, and even gladly, for the phenomena, terrene and atmospheric, of the Plains and the Pacific are entitled to their prophets and interpreters—the more and cleverer the better. What does not seem so clear is the necessity of placing these colossal scenes upon cor-



GIFFORD'S "TIVOLI."

respondingly colossal canvases. Would not smaller dimensions, like those found sufficient for the Alps and the ocean, answer? Is it really impossible to express the immensity of the Great West otherwise than in feet and inches, and is it necessary to enlarge on a scale in proportion to the difference in altitude to show that the Nevada towers above the Alleghanies? The original studies must have been of the size of a portfolio or thereabouts, and an effect compatible with that degree of compression would hardly have suffered under a more moderate enlargement than that of the completed painting. However, acreage is of but minor importance in pictures or in farms. It is cultivation that tells, be the ground broad or

narrow. We may scan with equal eye the Rocky Mountains under a pane of glass in the show of the American Society of Water-Colors or expanded from the palette over one side of a main hall.

One of the most successful captures by these Western hunters after cloud-effects is Hill's *Donner Lake*. A wisp of fog is caught flying in the middle distance, the foreground clear and the horizon only partially intercepted. A portion of the beautiful tarn stands out clear, and we are left to people the veiled part of its shores with imagined life enough to redeem the idea of desolation so much at war with a scene of such luxuriance. Bierstadt's *California Spring* does not encounter this difficulty. Pastoral appli-

ances are there in due abundance, and we do not feel that the carpet of sward and flowers is, as concerns its use to man, thrown away. The charm does not provoke us, as in a geologic restoration, with a sense of idle waste. Church's *Chimborazo* beckons us down the Pacific coast with a confidence based on an assured reputation, but we venture the criticism that the purples of the distance are too raw, and that relief and atmosphere are neither quite what they should be. M. F. H. de Haas's *Brig Hove to for a Pilot* and Hamilton's *Mid-Ocean* may stand for many palpable evidences around us of the mastery of the waves by American painters. The latter is a bold design, admirably managed. The billows, without a trace of man, are company for themselves, replete with impulse and action, and exclude all impression of solitude. The concentration of all the sunlight, or rather cloud-light, into one point in the middle of the picture leaves the horizon to broaden illimitably into nothing but sea and sky.

Hart's *Summer Memories of Berkshire* is an opposite treatment of sunshine. It is sifted through thin banks of clouds over a tranquil New England landscape. All is in a low key, drowsing to the hum of noon. Gifford bathes *Tivoli* in a haze of a richer hue, translucent Italian gold. Success in exceptional aerial effects is characteristic of American landscape-painters. They have, we think, nothing to ask from Turner. His fantasies in cloudland lack the finish and precision needed to make them true and admissible. We may very well concede that he actually saw most of what he sketched, but it remains a sketch only, hard, opaque and vague, unsatisfactory for want of the elaboration which would compel our prompt acceptance of an effect of light and form too novel to reconcile us to its truth without our being additionally assured of its probability. He reminds us constantly of the Spanish saying, that the true is more improbable than the false, and he assumes the responsibility of correcting that defect. His habitual failure adequately to meet that responsibility is notorious. His labyrinthine skies and

distances we fail to traverse, led even by the hand of his devotee Ruskin. Through the serene and equally poetic depths of Gifford, Hamilton and De Haas we move without the need of a guide.

Our American autumn is singularly slighted in the Centennial collection. Lawrie's *Autumn in the Hudson Highlands* is one of the few visible attempts at reproducing our woodland kaleidoscope, and it has little merit beyond being the best of that few. In nothing is the incompleteness of the United States exhibit more strikingly illustrated. That incompleteness, we may here say—and extend the remark to all the countries—is not an unmixed misfortune. To get a true idea of the state of art the absence of the best pictures is better than that of all the worst. A thorough weeding out of the mediocre and inferior would destroy the average and prevent our judging the condition of public taste. Better that, excluding the lowest, some liberality be exerted in admitting the rest. There is, moreover, always some difficulty in deciding upon the best. Artists, connoisseurs and mixed committees have an infinite variety of predilections among themselves, and rarely will two individuals agree as to the merits of a given work. That class of pictures which all of them unite in saying, in a half pooh-pooh way, "will do," may be safely accepted, and will always be in one or another way instructive to the layman or general observer. France has not sent the works of her best painters, but we can form very safe conclusions as to the peculiarities and tendencies of the French school from what she does show. Germany, we are given to understand, pursued the contrary course of careful winnowing, and as a result our chief regret is that it was not more careful still, for we cannot suppose that what we see is the cream of her studios. Taking her at her own word, she has nothing better behind, whereas we know that France has. We study the French average with a confidence the German choice fails to inspire.

In heads our artists of the day have little progress whereon to plume them-



selves. Stuart, Sully, Neagle and Inman stand on as yet unshaken pedestals. We may rank, too, with those lights of the past the late S. F. B. Morse of telegraph fame. A female head by him is not unworthy of mention in the same line with one that stands as almost the sole representative of Sully's pencil. The Historical Department derives its only illumination from two or three of Stuart's heads. It should, by the way, have been strictly segregated to a nook exclusively its own, where it could have rested on its proper basis of association, and not of art. Memorial Hall is a natural repository for the mementos which compose it, but not those parts of the structure devoted to art *per se*, with no reference to the special office of elucidating the past.

It is remarkable that some of the heads most distinguished by boldness of touch should come from female artists. Several contributed by Miss A. M. Lea of Philadelphia will be singled out for their strong impasto and peculiar yet effective method of coloring. Another, by Rosa Schweninger, in the Austrian galleries, is also bold and vigorous in style to an unusual degree. The *Patrician Mother* and the *Neapolitan* would have looked particularly out of place among the feminine handiwork of the Women's Building. A majority of the studies amid which they hang might have been transferred to that part of the grounds with less danger of suspicion as masculine intruders.

For such models as the Europeans seek in the Levant, Algeria and Southern Italy our artists have poor substitutes in those Western Orientals, the red man and the black man. The Indian's drapery of skins and army blankets is of but slender capabilities for the picturesque, and his features are anything but classic. Those of the negro are still more defective in regularity, and his dress, copied from that of the white, wants even the grace of hides and feathers. These two subjects appear to have been pretty well exhausted and abandoned. The Indian since the days of Catlin, with a slight renaissance under Carl Bodmer, has been tacitly turned over to the photographer, and the black can be made available

only after the style of caricature. The artist who makes a specialty of him must accept the position of a humorist. Undeterred by that reflection, Mr. Eastman Johnson unbends, and with excellent results. His negro groups are highly graph-



PORTRAIT OF A LADY, BY MISS LEA.

ic; fortunately, for they have the field almost entirely to themselves, and five millions of American freemen would otherwise be quite unrepresented. In what is habitually termed high art it cannot be said that American soil discloses the footprints of a coming man. Somewhere within these six or eight hundred frames his sign-manual may lurk, but if so he has hidden it effectually. But can we not get on without high art? How many of us know it when we see it? Is there any warm and wide aspiration among us for the advent of its prophet? When that demand shall manifest itself, its gratification will hardly be far off.

If we pass over foreign ground and hunt for him with a German lantern, the probability of finding him does not seem much more brilliant. He is certainly not the author of *Columbus discovering America*, an ambitious attempt at a subject never yet respectably rendered, nor of either of two pictures of the Sedan surrender, which could have been admitted into a friendly reunion of the peo-

ples only from a desire to put the French in good humor by satisfying them that their foes, however adroit at winning victory, make a poor fist at celebrating it; nor in the life-size equestrian portrait of the Crown-prince, anchylous triumphant in the anatomy of horse and man; nor yet in the Teniers-like groups, better far than any of the "stunners" we have cited, of Herren Ottlieb and Geibel, mi-

nutely studied and half Anglo-Saxon in humor. We must seek the art-successes of Germany on a rather lower level, if landscape-painters will allow us so to locate Achenbach's *Vlissingen* and Heck's *Natural Bridge at Capri*. The former is a *tour de force* in effect, the latter in color—both fine in their way. They are accompanied by many less notable but fair bits of land and water, and subjects



EASTMAN JOHNSON'S "OLD KENTUCKY HOME."

difficult to classify and as miscellaneous as those occupying the American walls, German art, like ours, being still rather undecided as to its vocation. Kaulbach is dead, and Düsseldorf nearly extinct. Genre and the classic are left leaderless, to stare confusedly at each other across the field. In *Neptune's Travels through the Sea*, O. von Boven stumps through mythology on the crutches of Guido, that highly-colored work being an adaptation of the *Aurora*. Von Boven's is not a solitary example of this kind of borrowing, adaptations, much more palpable, of Titian's Ganymede being conspicuous, for both position and size, in the English and French sections.

Germany shines more in lithography, porcelain-painting and engraving than in the higher provinces of art. The chromos of Zettler from Munich, Ens & Greiner's enamels, Duncker's plates, and the carbons of the Berlin Photographic Company fill a very attractive corner. Water-colors appear to be less popular with the Germans than in America and England.

Southern Germany presents us with a touch simultaneously of tropical coloring and Northern thrift. The well-arranged halls of Austria glow with strong tints, to which the carefully-priced catalogue adds the golden hue of barter and sale. No harm will be done, however, if all her pictures are sold at the round prices affixed. The artists of the dual empire have not slurred their work, and deserve the compensation they claim. No price is affixed to Makart's large painting, *Venice paying Homage to Caterina Cornaro*. An American purchaser was not likely to be found for it in any case, its merits not being commanding enough to overcome the remoteness of the subject. The technical qualities of the picture are not such as to explain the prominence it assumes. Smaller works around it excel it in design and composition, and some single studies, which afford little room for composition, are, as usual, the most satisfactory. A *Jurisconsult* by Amerling is full of quiet, strong simplicity. Von Berres's *Cattle-Dealer* suggests the influence of Rembrandt in everything but

the flesh, which is chalky. Fux's *Sans Souci* is a fine rough study, boldly laid in and not risked in effect by over-finish.

In Felix's *Pan and Bacchantes* we have some good figure-drawing, but the spirit of the old superstitions is better caught



MAKART'S "VENICE PAYING HOMAGE TO CATERINA CORNARO."

by Swoboda in *The Bottom of the Sea*, a charming fairy scene bathed in the golden glow of sunlight striking through the waves and finished as exquisitely as Landseer's *Bottom and Titania*. The landscapes are not what might have been expected from the country of the Tyrolese. The distances are generally too much sacrificed to the foreground, form, as expressed in rocks, trees and architecture, being a controlling point with the artists. A moonlight scene by Van Haanen is among those which best meet Cisatlantic theories of the proper management of aerial perspective.

An art-revival is said to manifest itself in a new architectural departure in the modern erections of Vienna. We cannot trace any very novel traits in the paintings contributed by that capital, but their effect in mass is certainly rich, and the execution of most of them is painstaking and earnest to a degree that indicates anything but stagnation in art.

No contrast can be more decided than that between the Austrian frontispiece and that of the French. France has many large pictures, and no one of them exactly so placed as to command from conspicuousness distinction from the rest. But there is one so peculiar in subject and treatment as to have earned notice above all the others, and to have been popularly singled out as typical of modern French art. This is Becker's *Rizpah*. A woman of more than heroic size stands

in front of a gibbet that bears her two sons and their five companions, and,



BECKER'S "RIZPAH PROTECTING THE BODIES OF HER SONS FROM BIRDS OF PREY."

brandishing a stick with immense display of physical effort and anatomy,

keeps at bay a vulture. That constitutes the whole motive, and we need not say it is unsatisfying, not to say pictorially trivial. Nothing but exceptional force in the accessories could make it appear otherwise. The necessity of supplying this, and so turning to dramatic and emotional effect the act of driving away a timid and harmless bird, is fully recognized by the artist. The suspended bodies are true to a sinew; the drapery and pose of their high-tragedy dam, a Jewess of Jael-like type, are all that could be wished: the chiaroscuro is what effect demands; and the whole is overspread with a livid tone in keeping with the scene. Add to this that all positive colors are discarded, and we have a production we find it unfortunately too easy, although unjust, to accept as illustrative of the prevalent French style. So far as concerns the sacrifice of color to design, and the present fancy of a certain number of leading French painters for revolting subjects, we might so take it. It is true, as the collection before us proves, that their command of form has made the French somewhat contemptuous of the secondary adjunct of color, and that a tendency to monochrome is discernible in the predominance of grays. Prion's *Young Satyr*, for instance, one of the most vivid, telling and masterly compositions in the French halls, has nothing higher in color than a medium green, the prevalent shadows being a cold olive. In Perrault's *Bather*, the loveliest and most correctly modeled female figure in the building, the flesh-tones are also cold. And in the dead or dying Cæsars—why not, once for all, grant "great Cæsar dead and turned to clay," and cease stabbing him with the pencil?—of MM. Yvon and Clément nothing rises above half-tint except the red, which emphasizes blood and harshly sounds the keynote of the theme. These two works are imitations of Gérôme's well-known representation of the same event, and his avoidance of warm color is constant, whatever the character of his subject.

That the French, nevertheless, know how to use color, and are not afraid of it when they think proper to bring it to the

front with their other forces, no considerable area of their walls is without proof to show. Here is *Echo*, a female figure nearly opposite Perrault's, warm with a broad Titianesque glow; Petit's flowers, brilliant without crudity; Rosier's *Morning on the Lagoon*, a solitary boat swimming in incandescent mist; De Coninck's *Pastorella*; and *The Rest*, by Perrault, the silver side of whose genius, cited above, here turns to bright gold in a peasant-girl asleep upon a sheaf of grain, the carmine of her complexion and warm brown of her hair brought close against the yellow straw without the least conflict, all uniting in a mass of light and color not to be outshone by Reynolds or Etty. Schenck likewise proves his command of opposite tones in his companion pictures of sheep, one bevy crowning a knoll of purple heath, and the other dragging their "golden fleece" through a snowstorm. And Clément's blank and livid assassination-scene has its dreariness enhanced by having for foil as brilliant a bit of still-life as Lance ever turned out. Another frolic of color in a similar subject is employed in the same way by the hanging committee to set off a work done in a hard, white mosaic style by Morin.

Had Duran's big portrait of a horse and lady been painted the size of a handkerchief, and not that of a very large barn-door, it would have been but little discussed. It is well drawn, except that Mademoiselle Croizette has no visible means of support in the stirrup and saddle, and the spectator has to press into service his faith and imagination to aid in sustaining her. The drawing and the grace and sweetness of the head are about the sole merits of the work, for its defiance of the requirements of chiaroscuro in making the riding-habit a flat dead mass of black—"nothing," as artists say—and cutting out the horse from the light background with a dark outline at all points, almost removes it as a whole from the pictorial category.

Those who have formed the impression that French art is generally sensational will modify it after inspection of the present display. The artistic, like the polit-



ical and industrial, life of the nation breaks out into theatricals only at intervals, and is, with such sporadic exceptions, remarkably plodding, practical and thorough. The superficial and flashy do not at all characterize it. Subdued color and careful design we have seen to prevail. Boldness in selection and development of subject is not only quite compatible with those traits, but to some extent consequent upon them, as being naturally inspired and justified by knowledge, self-confidence and self-control. Intense realism we find, accordingly, to combine in the works of the leading French painters of today with novelty of conception. Among their contemporaries of some other nations it is more usually combined with thinness of idea and slovenliness of execution, the ability to build up some prominent feature of a picture with a certain hard and staring precision being complacently assumed as conferring a license to slur all the rest of it. That is not Nature's way. The French follow Nature.

None of the classicists have produced anything much more cool, quiet and scholastic than Laforte's *Young Bride*, or handled a dramatic theme in a less melodramatic yet effective method than Reichert's *Blinding of Arthur*. We know no English illustration of the latter scene so little violent and overstrained. At the same time the story is told clearly. The conflict of duty and pity in Hubert is admirably expressed.

In landscape the French err on the side of repose and reserve. They play no tricks with their clouds, and make little use of "accidents" in the distribution of light and shade on the land. Their skies are not luminous, and their seas wear a uniform of brown and gray. Their pencil seems to grope about over such broad masses for some object to take hold of, never feeling quite at home without the support of form. The French artist accepts chiaroscuro as an acces-

sory. Making it a principal motive, in the manner of Danby, Martin, Wilson and Achenbach, is what he does not understand. The difference is something like that between Claude and Salvator Rosa.



SLINGENEYER'S "CHRISTIAN MARTYR."

Frith's collection of clothes and clean pink faces in the *Marriage of the Prince of Wales* finds a counterpart, in many points, in Viger's microscopic achievement of silk and lace, *Josephine in 1814*. The fashions of the first Napoleonic era have stood the fire of time and taste better than those of fifty years later will have done fifty years hence. Marshal MacMahon in bronze, with his close-fitting surtout and his long Irish limbs encased in cylindrical trousers, additionally exemplifies the troubles imposed on art by the prevailing costume. The great of our day will be handed down to posterity heavily handicapped with a raiment of right lines and mathematical curves. How they must envy the ancients their drapery or absence of drapery! The mode did not change then in many centuries. The figure, undraped or in outline, was as familiar a sight as the face and hands. Men remained the same.

to the eyes of each other and of the artists who perpetuated their images, through generations. Now, the human body has been steadily disappearing since feudal times, the date of a portrait, carved or painted, being assignable within a decade or two by the dress, the sartorial shears chronologically slicing up the moderns into as many distinct races. It is becoming extinct as a daily familiar study to the draughtsman and modeler, to say nothing of their crowd of critics, who are shocked by the innocent exposure of it. As it is the summit of beauty and the foundation of design, its fading into a tradition must seriously affect the art of the future. Were all that we possess of the antique to be suddenly swept out of existence, we should not be long in realizing the blow dealt at æsthetic culture by the tailor and the milliner. The sculptor of Trajan's column contemptuously put his barbarians of the North into ruffled pantaloons, and the Pompeian mosaics present us the Persian in a stovepipe hat.

It was a very mild type of Pre-Raphaelitism that afflicted France, and it rapidly passed off. The curious may trace it in Sainton's *Solitary*. Life is too short and art too long for so practical a race to throw away an epoch in harking back on a scent so cold and misleading.

None of the other nations sustain pretensions to a school of their own. Russia, heretofore classed as purely imitative in art as in other things, may hold herself an exception. Certainly she astonishes here, as she does elsewhere in the exposition. Her peculiar society and modes of life, so far removed from Western observation and influence, provide a variety of new subjects and methods. The exceeding cleverness of her genre bronzes we have elsewhere noted. In her pictures we see strong color and the predominance of an Oriental rather than a Northern spirit. It is evident that this practically new race of seventy millions is going to be a reinforcement to Western culture, and not a clog upon it.

Belgium and Holland make each, the former especially, a large display, but it is not easy to find much that is distinc-

tive in merit and style. The largest and most ambitious in the Belgian exhibit are, as usual, not the best. De Loos's *Rebecca* is a piece of sweet coloring, and Slingeneyer's *Martyr* is vivid as a narrative, and marked by some passages of light from separate sources that are well managed. Wittkamp in *Parisina*, and Stallaert in *The Cellar of Diomed*, grapple successfully with other striking light-effects of the tableau or red-fire order, local color showing well through the illumination. These plays of secondary light seem to be popular with the Belgian artists—a reminiscence of the old Flemish fancy for village conflagrations and nocturnal groups around braziers. Tschoggeny paints a stable on fire, with a white horse starting back from the flames, the red light overspreading his head and shoulders. In such episodes of tangible and familiar life there is better success, and success is better worth gaining, than in the spectral horrors of Wiertz, which the Belgian government has deemed worthy of being photographed for the edification of our artists. In sculpture and faience a similar level to that in painting is preserved. Fraikin's group in marble, two female busts by Fassin, and Bouré's bronze lions are worthy of note. Some examples in forged iron, in imitation of the Flemish renaissance and the period before, are very acceptable from the country of Matsys, the Antwerp blacksmith.

To the Netherlands we are under obligations for Altmann's copies of works by Vanderhelst, Rembrandt, Paul Potter and Frank Hals. Traditions of those masters and their contemporaries are manifest rather in the selection than in the treatment of subjects by modern Dutch painters. Animals, interiors and landscapes make up a large proportion of the paintings exhibited. The old finish and the old feeling do not appear. The best of the marine views is credited to H. Koekkoek, Jr., of London. It shows English influence. Hanrath's *Peddler* is a strongly-individualized head.

In the feature of earning a strong national imprint by the faithful portraiture of the land and its people the Dutch

section resembles that of Norway. A long and hard winter, a sombre sky, dense forests, a coast of cliffs eaten into saw-teeth by the sea, and a season of outdoor life intensified by its shortness, may be traced on the walls of the Norwegian section. Askevold paints for us a cluster of cattle at a mountain-tarn, minute and exact as if photographed, and much more vivid and natural. Nor-

man plunges us into the Romsdalsfjord, and Skari points us westward to a fleet of fishermen. Nicolaysen reproduces an inland lake in its rich purple drapery of mist and heath. Human life is quite a secondary element in the mass of wild scenery. One of the half dozen pictures illustrating it gives us a curious view of society and religion in a *Fight at a Christmas Feast*. The spirit of the Ber-



VALLÉS'S "MADNESS OF DOÑA JUANA."

serkers is not dead, but sleepeth. Their descendants draw the barren ancestral hills with a loving pencil, but look beyond them for a career.

Swedish pictures, like the country, are more densely peopled. Habits and habitations come to the front. We "assist" at a peasant wedding, where the bride blushes under a golden crown, and witness, uninvited this time, the sensations of another damsel, as yet a bride only in expectancy, as she opens a letter. Subjects are sought, too, by Swedish art-students in the less meagre life of the Rhine and the Tiber. Hafström picks up at Düsseldorf an incident from the late Franco-German war; Ankarkrona sends two admirable sketches of the desert from Africa; and Malmström bears us back to Norland to witness a *Dance of Elves*—a troop of fairies rising with the mist, into which the more distant of them fade. The establishment of a leading school of art in Stockholm is of course

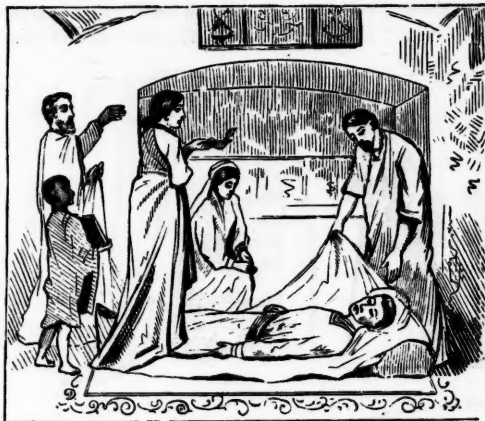
not among the probabilities. That the art of so isolated a region should escape being overlaid by oddity and affectation is as much as we could hope, and the exhibit in Memorial Hall proves it to do more.

On Spanish art we naturally build larger calculations, and they are correspondingly difficult of fulfillment. Perhaps the revolt of a Northern eye from the yellow coloring of the Peninsular pictures prevents a fair appreciation of them. This difficulty meets us at the threshold in a large picture of the *Landing of Columbus*, a blaze of crude color. In Gonsalvo's interiors of churches, where all is subdued into an infinity of deep brown shadows, we find relief. Grateful too is the olive tone of Gisbert's *Landing of the Puritans*, the best rendering of that subject with which we are acquainted. In a *Roman Conclave*, by Jover, a mass of scarlet drapery fails to run away with the artist, and is subdued into richness

and harmony with the adjacent tints. Vallés's *Madness of Doña Juana* is a fine theme finely studied. We see none of the violence we are accustomed to in the treatment of insanity. An atmosphere of dreary hopelessness seems to pervade the mass of gray tones which relieve the chief figure. *The Burial*

erale display. *St. Charles* by Pina has merit enough in execution to make it noticeable anywhere. Two studies of the nude, a boy fishing and the *Young Artist*, are unexceptionable in drawing and modeling, with warm and clear flesh. Among the portraits of Mexican celebrities, that of Juarez, the Indian president, and one of the best rulers the republic has had, is most interesting.

Brazil rests her claims chiefly on some enormous battle-pieces, lurid and disagreeable, and looking as if they might be true to the reality of the combats and their stage. In this species of pictorial triumph she is joined by her allies, the Argentines, until the spectator forgets that the whole pother was over the conquest of little Paraguay, a more than half-Indian community of a few hundred thousand souls. *The First Mass in Brazil* excels these in promise of



VERA'S "BURIAL OF ST. LAWRENCE."

of *St. Lawrence*, by Vera, is another elevated conception profoundly treated. The background is rather flat, but the admirable drapery in front has thence the more value. Both these groups might be transferred to marble with little loss of force. Velasquez and Murillo are shown in a portrait by one and a *Crucifixion* by the other; but they are not choice specimens, although illustrative of the manner of those masters.

In art, as in other things, "blood will tell." A certain resemblance in style obtains between the two Peninsular states and their American progeny. A common taste for religious subjects is also apparent, though more marked in the mother-countries than in the colonies. Unprogressive Mexico has changed least in the latter feature, while the "live" republic of the Plata almost turns her back on altar-pieces to paint the Gauchos and their herds, which is done with no little spirit and character. The Mexican contributions number seventy or eighty, some of them large, and make a consid-

an art-future for the great southern empire.

A past which has done its work and fixed its fame is pleasanter to contemplate in its most fragmentary remains than a future yet to come, if it comes at all. It were to be wished that the old countries had sent to the exposition more of their treasures of ancient art. They would have been a most acceptable sight to this brand-new Western world, and would have helped to mellow the rawness of a display freshly minted and rejoicing in its new glitter. It is wholesome for us to be taught that some fields do not acknowledge progress, and that the most boastful of the ages may find things to envy and imitate in the ashes under its feet. Our appreciation of classic sculpture has had to subsist on a thin diet of plaster. Casts are a poor interpretation. Of other remains we have been able to gain a still less satisfactory idea. But these objects are not very movable, and their possessors are naturally cautious of allowing them to be moved.



The Castellani collection, it is hoped, may remain in America. The objects composing it are undoubtedly genuine, and many of them of a high class. The gems, busts and statues include some of the best Greek period. A Cupid and Psyche are attributed to the school of Praxiteles. A Perseus and an Apollo may rank with that group. In better condition, and of more assignable date, are—a boy extracting a thorn, a favorite Roman subject; a fine profile of Tiberius; two female portrait-busts of the Empire; another catalogued as Sappho, and a number of others, each in some way distinct. Their more or less mutilated condition records the ancient revolutions in religion and politics, a long succession of image-breakers having wrought their spite on the senseless marble. But most of them are in better plight than were the Medicean and Belvedere statues when first discovered, and hardly one is so much of a ruin as the famous Torso. The best preserved is an Indian Bacchus, characterized by the bearded Oriental face and the Lydian drapery with its rippling folds.

We see, besides, a medley of articles of personal adornment from the time of the Pelasgi down, all curious and some instructive, and vases, lamps, etc. in metal and terra-cotta, illustrating a wide range of taste and attainment. To the strictly ancient collection are added some majolicas of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The earliest, of the Urbino school, strike our eye, untrained in ceramics, as being the finest. More curious perhaps is the Gubbio ware of 1520-40, with its iridescent glaze. The designs are ascribed to leading artists of the day, but they are certainly not their best work, having been probably dashed off like the chalk and sepia sketches we have from those hands.

Whatever Memorial Hall may hereafter become, it cannot now be termed in any degree a museum of applied art. That character belongs more truly to a majority of the other structures of the exhibition. Illustrative and creative art declines an alliance with decorative and useful, and crowds it bodily out of these granite portals. Room is made for a few stained-glass windows, but those gay de-



INDIAN BACCHUS.

fiances of the command "let there be light" carry their rainbow hues to more congenial retreats. France devotes a building to them. Munich and Italy also compete for eminence in what exacting amateurs call a lost art. The exile of stained windows is shared by the photograph. The connoisseurs of the camera will probably conclude, after a tour through the large building assigned it, that the smoothest large photographs, made without "throwing up," are Russian; that Sarony of New York succeeds in imparting something of an artistic effect to his lights and shades; and that Bedford, Lemere & Co. of London manage to catch an unusual amount of atmosphere in their landscapes.

One thing to be said in favor of the knights of the lens may afford a hint to artists. This is, that they work, as their machine obliges them to work, on the actual objects around them. Unable to combine or modify, they can only select and copy. In excluding the imagina-

tive they are saved at least from the fantastic, the hasty and the inaccurate. Photographers, in making what in this way they can with their process out of the materials at hand, point the path for artists to similarly employ their own method in grappling with the subjects and objects of the day—design first with the utmost care, and then employ their higher faculties in giving the result a soul the camera can never impart. They have better landscapes to study than Both and Ruysdael had, and more spiritual Madonnas than the Fornarina. There is but one school of Nature, and he who honestly follows that will not fall into the affected or conventional, and will not concern himself with inventing a manner of his own. Style will come of itself, born of subtle influences of race, circumstance and idiosyncrasy; for no two men see with the same eye or the same brain behind it, and the hands of no two work under identical conditions. The artist individually should ignore it, and confine his efforts to what he can attain of precision and truth. He will not then run after tricks of effect or take short cuts in pursuit of the picturesque.

So far as art is dependent for its elevation on patronage, the question seems settled. The social position of the artist never was higher. The civilized world is three or four times more populous than in the sixteenth century, and a great deal richer. Taste is more generally diffused, and so is the means of gratifying it. Here are two or three thousand modern pictures and statues collected under one roof. They are but a fraction of the whole, and not the best. The prices attached to them would have startled the most courted master of the Cinque-cento. The crowds of this utilitarian day and country forsake the engines and their fabrics to press into Memorial Hall, and jostle each other in the only edifice on the ground where the demands of space for both sights and seers were underestimated by the architect. Nor do the visitors all rush to any one work. No central shrine monopolizes their worship. They find something everywhere to appreciate and admire. A craving for the beautiful is evidently a popular trait, and in advance of the provision made for its satisfaction. Clearly, art commands its own future.

#### AN AFRICAN FAIRHAVEN.

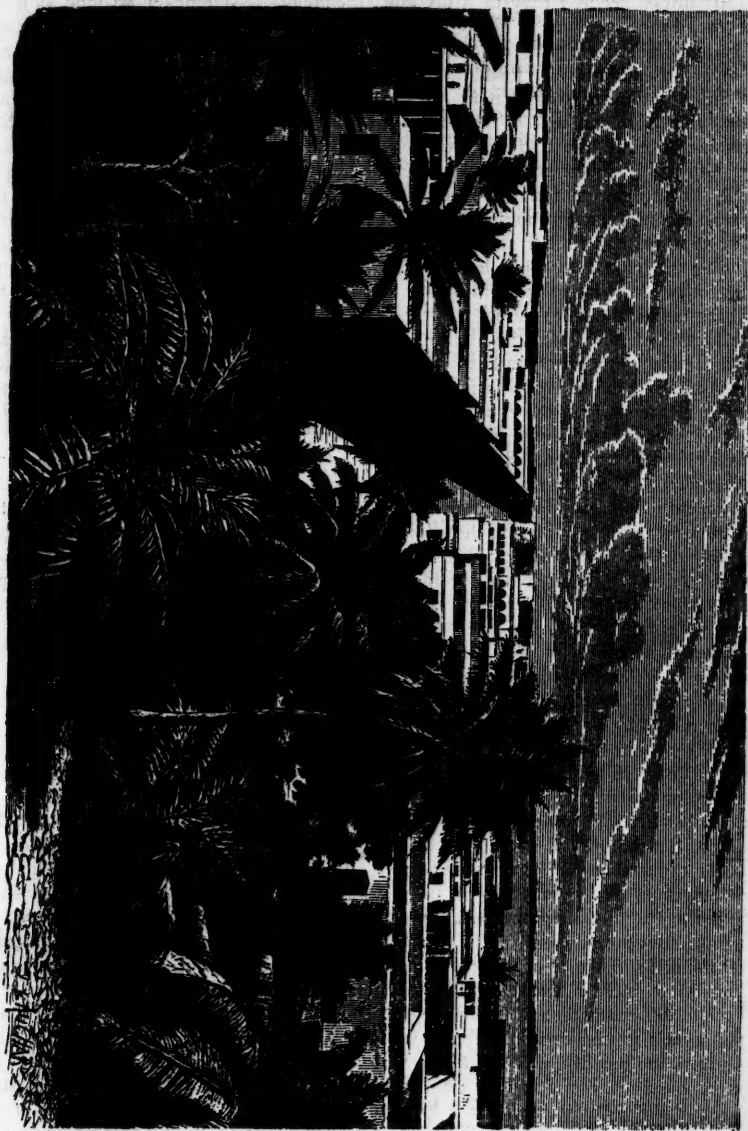
IT was on the 4th of May, 1787, that Stanislas, Chevalier de Boufflers, was doubling Cape Verde, with the island of Goree in sight, and with the further prospect of landing there before the next morning. He was "sick as a puppy," as he wrote to his wife in his diary, but he had left behind him the monotony and torrid oppressiveness of St. Louis of Senegal, and was approaching, not for the first time, a delightful abode. It was not flat, to begin with; and that, after the melancholy sandpit, the "tristes sables," of St. Louis, was a great deal. It was the first elevation he had seen since Teneriffe. Imagine, he writes his dear countess of Sabran, a rock set upon a plane surface whose outline resembles

a leg of ham. On this rock is a little fort; at its foot, a little village; to right and left, batteries three-quarters demolished. There are gardens, well fenced and cultivated; houses, by no means badly built of stone, mostly thatched with straw. The air is so pure and invigorating that to breathe it is like taking the waters at Spa. It is the same on crossing to the neighboring mainland, where one may make an excursion amidst delicious freshness, green meadows, limpid waters, trees of a thousand shapes, flowers of a thousand hues, birds of a thousand kinds. Not here, as at Senegal, a dangerous bar and shallow water, but the safest anchorage at all times: no risk of famine; no uneasiness about the

climate. "I shouldn't have the slightest fear to bring *you* here," are his words to the countess. Then he takes to day-

dreaming, this ambitious governor of the French coast of Africa: "I will transfer my residence to Goree, where there are

SAINT LOUIS OF SENEGAL.



no impediments to navigation, and I can consequently better receive the orders of the court; where I can keep large

ships, and more of them; and to whose fertile and healthy neighborhood I may attract French and Acadian families, and

thus lay the foundations of the greatest establishment that ever existed outside of France."

All things seemed easy to a favorite of the French salons, a newly-fledged Academician, an ex-abbé, a soldier and a lover—the unpublished husband of one of the most charming of women. Of the days that were coming—of '89, of revolution and exile—he had no prevision. At Goree his spirits rose above every evil, immediate or remote. He even gayly records, in his home letter, the fact that he has had a stomach-colic during the past forty-eight hours. On the 10th of May he gave a grand ball to all the ladies of Goree, doubtless without distinction of color. On the night of the 12th he took, though he little thought it, final leave of the island, returning to St. Louis by the shore of the continent; and for forty leagues we watch his retreating figure journeying along, "always between the roaring of the sea and the roar of lions, with only the unnavigable waves in view on the one hand and the impracticable desert on the other."

Homely as is the chevalier's comparison of Goree to a leg of ham, its aptness will be confessed by any one who has visited the island, or who will consult the map which accompanies Golberry's *Fragments d'un Voyage en Afrique pendant les années 1785-6-7* (1802). Golberry went out to Senegal with De Boufflers as captain of the engineer corps of the colony and first aide-de-camp. He describes himself complacently as a soldier and a man of the world, and he appears to have attracted the attention of Boufflers by his *esprit* and his talents, and thereby to have gained his appointment. But the governor early discovered the self-sufficiency of his subordinate, and got to have a hearty dislike of him both for his character and for his uniform. Golberry's professional ability, he says, perhaps too harshly, was not above that of a pupil of the *Ponts et Chaussées*. "He is the feeblest architect I know," and withal he cannot bear criticism or rebuke. He carries in him a sort of leaven that keeps him always in a state of ferment and spoils all his good qual-

ities. "He has a great deal of *esprit*, but reserves it altogether for his conversation: he makes no use of it in his behavior." Whenever he took ship he made himself obnoxious to everybody on board. "In quitting my post," remarks Boufflers on his return to France, "I experience regrets for all my poor friends. I except M. de Golberry, because he is neither poor nor my friend. He has just been trafficking in the most indecent manner. On his voyage he quarreled with all the officers, beginning with the captain. . . . I commissioned him to bring me the various curiosities that might be found in the countries he should visit. He brought back only a ragged old mat, and kept everything else for himself, albeit acquired with goods which I had lent him. He has neither sensibility, nor honor, nor talent, and I think I shall rid the colony of him."

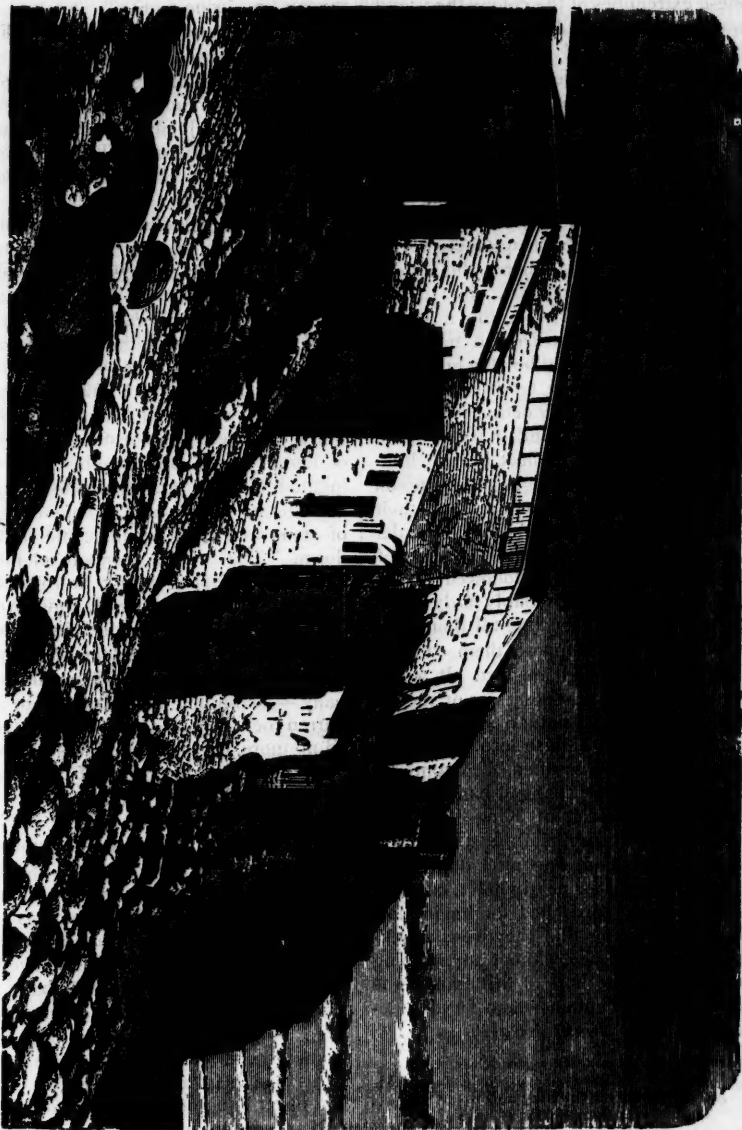
After this warning, perhaps the less we have to do with Captain Golberry the better; but having gone to his book for our map, it is only fair to proceed a little further in it if we would judge the man on his merits, and not simply on the prejudices of M. de Boufflers. And first we must admit that this uncomfortable aide-de-camp had more of the scientific spirit than his chief. He wanted to have Central Africa explored by way of Senegal; and if he lacked the courage or the opportunity to engage in such an enterprise, he could not help envying the British for the lead they had taken in the same direction when Mungo Park's narrative was first given to the world. In that shabby transaction, too, by which he stocked himself with African curiosities at another's expense (to put it mildly), one recognizes and perhaps half excuses the too ardent "collector"—a creature not so well known then as now-a-days. Moreover, he was a good observer, and should have been highly useful to any but a lovesick administrator. He extols the gum of Senegal as the best in the world; says that the Moors of the Sahara live on it, and that six ounces of it will sustain a man for twenty-four hours; that, besides, it has pectoral qualities, and he suggests making it into tablets after



the fashion of "what is called in England portable-soop" (*sic*). He reports gold-mines in the country of the Bambouks;

notes the sterile dunes along the land-route from Senegal to Goree; describes the coast natives and their habits; gives

THE FORT OF GOREE.



details concerning the commerce of Goree; and in short, except that he applauds Bonaparte's re-enactment of slavery in

the colonies, creates a very favorable impression of his character. He shared the opinion of his superior concerning

the value of Goree as a central government station for the whole coast from Cape Blanc to Sierra Leone. Between these extremities of the colony the island was equidistant, and, uniting in its limited area many of the advantages of Gibraltar, was, he declared, capable at a small cost of a great power of resistance.

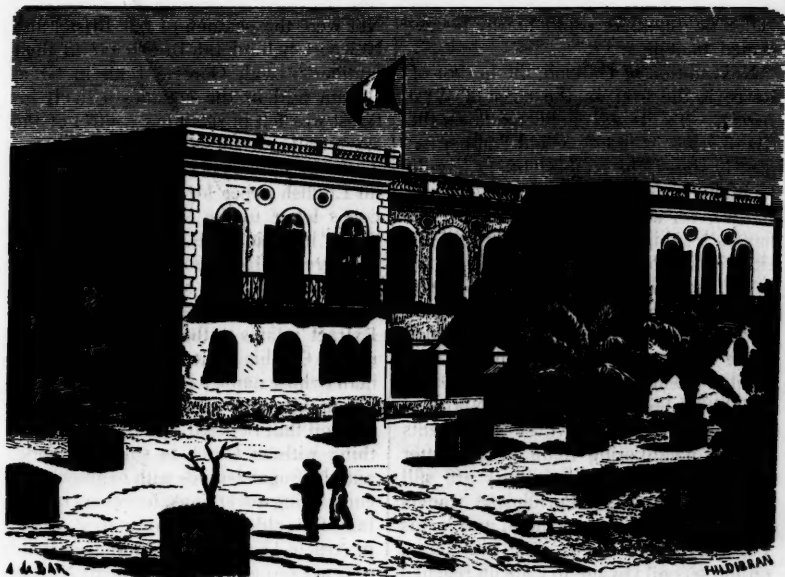
In 1786, however, both the batteries or water-forts mentioned by Boufflers and the main fort at the southern end of the island were in a wretched condition. For nearly twenty years no enemy had appeared in either harbor to test these works. Thirty years before Golberry, the famous philosopher Adanson had also judged them inexpugnable; but the irony of Fate willed that his English translator (London, 1759) should be able to append a brief note in these terms: "Commodore Keppel has lately demonstrated our author's mistake." And, in truth, in the presence of Keppel's fleet of two hundred and seventy-four guns the garrison of three hundred Frenchmen and their black auxiliaries could only surrender at discretion. During the four years of British occupation that followed (1759-62) the works were probably fairly maintained, but from that time till Boufflers's advent we may suppose them to have fallen away through neglect. It would seem as if each new possessor of the island, overrating its natural strength, had settled down in a false security, for few strongholds have so often been contended for or oftener changed hands. The Dutch, who got it of King Biram of Cape Verde in 1617, made haste to fortify it after a fashion, and after enjoying it without dispute for nearly half a century, are not to be reproached for having lost it in 1663, seeing that they were attacked in time of peace, without any warning whatever. The hero of this exploit was that English captain whom Dryden describes in his *Annus Mirabilis* as

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight,  
Who first bewitched our eyes with Guinea gold:  
As once old Cato in the Roman sight  
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

Very little good, however, did the Royal African English Company derive from this immoral proceeding. The Dutch

West India Company found a vindicator in no less an admiral than De Ruyter, who slipped away from the Mediterranean in "wine-month" (October) of the very next year, and on the 24th had reversed matters at Goree, turning out the British garrison of sixty, and putting in their place a hundred and fifty of his own men under Johannes Cellarius, who at once set to work to repair the defences. They were sadly dilapidated, for, as Oliver Dapper relates, in the bad season whole batteries melted and crumbled away under the copious rains. Cellarius strengthened Fort Orange on the heights by adding three feet to the parapet, but when he came to Fort Nassau on the neck or peninsula at the northern extremity of the plain, he was obliged to remake it altogether. Unlike the upper fort, which was built of thick-jointed masonry, the lower was constructed merely of loose stones piled together and cemented with earth, so that when a gun was discharged from it whole courses of stone and earth would come rolling down. The whole seemed tolerably strong to Dapper, writing in 1676, but "strong" is a relative word, and a year later a French fleet under the Comte d'Estrées readily captured the island, and a third set of traders—the Senegal Company—committed their fortunes to this barren rock. Their Dutch rivals returned no more, for the capture was confirmed to France by the Peace of Nimeguen (1678), and over the upper fortress, now dubbed Fort St. Michel, as over the latter, rechristened Vermandois, and the forty acres included between them, the lilies of France floated undisturbed till Keppel, as already related, showed his flag in those waters. He bore a Dutch name, answering to the Dutch blood in his veins; and his war-vessels, the Torbay, the Nassau and the Fougueux (among others), singularly represented by their names the three nationalities which by turns had held and been forced to relinquish the bit of basalt that forms the subject of our narrative.

Captain Golberry remarks that the air at Goree, as at Cape Verde, is always cooler than at St. Louis of Senegal, and



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT GOREE.

that convalescents at the latter place are with decided benefit transferred to the island hospital elevated some thirty feet above the sea-level. In the winter season, however (November to May, inclusive), which is the most healthy, the air as soon as the sun is up is dry and devouring; the disk of that luminary seems double what it is in Europe, so that one tires of its brilliancy ("*on s'ennuie de la gloire de ce bel astre*"); and the coming of the rainy season is welcomed on account of the clouds. But on the general subject of the temperature and the prevailing winds the curious will find abundant particulars in the *Annales de Chimie* (July, 1793) from the pen of M. Prélong, another of De Boufflers's lieutenants, who was made director of the hospital at Goree. The rainfall from June to October he gives as fifty to sixty inches, and says that it sounds like hail in France: during the rest of the year it does not amount to two inches. It is instantly absorbed by the red soil, a volcanic product (*pous-solane*) which Prélong turned to good account, for, finding it to resist acids, he made it into a cement with which he re-

paired the cisterns of the fort. A great part of his meteorological observations were made at night, sleep being scarcely allowed him by the heat, the rats and a variety of insects which he takes some comfort in calling by names familiar to him in his native *pays*. Of that cool region he was often reminded, but never more pleasantly than on the 14th of September, 1788, when his eyes were gladdened by the sight of wagtails (*bergeronnettes*) arriving from the north. He bethought him that Adanson had seen swallows at Senegal on the 9th of October, and he remembered their leaving the department of the Hautes-Alpes toward the end of September. In their spring migration back he bore them company, setting sail from Goree about the middle of May, 1789, duly fortified, we may suppose, by his favorite remedy for sea-sickness—twenty drops of sulphuric ether in a spoonful of water—and reaching Paris on the 2d of July. "On the 14th," he remarks, "the Bastille was taken; and I make bold to believe that no patriot felt a livelier or sincerer joy than mine." In this sentiment the Che-

valier de Boufflers could hardly be expected to join.

Next to that of Gaboon, the harbor of Goree is the best on the coast of West Africa. To its excellent qualities the island owes its name, as old Dapper expressly states, the Netherlands having found it a *good* and safe *roadstead* (*goede Reede*), or, as we designate it, a "fair haven." Ships may anchor, indeed, on either side, in the bay proper (*rade superbe*, according to Vice-Admiral Fleuriot de Langle), or less securely in the Straits of Dakar under the lee of the Cape. Quite likely the first Europeans who availed themselves of this snug refuge were those bold sea-rovers, the Normans of Dieppe, traces of whose settlements on the neighboring main in the latter part of the fourteenth century are still said to exist. The Portuguese traders were fifty years behind them, and it was February, 1502, when Vasco da Gama, on his second voyage to Calicut, reached Cape Verde, "well five hundred miles from Portugal," and remarked that "the people there walk stark naked, men and women, and they are black, and they have no shame." Nearly at the same time, Vespuccius, on his way to Brazil or homeward bound, may have tarried in these waters, which presently were to become the scene not of peaceful commerce, but of inhuman violence. The colonization of America quickly changed the nature of the factories on this coast, and added to their previous dealings in palm oil, gum, ivory, and gold-dust the traffic in slaves. As this traffic increased in importance, the port of Goree rose into prominence, and became the secure rendezvous of the slavers from Europe and America. In Dibdin's time the common British sailor knew it well by visit or by hearsay, and could sing with unction the polygamous lay of his Bold Jack "In the Ways:"

I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates,  
A pigmy at Goree,  
An orange-tawny up the Straits,  
A black at St. Lucie:  
Thus whatsomedever course I bend,  
I leads a jovial life:  
In every mess I find a friend,  
In every port a wife.

Nor were the seamen of our Bristol and Newport behind the British tar in their familiarity with Goree. Both in Great Britain and in the colonies a lively interest was felt in retaining control of the slave-trade there. The *Boston News-Letter* of January 11, 1763, copies from an English paper Mr. Alderman Heathcote's letter to the lord mayor of London, "in which are the Sentiments of this great Man upon the Concessions which we are now said to be about to make at the ensuing Peace. The first Extract relates to the Restitution of Goree." On this subject the worthy alderman (whose name has not been preserved in our biographical dictionaries) was of opinion that Senegal was not worth anything without Goree to supply America and the Sugar Islands with negroes. The contracting sovereigns, however, regardless of his aldermanic importance, agreed in Article IX. of the preliminary articles of peace signed at Fontainebleau, November 3, 1762, that "His Britannic Majesty shall restore to France the Island of Goree in the condition it was in when conquered [by Keppel]; and His Most Christian Majesty cedes in full right, and guarantees to the king of Great Britain, Senegal."

Clarkson was then barely out of his cradle, and *Émile, ou De l'Éducation*, had but just seen the light. Neither the one nor the other was visible in Alderman Heathcote's horizon as a greater enemy of the slave-trade than the Treaty of Fontainebleau. The Rights of Man had a long battle before them. France had not yet finally emancipated her colonies when (by the treaty of May 29, 1845) she joined England in an effort to suppress the slave-trade by maintaining fleets on the African coast. Captain (in our day Admiral) Bouët-Willaumez, was sent out with fourteen sail by the Second Republic, and mustered them at Goree about the 1st of December, 1848. He was eminently successful in re-establishing the authority of the French flag along the coast, and early in the following year could report as registered at the port of Goree one hundred and twenty-five French trading-vessels of one hundred



tons burden and upward, and one hundred and thirty smaller craft. But as for the slave-trade, he was forced to admit that it was still in full blast (*en pleine activité*), though almost wholly on account of Brazil. Since then the trade has of course been completely suppressed.

Under the Second Empire, in the interest of regular communication, the French occupied the peninsula of Cape Verde (1859), and proceeded to lay out the town of Dakar along the bay of the same name. Two long moles for the protection of shipping were securely built of the loose basaltic rocks along the shore; and now the sentinel on the parapet of Fort St. Michel opposite relieves the tedium of his promenade by watching the arrival and departure of the steamers of the Messageries, which put in to Dakar to coal en route between Bordeaux and Brazil, or the British steamers to Fernando Po. The batteries which protect the moles cross fire with the guns of the fort on Goree, so that Dapper's measurement of the strait—"a pederero-shot" (*een goteling-scheut*)—has still some appropriateness. Modern improvements in artillery, to be sure, have somewhat changed the standards of such measurement, and his dimensions of the island itself (*een halve kanon-scheut in de lengte, en een musket-scheut in de brete*) would be hugely increased if Krupp or Remington had the firing of the shots. A thousand yards long, and on the average two hundred and thirty-five yards wide, is what the learned Dutchman wished to indicate for the island, and three thousand yards for the straits which separate it from the parent volcanic mass of Cape Verde. This narrow channel once crossed, there is instant communication between Goree and St. Louis by means of the coast telegraphic line which was built in 1862; and De Boufflers, were he alive now, might reasonably hope to see such an extension of ocean cables as would enable him to converse with his dear Sabran at either seat of his tropical empire. It was in these straits that Adanson, the pupil of Bernard de Jussieu and of Réaumur, nearly lost his life while endeavoring to land at Cape

Bernard in a small boat—perhaps the "chaloupe" which Golberry used as a ferry on one occasion; perhaps the Yolof



MARKET-PLACE OF GOREE.

"pirogue" still in dexterous use by the natives, for whom the surf has no terrors.

The French naturalist's first view of

Goree was had September 4, 1749. He had been eight days in coming from St. Louis in an easterly storm whose abatement was foretold by the fire of St. Elmo, which "winded near a minute about the top of the mast and the extremity of the weather-flag, and then it dispersed," with the sailors' blessings for a lucky omen. Here is his account of Goree after landing:

"This island consists of a low, narrow piece of land, a small but very steep mountain, the whole the sixth part of a league in length. Notwithstanding its confined extent, the situation renders it a very agreeable place: toward the south you enjoy a prospect terminated only by the sea; northward, you discover at a distance Cape Verde and all the other capes and neighboring promontories. Though it is in the torrid zone, yet they breathe a cool and temperate air almost the whole year round, which is owing to the equality of days and nights and its being continually refreshed by alternate breezes from the land and sea. M. de St. Jean, the director of this island, has embellished it with several fine buildings: he has likewise fortified it, and is adding every day to the works, so that it is now become impregnable. By his diligence several fresh springs have been discovered; the gardens have been planted with excellent fruit trees; legumes have been made to grow in great plenty: in short, by these different advantages, of a small barren island he has made it a safe and delightful residence."

He found that the rocks which surround the island produced an infinite number of shells and fish, and a little later (end of January, 1750), in the fish-season, the sea was full of fish of moderate size, so that they rushed upon the land in shoals, and the negroes wading secured them by the basketful. Adanson put some in pails for specimens, and kept them in his chamber. At that time he was lodged on the plain, in a hut built, negro-fashion, of straw. A month after it was finished the naturalist had a clear prospect through it, thanks to the white ants, who had also penetrated his trunk and gnawed his books, and even

his person while in bed, and would not be drowned out by salt water nor vinegar, nor any other strong liquor. Their first attack on him woke him up, and he was startled by a light pervading the room as of fire: it proved to be only the phosphorescence of the fish in his pails. But a grander sight awaited him out of doors, for the whole sea was aglow from the same cause.

Numerous were the excursions which Adanson made, with Goree as his base. Perhaps as famous as any of his observations were those in regard to the baobab trees on the Magdalen Islands, an uninhabited basaltic group some four miles west from Goree and about two from Cape Manuel, resembling in their prolonged unbroken outlines the island of Campobello off the coast of Maine. The baobab (*Adansonia*) is met with not infrequently on the adjacent main—in groves particularly on the slopes of the Paps, and sparsely on the promontories, where they occasionally serve the mariner as landmarks. The trees which Adanson examined on the Magdalens had a diameter of five to six feet, and all showed the names of Europeans cut very deep into their bark. One of them bore the date of the fifteenth century (1449), another of the sixteenth. But this was pigmy vegetation compared with a baobab afterward encountered on the way to Cape Verde, which was no less than twenty-five feet in diameter, and was, as he imagined, "probably the largest tree on the terrestrial globe." But as everybody knows, the *Adansonia* has since met its Waterloo in the *Wellingtonia* (*Sequoia*).

One other observation by this savant perhaps deserves mention in passing. On the night of September 9, 1750, at the island of Senegal, a vessel's mast forty feet high, done all over with pitch and tar, was struck by lightning, which made a furrow two inches deep from one end to the other without touching the iron-work, tackling or any of the pitched cordage surrounding it, and spent itself on the quarter-deck, covered with a large tarpaulin of thick canvas, also done over with pitch. Upon this Adanson remarks

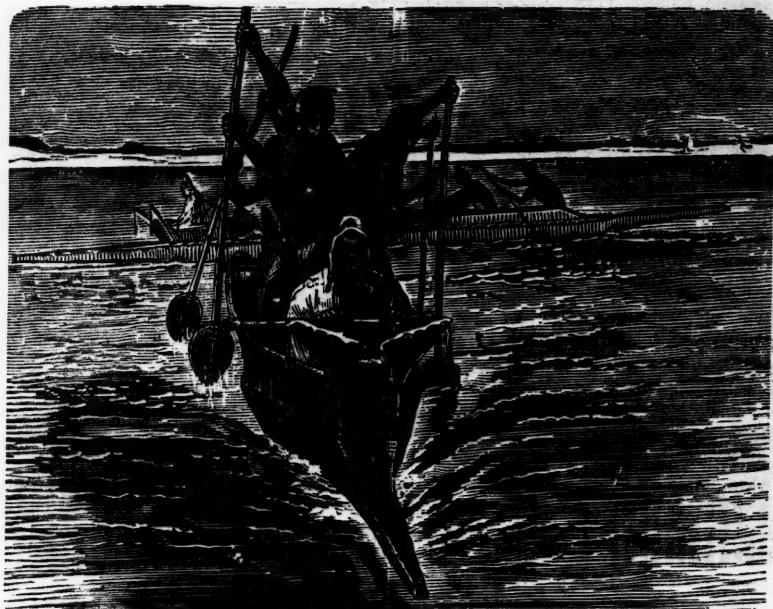


VIEW OF DAKAR.

that "it seems as if the rosin broke the violence of the thunder" [*sic* in the English translation], "and diverted it another way. . . . I leave it to philosophers curious about this sort of phenomena to judge whether there can be a greater analogy between the ordinary effects of electricity and those produced on this occasion by thunder." Two years afterward Franklin was flying his kite to prove the identity of lightning and the electric fluid.

According to Captain Golberry, the population of the town of Goree in 1785 consisted of 116 proprietors, both free negroes and mulattoes—say 522 souls, plus 1044 *captifs de la case*, or domestic serfs, plus 200 slaves of commerce, plus 70 to 80 soldiers, officers, employés, etc.—in all 1840. In 1868 it was described as very dense, and probably amounted to 6000. The native inhabitants have an excellent reputation—the men for their boldness and skill as navigators and their commercial enterprise; the women for their beauty and chastity. Catholics by faith, they lead sober and useful lives; and to those who remem-

ber the days of slavery and the display of barbaric ornaments of gold and jewelry, and the gay *botaïs*, or balls, which doubtless came down from the time of De Boufflers, the town has a rather sombre aspect. The moralist easily finds a compensation in the new order of things, and scarcely regrets the disappearance of the outward signs of levity. Across the channel the Mussulman blacks of Dakar, the Yolofo, are remarkable for their physique, which is suggestive much more of the Hindu than of the Ethiopian. They tolerate four wives, and maintain patriarchal usages. Their language is described by Golberry as meagre, but agreeable and pure, and especially gracious and tender in the mouths of their women. Arabic was introduced after their adoption of Islam, and a few Portuguese words occur in their speech. They formerly counted by fives with the right hand, and very rapidly. When De Ruyter surprised Goree he was in turn surprised on being accosted by an old negro who had known him as a cabin-boy in Flushing more than forty years before, and who was in fact recognized by the



YOLOF "PIROGUE."

admiral. But nothing could induce him to return to Zeeland.

Our tale draws to a close. During the Napoleonic wars England again took possession of Goree. On the 17th of January, 1804, it was held by Colonel Fraser with fifty-four white men, all told, in poor condition; on the 18th they were obliged to surrender to a French squadron commanded by Lieutenant Jean-Michel Mahé, after an engagement in which a third of their little garrison was put *hors de combat*. On the 7th of March a British frigate with a significant name, the *Inconstant*, brought Captain Edward Stirling Dickson upon the scene, and on the 8th the French garrison had capitulated, and the British colors were once more hoisted from the citadel. A year later, Mungo Park, in his second ill-fated expedition to the Niger, enlisted at Goree thirty-five men of the Royal African Corps, stationed there, together with Lieutenant Martyn. In 1809, Major Charles William Maxwell, of the same corps, was in command of the garrison.

In 1811, while the British were still the masters at Goree (it was restored to the French in 1815), a weary vessel dropped anchor there after many days of calm. She had on board an old gentleman of seventy, reduced with gout and with the privations of the voyage, for they had fallen short of water, and were barely saved by begging a supply from a passing vessel. He belonged to one of the old families of Newport, and moved in the society of the Wantons, the Coddingtons, the Gardners and their equals. He had in his younger days frequented the coast of Africa, and had more than once been at Goree, no doubt engaged in the traffic which centred there, and which not even John Woolman could make disreputable at Newport. When in middle life he returned to his native place, the story goes that he brought with him wealth that could be measured in bottled gold-dust by the wheelbarrow-load. Late married—too late, to a too-youthful bride—he made his home in a grand dwelling (still pointed out), from which there was



a glorious prospect over the harbor. Then (to compress a tragedy into a few lines) a blot fell on his scutcheon, and he became a wanderer, with the pleasant image of Goree luring him to cross the ocean. It was to be for him the end of earth. The day before Christmas he was overcome by his infirmities. "Death," in the language of a Providence paper, "closed this transitory scene, and removed him to another and, we trust, a better world." . . . His remains were very respectfully entombed on the day following, attended by the governor and officers of the British garrison at Goree, with a number of private gentlemen."

Lightly as we have touched upon the dark side of the history of Goree, it is impossible, on reviewing what we have written, not to recall how many thousands whose descendants count the hours of gradual emancipation in Brazil, or as freedmen still bear the marks of servitude in the West Indies and the United

States, found this much-fought-for port anything but a Fairhaven. Regarding it as one extremity of that horrible "middle passage," the accepted etymology of its name seems a sarcasm and a mockery. On the East Coast, as Livingstone tells us in his *Zambesi*, the heavy yoke by which slaves are driven from the interior, and which he calls a slave-stick, is known as "goree;" and this forked log seems a fitter emblem than an anchor for the arms of De Boufflers's principality. But time, we must admit, has changed all that, and made the emblem of honest commerce justly supplant that of greed and rapine. The volcanic pile which might once, in the name of humanity, have been cursed twenty fathoms under the sea, now lifts as high in the air its beneficent pharos, by which no slaver steers, and whose penetrating rays seem to dispel not alone the blackness of night, but the moral darkness which for more than two centuries enshrouded Goree.

### A BUTTERFLY.

IT floats in amber light  
Above a royal rose,  
The dreamful languor of its aimless flight  
Makes it seem calmly sleeping, as it goes,  
In undulate repose.

A dash of burnished gold  
And a star upon its wing  
Exaggerate its splendor manifold,  
Till, tremulously bright, it seems a thing  
Half-vanishing

Into the yellow heat;  
And then, from some cool lair,  
A spirit leaps that, rudely seizing it,  
Whisks it away and leaves an eddy there  
Of perfumed air.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

## A FIERY FURNACE.

"The most formidable of wild animals is a boy."

"I'M the new founder."

Working at iron is manly toil. Among workmen those who follow it are a superior class. They have power, they have ingenuity, they have patience. Their frames are large, their arms strong, their eyes clear: they hold themselves up like men. They are used to hard-won victories. Capital may possess itself of the *spolia opima*, but the labor of these men is not without its rewards—gains which capital often cannot win—whole-some hunger, sweet sleep, glorious health, contentment.

Of the best of such men he who walked into the office and thus made himself known was a type: indeed, he was more. It was said he had book-learning. Evidently he had a brain. A fine head—perhaps a little under-sized in proportion to the deep chest and massive shoulders beneath it; deep and dark-blue eyes; clear-cut features; masses of hair and beard dashed with gray; a mien noble, self-reliant, open, respectful, showed the strong prime of a strong life. Yet the new founder was no nobleman in disguise: he was what he seemed to be, only a workman of the upper class. Observe closely men who toil at heavy work, and cart-horses. Stress upon the large masses of big muscles over-develops them at the expense of the lighter muscles, that are not fairly brought into play. Hence a loss of balance and of the nicety of fine co-ordinated movements. These creatures too often do not step: they slouch. They do not stand: they rest. Their postures are clownish. To gain great power, gracefulness is altogether lost. Without doubt, heredity has much to do with all this. But clumsiness is not always the necessary companion of power. This man stood up respectful, mannerly, to an extent graceful. His attitude had in it at once ease and dignity, repose and life—the air of a giant awaiting a reply.

By him stood a little thing just able

to reach up to his hand, clearly at a glance his son. The same attitude, the same pose of the head, the same blue eyes, which said as plainly as the father's expectant glance, "Well, here we are! Where are you going to lodge us? and when do we go to work?"

Such a wee body! Not yet had summers enough passed over the little pate to make its sunshine brown, yet the kinks and the curls were alike in both. Comparison and contrast—the strong man, the tender child; the firm lines and bronzed face of manhood, the softness and beauty of childhood; yet the one was the counterpart of the other. Wonderful moulding power of that inner thing which we call life! To help this likeness, which was not the less real, the little fellow wore a tiny workman's blouse, tied at the throat with a knot and belted at the waist, just like the other, save that the stuff was finer and the make showed the thought of ornament.

It is not easy to make this child known to you. He was, first of all, wonderfully handsome, with the pure, clear colors of childish health; then graceful; then, as we soon came to know him, good-natured and bright as steel. With it all, he was not spoiled—not, with all his petting on the one hand and his motherless neglect on the other, the least bit of a brat. When he laughed, men turned to listen, and smiled in spite of themselves. The merriment was so high, so pure, so rare that those around him caught it, a blessed infection! He had a quick eye for things to laugh at, and oftenest laughed to himself—a laugh none the less merry. When he smiled, he looked less like the founder, but there came into his face a delicate strange beauty, which must have been the likeness of an unknown mother—unknown and unknowable—a life whose lasting influence upon the founder was manifest in many ways—a life that had had much of loveliness and purity

and beauty in it when it gave life to little Ben. The men used to say she was dead, and that the founder believed she was now his guardian angel and his boy's. But he never spoke of his past life, nor of his boy's mother.

These two speedily fell into their places at the furnace—the father at his work, capable, ingenious, untiring, managing the men and liked by them, working the furnace so that it made more iron than ever before, and consequently very well thought of at the office: the boy at his play, merry, quaint, observant, frolicking all day long with his only intimate friend, Spike, the superintendent's dog, a shepherd, noted before these days only for watchfulness and a readiness to growl and show his teeth on any pretext—who had never had a friend till Ben came, but whose life was now as gay as the child's. In fact, they were soon inseparable chums, and were always together till night, when Spike stretched himself across the doorsteps of the founder's house to sleep on guard and dream of the "larks" they were to celebrate on the morrow. What larks these two had together! Never a task to do had they, never a care for the future. Free as the wind, happy as the day was long, they rambled about the valley, hunting chestnuts, catching crawfish in the brook, running races, teasing each other, caressing each other; playing at quarreling, then making up; pretending to run away, only to return for fresh frolics and merrier laughter; or else they loitered about the furnace, watching the work with great gravity, inspecting the iron, counting the pigs, taking note of everything with evident interest and approval, but fortunately without concern as to the quality of the yield or the market-price of metal. As for the other children—and there were plenty of them around the cabins of the workmen above—they were shy of Ben and in terror of Spike; so few new friendships made these two jealous of each other. The workmen made much of Ben. They liked to talk to him and pat his pretty head, and marveled at his quaint talk and old-fashioned, independent ways. But

he and Spike were, like Jo and Pip, "ever the best of friends."

Hard as the founder might work—and there were few days when he did not work hard and long—he always managed to find an hour or so, early or late, for his boy. Then, leading him by the hand, or setting him up on his shoulder like Saint Christopher, he took him away from the men and away from the valley to be alone with him. These were Ben's golden hours. Spike coursed about them as guide and escort, knowing his place now, and unobtrusive. Sometimes they went up into the mountains, sometimes down to the river. The father\* threw aside his work and care, and was almost merry. The child, merry at all times, was thoroughly glad. In the woods there were lessons about the trees, their names, their different bark, their different leaves, how they grew; or the birds, their plumage, their habits, the different feathers of the cock and hen, their ordinary songs, their calls to each other—wonderful stories of their long flights and winterings in warm lands. Now and then one or two were shot. Their warm red blood startled the little man, but he could eat a partridge for his breakfast with a relish. If they went to the river, the boat gliding swiftly over the water or above a quiet pool was a source of infinite delight. To take a bass with the fly or with live bait was rare sport, and Ben longed for the day when he should be able to do it. Even now he could swim, and that was something. But there was more than this. Other lessons, higher and nobler, came unconsciously into the father's thoughtful mind, and were welcome to the eager and thoughtful child—the beauty and mystery of Nature, her truthfulness, her grandeur, her wonderful leadings up to the great and mighty and mysterious God. From the preaching of the blacksmith—who in the absence of a professional was the amateur preacher of the settlement—Ben had come to associate the idea of God with that of parent in a childlike, literal sense. He looked upon his father then as a god, being but a childish theologian, and felt that he was great and powerful and good and loving, and

in nowise to be offended. If he were to do evil and offend in his father's sight, should not he too, like the son of Amittai, flee from the awful presence, or like Cain feel himself driven forth a fugitive on the earth?

Sometimes they made longer trips to the clearings, and Ben saw the charcoal-burners at their work. These sooty fellows, working in gangs of two or three away out in the mountains, going in to the store but once a fortnight for the meal and bacon and sundries that made up their simple fare, and meeting no human being save a hauler or two meanwhile, were pleased to see the youngster, and in their rough way made him welcome. They showed him the art and mystery of their craft, explaining many things at which he wondered—the pits, which made him think of Joseph; the great round piles of wood, that recalled the terrible pictures he once saw in the book which tells about the martyrs; the mounds of earth, which smoked and smoked; and the smouldering fires, which, to tell the truth—such is the influence of the realistic method in religion to which the blacksmith and the itinerant ministry of the parts were strongly given—reminded the imaginative child of nothing else than hell. They taught him at these visits curious little matters of woodcraft, and showed him many things that they had learned of Nature in long and lonely familiar intercourse with her. All this pleased the boy, and in spite of the sombre suggestions of the details of charcoal-making, he was always ready for a trip to the "coalings."

The furnace, one of the few charcoal furnaces in Virginia, stands in a pretty valley. Built long ago, it proved under the old *régime* a failure, and was for years abandoned. But with the restoration of peace came new hopes, new purposes, new energies, and it too was restored. The valley has its history too. War has been waged up and down its green stretches. Its whole neighborhood has been over and again taken and recaptured. At its head a general officer was shot, and they never fail to point out to you, as you pass by, the house in which

he died. Mountains rich in iron ore, most of which is of the kind called "fossil," close it in: at its foot runs a little river, forcing its way through many a rift and chasm to the broad Potomac. The superintendent's house, the store, the smithy, some rows of little houses for the hands, surround the furnace at distances corresponding to their rank and quality, but the founder's house is close at hand, for even when he sleeps he must be near. His watch is neither with the day-gangs nor the night-gangs, but always. The furnace over which he watches is a stone stack built upon a very broad buttressed base. It is thirty-two feet in height and eight feet in the bosh or widest part, and stands close under a bluff which has been leveled off for the use of those who receive the food for the cormorant. Here is the charcoal-house, and all day long the teams bring coal and ore, and limestone for the flux. A wide platform or bridge connects this bluff with the hungry top of the furnace, which is sometimes open and crowned with a pillar of lambent flame, and sometimes partly covered with a heavy cast-iron plate which is three feet in diameter. On this, such is the contempt which is begotten of familiarity with danger, our little hero is in the habit of roasting chestnuts, and nobody is concerned about it. The bridge is roofed in for part of its extent, and here stand barrows of coal ready to be thrown in, and in a corner a boy sits breaking the limestone with a hammer into pieces of suitable size.

Below, around the base of the stack, are wooden sheds in which the processes necessary to the entrance of the "sows" and "pigs"—which are the cormorant's progeny—into the world are carried on. Here wonderful effects of light are seen when the upper vent is tapped to draw off the slag, or the lower for the molten iron. By day it is a matter-of-fact play of light: there are showers of sparks and the gleam of melted metal in the shaded light of the sheds. When these die out the tools hiss as the workers plunge them into tubs of water, and there is a pervading odor of a fire that has been put out. But standing in the doorway



at night, you look in upon a weird scene. The shed cuts off the outer gloom: the glare is so intense that to the shaded eyes all appreciation of nearness is lost, and forty feet become an indefinite, unknowable distance. You look into the heart of the mountain, the bowels of the earth, the bottomless pit. The melted iron seethes: you cannot tell where it ends and the light from it begins. The workmen who move between you and the source of this brilliancy have no expression save that which outline gives. They are *silhouettes*. They go through strange antics, rushing here and there in haste, wielding great tools, brandishing immense pokers, directing the course of the hissing stuff, controlling it, conquering it, damming it. You wonder they are not destroyed. When they are ready they stop the flow. In this brightness these black figures are dominant: their tools are sceptres, their trains are legions. After all, the effulgent metal is the child of their intelligence. But they are wary, and shield their eyes with hands that are covered with thick leather mittens.

At the side of the stack is the engine-house. Here, worked by steam, is the great air-pump that forces the blast into the lower part of the furnace by means of the tuyère. This air is heated beforehand, so as not to lower the temperature of the mass of melted ore through which it passes in the bosh of the furnace. Upward it makes its way, driven at a pressure of one and a quarter pounds to the square inch, affording a full supply of oxygen for the intense combustion that goes on day and night. For the fire never goes out unless repairs are needed. In that case it is "blown out"—that is, the blast is kept up without ore or fuel till the last contents are drained off and the stack stands empty, and is said to be "out of blast." Should the blast cease and the furnace chill, it must be torn down and rebuilt. The engine is therefore of great importance. Its whistle is of great importance too. It is the only clock for miles of sparsely-settled country. At dawn it calls to work, at noon to dinner, at night to rest. And twice every day a prolonged and frantic scream

tells every one that the yield is about to be run out.

Over all this the founder had sole and only charge. What the superintendent was to the whole settlement, with its farms, mines and charcoal-clearings, and varied interests of all kinds, the founder was to the furnace—a more limited but not less responsible field of labor. Still, his life was pleasant to him. He knew the secret of human happiness—to know one's work and do it with a will. Things went very well with him. A thoughtful, quiet, hearty man. Things went very well with him till one day a blow fell that set all amiss.

It came to pass one bright October day: the darkest things happen on bright days. Grief hovers over those who are sad: she swoops down upon the happy. The people at the office had told him a fact already well known to him, that the furnace was doing splendidly—had never made better iron or more of it. They had praised him and thanked him for his services. What good workman would not be glad, pleased with himself, quietly happy? He was softly whistling one of the old lullaby tunes that always came in happy moments, and too often made the tears well up into his eyes—one of the gentle airs his boy's mother used to sing—as he bent over some odd piece of work and thought how good the great God had been to him, when the boy whose work it was to break the limestone came running down to him.

The boy was breathless and wild with terror; his great eyes fairly stuck out of his head; his dusky face was gray; his knees shook; he held on to the doorpost of the shed, trembling: "Oh, massa!"

The founder, intent upon fixing a broken rivet in a tool, did not look up. He only asked, "Well, my boy, what is the matter?"

The boy tried to speak. He gasped and moved his lips, but no sound came. Still the founder did not look up. He struck sharp blows with a little hammer upon his rivet. They fell upon the boy's heart. At last he got the words out: "Little Ben's fell in! Oh, Lordie! Lordie!"

The founder sprang up and caught him by the shoulder: "Fell in what?"

"Oh, massa! massa! What'll we do? *He's fell in the furnace!*"

Still holding the boy's shoulder and dragging him along, he dashed to the engine-house and stopped the blast, then up the long ladder-like steps to the feeding-platform above. Oh, how far it was! but he sprang up two, three steps at a time: the boy did not follow—he was dragged along. The sharp edges of the steps bruised his shins, but he did not feel it. He only thought of the awful thing that had happened, and wondered what the founder would do. What did he do? He looked into the top of the furnace and saw nothing but an incandescent mass—one white, scorching, blinding heat, ruinous, unbearable. He drew back with a groan, and signaled the engineer to start the blast. Then he questioned the boy, who winced at the tight grasp that had not yet relaxed. He whimpered and shook. Blood trickled down his face from a wounded eyelid. Poor black! he had never known anything above the dead level of his daily life before. To sleep at night, by day too when practicable, to eat and to break limestone so many irksome hours a day, to get food and a bed, had been the sum and substance of his being. He had never heard of a play, much less seen one, and in a moment he held a chief rôle in a tragedy. The hard face and starting eyes of the founder terrified him, his rough grasp hurt him, his fierce sharp questions stunned him; but what he thought he had seen a few moments before made these seem as nothing. The engine and the pump went on. Their low-pitched, rhythmical sough was monotonous and mournful accompaniment to the recital that followed. The white forked flames sprang up from the furnace-top and curled around and licked the iron facings of the stack. The bridge trembled with the motion of the engine. Outside was the warm sunshine, and the men laughed in it at their work. One person sang a merry tune, and all laughed again as they took up the chorus.

The miserable boy went on with his

story: "Oh, massa! massa! I'se awful skeert. What'll we do? How it happened? Yes, I'll tell you fast as I can. Please, massa, 'twan't my fault. I'se jes' come up from dinner, and sot down break-in' stone. Ben—poor little Ben!—Yes, yes, I'se gwine on. Ben he was roasin' ches'nuts—see 'em there, roun' the stack-top?—an' while they was roasin', Ben he played ball. You know that ar' leather ball he had? He'd toss it off, and Spike he'd fotch it back. An' I sed, 'Ben, sez I, 'don't go too close.' An' jes' then the ball it kinder bounded back this yer way, and Spike jumped for it, and Ben run too, and then—oh, Lordie! Lordie! see my eye?—I cracked a piece of stone wrong, and a spark flew up and struck my eye and cut me. See the blood? It hurted me so I had to put my han' up this yer way, and couldn't see for a while, jes' for a moment. An' when I looked, Ben was gone, an' Spike was gone, an'—an'—"

Here he broke down, and it was only with hard questioning that the founder learned that he had run outside, and when he could not see the boy, had run quickly down to him with his awful news. He stood whimpering and sobbing, "Massa, 'twan't my fault."

There were the chestnuts, burnt to cinders now: there was Ben's hat on the floor. The founder looked at them mechanically. He had heard all the evidence, and was in a dazed way summing it up. After all, there was one hope: there might be one chance. Ben might have passed quickly out while the boy held his hand to his eye, and be safe at play somewhere now. He would search. His mind grew clear again at the hope. He stepped out to the bank where the men were screening ore: "I say, men, have you seen my boy?"

"No: we've only just come up from dinner," but answered indifferently, as men reply to every-day questions that are indifferent. But when they looked up and saw his face, they knew something was wrong: "Eh, boss, what is it?"

He only asked again, "Have any of you seen Ben?"

Then they made search. The whole valley was ransacked: not a nook or corner was forgotten, not a road or mountain-path opening into it was missed. They went to the places where he loved to play; they called him; they ran up and down in search of the lost boy. He could not have wandered far, for he was about at dinner-time. The founder felt in his heart that the hunt was idle, yet none was so eager as he. At length night came, and gloom settled with it upon the folks, for the boy's story came to be known. As for the founder, he had not uttered a word about it.

Night came on, and they gave over the search, and the founder was at his place preparing for the "cast." He was stunned, benumbed. The blow had crushed all feeling out of him. He went about his work as usual, determined to go on for the night at least, and make a plan for the morrow when it came. He did not know what else to do. Men take this course oftener than we think. To-morrow becomes to-day, and so on till years pass. We say they do not feel their sorrow, and what insensibility!—and comment with such kindness, not dreaming how the worker suffers, nor suspecting that but for his accustomed work his heart would break. The founder's heart was nearly broken, and his face showed it. Some of the workmen came to give him words of sympathy, but when they drew near their hearts failed them. The superintendent came down on the same errand, but when he saw that scared, set face he asked some indifferent question about the work, and went sadly back again.

So they let him alone, and he thanked God for it. All night he paced up and down with his head bowed and his hands clenched behind him. What a night! Who can know its agony? Toward dawn he grew calmer. Old habits of thought began to reassert themselves: he thought about the iron of the last "cast."

The iron made from fossil ore contains about one-half of one per cent. of phosphorus. This makes it brittle when cold—"cold short," as it is called. That made from hæmatite ore contains about one-

fifth of one per cent. It was the custom to mix these ores in definite proportions, and the result was a very good iron. Sulphur makes the iron "red short," or brittle when heated. And, curiously enough, a mixture of cold-short and red-short irons, within certain limits, results in a "neutral iron"—that is, iron not too brittle when cold or hot. But the phosphorus which exists in the ore remains in the iron and mars it, and an excess of it would of course make the iron very brittle and worthless. The test at the furnace was a very rude one: the pigs when quite cold were raised to a given height and allowed to fall upon a great stone. If the iron contained much phosphorus, they broke to pieces: if brittle, they only broke in two, or even resisted the shock. The owners depended upon more accurate methods: they sent from time to time specimens to city chemists to be analyzed. Of all the constituents of iron ore, that which is hardest to get rid of is this very phosphorus. It defies the efforts alike of the scientific and of the practical worker, and nearly if not wholly as much as goes into the furnace combined with the ore comes out of it mixed with the iron. The founder knew that animal tissues abound in this element. In the shape of phosphates of iron, magnesia, soda and potassa it forms an important percentage of the weight of animals. By the process of Herr Fleck from one hundred pounds of animal tissues six to seven pounds of pure phosphorus are obtained for the purposes of commerce. Even by this elaborate procedure much is lost. The idea that followed logically upon the consideration of these facts, the train of thought once started, is obvious. True, it offends our sentimentality: it is perhaps to some unpractical minds repellent, disgusting. But his mind was, like his life, eminently practical. Moreover, he was in an abyss from which there might be—yes, even now might be—an escape. He would see. If the iron of the last cast contained no excess of phosphorus, his boy certainly had not fallen in. He would, at all events, make the test. At the very worst, his condition would be no worse

than now. It would be so far better that the horrible element of doubt, of uncertainty, would be done away with. Perhaps his reasoning was fallacious. He was but a rough workman, who had tried his life-long to gain knowledge, but his mind was not trained to refinements and subtleties of reasoning. His powers of observation were not even drilled by scientific processes. He was only by nature shrewd, sagacious, very keen to see what was about him. He said to himself, with a courage that was grand, "I will see how brittle this last iron is. If ore-phosphorus cannot be gotten rid of, other phosphorus in the furnace by chance will likewise stay in the iron."

The dawn wore slowly away to day: he had never known so long a night. But sunrise came at last. Suddenly the sun rose up over the mountain-tops, and lo! it was day. Once again hope arose in his heart. He looked a little like himself. The hands were already at work weighing the iron. As each cast is made the product when cool is weighed and stacked up. Charcoal iron is made in long slender pigs, and cools quickly. The search after Ben, the confusion, the dismay of the day before, had so affected the whole valley that they had neglected to give the cormorant its usual supply of food, and the yield fell far below the average. There was only about a ton of iron, less than half the usual amount. A very few pounds of phosphorus would serve to make this iron very brittle, to give a high rate per centum of the injurious element. His voice trembled as he ordered the men to give the customary rough test. As a rule, this was his work, but now his heart failed him: his knees shook as he stood. A big fellow raised a pig shoulder-high, and, pausing a moment—such a moment as the axe glitters in the headsmen's hands—let it fall. It broke into a dozen pieces. He tried another. It was shattered to fragments. The light faded from the founder's face. Slowly, awkwardly, almost feebly, this strong man lifted another pig of iron and made the test for himself: the result was the same. There could be no error: the iron was "cold short" beyond anything

the men had ever seen come out of the furnace. They looked at each other wondering.

"Brittle as slag," said one.

The black who worked beside him replied with the superstition of an old slave, "Tain't no wonder! Luck's done gone now: dat stack nebber do no good any more."

They went off about their work, but the founder stood there looking at the fragments. He stood a long while, stupid, bewildered. His head felt queer. His life seemed about crushed out: it would scarcely have been more thoroughly broken if the bar of iron had fallen upon his head. His hands were numb. He tried to think how the bits of iron at his feet fitted together. He thought of all kinds of trivial, miserable things, but was conscious of nothing but a hard, crushing sense of pain. The fact is, he was utterly broken: all hope was gone. He had tried the only way out of the abyss, and it was cut off. He was not only without escape from his grief, but he was without strength to bear it. A great strong man, he was pitiable to look at.

Another dismal day passed away. He was not at his post: work was no longer possible. He wandered about the valley restlessly, looking like a man who had long been desperately ill. He had not slept nor tasted food, but his stout frame would have borne such privations as those easily. His soul made him haggard. The intensity of his grief cut him off from all human sympathy; no man dared to speak to him. The disposition of sorrow is proverbially selfish. For this reason light afflictions have often a pleasurable flavor, whilst grave ones are doubly hard to bear, because too often they make us hate ourselves. He scarcely thought of his boy objectively. It was he that was deserted, bereaved, desolate, hopeless, alone. In truth, his mental states were indefinite, undefinable. He suffered now from shock more than from the injury. His thoughts were altogether incoherent. The workmen already whispered among themselves that he was crazy.



The crisis was at hand. Either the blessed forgetfulness of sleep must come or he would indeed go mad. He started toward his house.

A shout of surprise, of joy; happy voices calling in the evening air; joyous echoes from the rising slopes; the swift running of glad feet, and men crowding each other as they draw near, all talking at once, swinging their arms, clapping their hands, hurraing; a confusion of tongues, a Babel of voices, in which his boy's name is over and over again repeated: "Ben! Ben!" "Boss, Ben is come!" "Massa, Ben's found!"

He was dizzy, his head whirled. They pushed him, they jostled him, they hurried him along. He thought he was mad. By contrast even madness was not bad. These creatures who danced about him with smiling faces and gave glad tidings of his lost boy made up a pleasant phantasy.

No, it was neither madness nor phantasy. They brought him to the well-curb in front of the store, and there stood his boy alive and well. He caught him in his arms and kissed him.

The colliers who had brought him back were there. He had come to them

the night before, crying with weariness and hunger.

How about the cold-short iron? The explanation came quickly. "Ben, why did you go away?" asked his father when they were alone.

Ben began to cry, and answered in the very words of the boy who breaks the limestone, "It was not my fault."

"What was not your fault, my boy?"

"Spike fell into the furnace." Now the sobs were heartfelt indeed.

"Spike?"

"Yes: we ran for the ball, and he could not stop, and slipped in."

"And you?"

"I was so frightened I ran away as hard as I could: I was afraid."

"Of what?"

"I don't know."

There are cases on record in which men approaching incautiously have met a like fate. Joy is not selfish. The founder thought no longer of himself, but of his boy, who was safe and sound. In his heart he made merry, and like that father of old whose son was lost and found again, was dead and returned alive, he took him in and gave him his supper.

CORNELIUS DEWEES.

## SICILIAN FOLK-LORE.

THE nursery-tales that amused our childhood have, of late years, been made a subject of investigation by scholars, who have discovered in them numerous interesting relics of the religious beliefs of our remote ancestors. Indeed, many of these stories are now to be found only in the collections made by the Grimms and by their followers in England, France and Italy. The last-named country was the first in which the popular traditions were saved from oblivion by being gathered into collections, two of which have always enjoyed immense popularity in Italy and elsewhere. We allude to the stories of Straparola and

Basile, the first as old as the sixteenth century.\*

From this time, however, the Italians

\* Giovan Francesco Straparola lived in Venice during the first half of the sixteenth century and wrote a collection of seventy-four tales, entitled *Le piacevoli notti* ("Entertaining Nights"). Their low moral tone has prevented any translation into English; a selection of the most unobjectionable has been rendered into German by F. W. V. Schmidt (Berlin, 1817). Giambattista Basile lived at Naples at the beginning of the seventeenth century and wrote in Neapolitan his *Pentamerone* ("Five Days"), taken in large measure directly from the people. There is an admirable English translation of thirty-one of the fifty stories of Basile, entitled *The Pentamerone; or, The Story of Stories: Fun for the Little Ones. From the Neapolitan*, by John Edward Taylor. With illustrations by George Cruikshank (London, 1848).



neglected their popular traditions to such an extent that strangers have commonly supposed there was no folk-lore in Italy worth collecting. That this was far from being the case the recent collections of Italian popular tales have abundantly shown. Of all these collections the most interesting as well as the most scholarly is the one of *Sicilian Tales* by Giuseppe Pitrè of Palermo, who had previously collected the popular poetry and customs of his country.\* These tales are so strange, and yet so familiar, that an examination of their salient points may be of interest, apart from any value it may have as a contribution to the study of comparative mythology.

We may roughly divide the four hundred stories collected by Pitrè into two classes—fairy-tales proper, and popular traditions and anecdotes. The personages of the first class are those already familiar to our childish memories. The hero is usually a king's son (or daughter) or the youngest of three children. The youngest son is always the bravest and most cunning, but is also the one most exposed to the caprices of Fortune. He is the one who descends into caves while his brothers hold back in fear. There he discovers three beautiful maidens, whom the two brothers pull safely up, while they cruelly abandon their brother to the mercy of the ogress, who is sometimes touched by his beauty and releases him: sometimes an eagle is his deliverer, and the brave youth does not hesitate to cut off his own flesh to feed the famished bird. Often the hero goes in search of some mysterious and fabulously beautiful maiden—so fair that she wears seven veils—whom he rescues from a host of guardians, each fiercer than the other.

\* Pitrè's collection is entitled *Biblioteca delle Tradizioni Popolari Siciliane, per cura di Giuseppe Pitrè* (Palermo, 1871-1875, 7 vols.). Vols. i.-ii. *Canti Popolari*; iii. *Studi di Poesia Popolare*; iv.-vii. *Fiabe, Novelle e Racconti*. The last four volumes contain four hundred fairy tales, traditions, anecdotes, proverbs and fables, accompanied by a learned introduction, grammar and glossary of the Sicilian dialects, and valuable comparisons of the tales with those of the other Italian provinces. It may be well to state here that all the stories in this collection were written down by Pitrè and his friends exactly as they were related, for the most part by illiterate women and children.

He leaves his bride to inform his mother the queen of his return, and at her first kiss forgets his hard-won wife, or when he goes back for her he finds in her place some ugly Moorish.

The youngest sister is also the heroine of many tales. She is often the victim of her stepmother's jealousy or her sister's envy. Her father is compelled to abandon her to a monster who has in his palace a secret chamber where his former inquisitive wives, her elder sisters, lie in a mangled heap. Of course, she outwits the monster and restores her sisters to life by applying to their wound the magic salve. The other personages are as numerous as the actors in every-day life—the father, who, unable to support his large family, sells his children to the ogre; the traditional mother-in-law, who calumniates her son's wife, and who in the end meets a well-deserved fate; kings, merchants, soldiers, priests and slaves cross the stage in the wildest confusion. Among the supernatural beings are the fairies, who appear as beautiful damsels dwelling in enchanted palaces, in subterranean abodes, in fountains and trees. Sometimes they are disguised as old women; sometimes in the guise of hermits they direct the hero on his perilous way, and present him with the magic gifts which rescue him from danger. It is the fairies, of course, who enchant the heroes and heroines, perversely changing them into frogs, serpents, etc. Sometimes the fairies become faithful wives, and are then exposed to all the ordinary vicissitudes of human life. It would be tiresome to mention even a tithe of the various enchantments employed by the fairies: it is enough to say that they are the same as in the fairy tales of the rest of Europe. Animals speak; a feather or a hair when burned produces prodigies, or causes the one from whom it was taken to appear; there is the cap that renders the wearer invisible, the purse that is always full, the violin that makes every one who hears it dance, the wand that opens the earth, etc. The evil beings are the ogre and his wife, magicians, giants and demons. The ogre and giant both have a taste for human blood, and when the hero is con-

cealed in their dwellings, go about muttering the traditional nursery rhyme, with a slight variation of course:

Fee, fo, fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman!

All these monsters fortunately have their weak side: they are all dull of intellect, and easily fall victims to the superior cunning of the hero. A favorite trick with them all is to conceal themselves in the ground under a mushroom or some other plant which an unlucky father of a beautiful daughter is sure to pick, and thus fall into the monster's power, from which he can only release himself by sacrificing his child. The end of these evil beings is a violent one: they are either thrown into a caldron of boiling oil or into an oven or over a precipice. The Devil is, of course, one of the traditional personages of these tales, and in order to avoid calling him by his right name, and thus insulting him, the people address him as *Mastru Paulu* ("Master Paul"), *Lu Cucinu* ("the cook"), *Martinettu* and *Martineddu*. The other demons most frequently named are *Farfareddu*, *Fanfarricchiù*, *Satanassu*, *Bezzebù*, *Malagigi* and *Lucifaru*.\*

The scene of these stories is laid in the earth, sea, hell and heaven in a very indefinite sense. The air is the scene of but one, that relating to Judas, which we shall mention later. The favorite countries are Spain and Portugal. Time passes rapidly in these stories: a Tuscan proverb says, *Il tempo delle novelle passa presto*, and the Sicilian story-tellers use a number of formulæ with the same meaning: *Cuntu 'un porta tempu*, or *Lu cuntù 'un metti tempu*, all of which may be translated, "The story takes no heed of time."

A closer examination of the individual stories discloses, as might naturally be supposed, the existence of some of the most famous myths of classical times. Those most easily recognized in the Sicilian tales are the story of Cupid and Psyche, the labors of Hercules, and the

myth of Polyphemus. The last is found in a novel (*Lu Munacheddu*—"The Little Monk") which Pitrè took down in Monte Erice from the lips of a girl eight years old. The substance of the story is, that two monks, a small and a large one, go out begging and lose their way. They enter a large cave, and find there an animal making a fire. As they enter, this animal kills a score of sheep, roasts them and invites the monks to eat. They are obliged to accept this invitation, and after the meal they go to bed, and the animal rolls a great stone in front of the mouth of the cave. Then he takes a sharp iron, heats it and plunges it into the neck of the larger of the two monks, and invites the little one to help him eat his companion. In the night the monk takes the iron, heats it and puts out the animal's eyes, covers himself with the skin of a sheep, and so escapes when the animal opens the cave and lets out the sheep after feeling each of them.

Of the myth of Cupid and Psyche there are several versions in Sicilian. The most interesting is entitled *Lu Re Cristallu*. The beginning is like many others: there is a father with three daughters, unable to provide for them, who goes out one day to look for herbs, and just as he cuts down a large cabbage a cavalier appears, and after hearing the father's excuses, gives him some money and tells him to bring there his youngest daughter. She is installed in a splendid palace and allowed to see her father as often as she pleases, but her husband will not permit her sisters to visit her, and forbids her to open the door of the chamber opposite her own. Unfortunately, the cavalier permits one of the sisters to make a single visit to the palace. She is astonished to hear from her youngest sister that she has never seen her husband's face, as he comes to her only at night. Then the eldest says: "Take this wax candle, and when he is asleep take a good look at him." This perfidious advice is followed, and a drop of hot wax falls on her husband's nose, who wakes up crying, "Treason! treason!" and sends away his wife. The poor woman wanders about at night,

\* Two of these names, *Farfareddu* (*Farfarello*) and *Malagigi*, will be familiar to readers of Dante's *Inferno* (xxi. 123, xxii. 94) and Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.

and meets a hermit in a wood, who hears her story and sends her to another older hermit, who tells her to make a pair of iron shoes, and when she has worn them out she will see a palace and must enter it: of course she finds there her husband's father and mother, and the story ends with the usual formula: "they remained happy and contented for ever."\*

There are other versions of this story, in one of which (*Lu 'Mperaturi Scur-suni*) the husband is the one whose curiosity causes him to lose his wife: in another (*Lu Re d'Amuri*) the wife asks her husband his name, and, as in the legend of *Lohengrin*, he suddenly disappears.

All our most famous nursery-tales appear under but slightly changed forms; so, for instance, we have *Snow-white and Rose-red*, *Bluebeard*, the *Forty Thieves* (in the Sicilian story there are only thirteen, who conceal themselves in bags of charcoal, and whom the merchant's daughter kills by running red-hot spits into them), *Cinderella*, *Beauty and the Beast*, and a host of others. One of these is interesting from its resemblance to a familiar English story, that of King Lear and his daughters. It is entitled *L'Acqua e lu Sali* ("Water and Salt"), and begins as follows: "A very fine story is related and told to your worships. Once upon a time there was a king with three daughters. These three daughters being at table one day, their father said, 'Come now, let us see which of you three

loves me.' The oldest said, 'Papa, I love you as much as my eyes.' The second answered, 'I love you as much as my heart.' The youngest said, 'I love you as much as water and salt.' The king heard her with amazement: 'Do you value me like water and salt? Quick! call the executioners, for I will have her killed immediately.'" The other sisters privately give the executioners a little dog, and tell them to kill it and rend one of the youngest sister's garments, but to leave her in a cave. This they do, and bring back to the king the dog's tongue and the rent garment: "Royal majesty, here is her tongue and garment." And His Majesty gives them a reward. The unfortunate princess is found in the forest by a magician and taken to his house, which is opposite a royal palace. Here the king's son sees her and falls desperately in love with her, and the match is soon agreed upon. "Then the magician came and said, 'You must kill me the day before the wedding. You must invite three kings, your father the first. You must order the servants to pass water and salt to all the guests except your father.' Now let us return to the father of this young girl, who the longer he lived the more his love for her increased, and he was sick of grief. When he received the invitation he said, 'And how can I go with this love for my daughter?' And he would not go. Then he thought, 'But this king will be offended if I do not go, and will declare war against me some time!' He accepted and went. The day before the wedding they killed the magician and quartered him, and put a quarter in each of four rooms, and sprinkled his blood in all the rooms and on the stairway, and the blood and flesh became gold and precious stones. When the three kings came and saw the golden stairs, they did not like to step on them. 'Never mind,' said the prince, 'go up: this is nothing.'" That evening they were married: the next day they had a banquet. The prince gave orders: "No salt and water to that king." They sat down at table, and the young queen was near her father, but her father did not eat. His daughter said, "Royal majesty,

\* These stories all begin with the formula, *cc'era*, "there was," or *'na vota cc'era*, "once upon a time there was;" sometimes *si racconta*, "it is related," is prefixed, or the formula is repeated as *si conta e s'arriconta*, "they tell and retell." The termination of these stories is also with a formula that varies at will; usually it is a couplet:

Idda (Iddi) arristau filici e contenti,  
E ccà nuàtri senza nenti.

("She (they) remains happy and contented, and here we are without anything.") The last line of the couplet sometimes is, "And here we are licking our chops" (literally, "picking our teeth"), or, "here we are barefoot." In the district of Polizzi-Generosa the common termination is:

Favola scritta, favola ditta,  
Diciti la vostra, ca la mia è ditta.

("Story written, story told, tell me yours, for mine is told.")

why do you not eat? Does not the food please you?"—"What an idea! It is very fine."—"Why don't you eat, then?"—"I don't feel very well." The bride and groom helped him to some bits of meat, but the king did not want it, and chewed his food over and over again like a goat (as if he could eat it without salt!). When they finished eating they began to tell stories, and the king told all about his daughter. She asks him if he could still recognize her, and slipping out of the room puts on the same dress she wore when he sent her away to be killed. "You caused me to be killed because I told you I loved you as much as salt and water: now you have seen what it is to eat without salt and water." Her father could not say a word, but embraced her and begged her pardon. "They remained happy and contented and here we are with nothing."

One of the oldest popular stories of various countries is that of the improvised physician who cures the king's daughter, and receives as a reward her hand and an immense treasure.\* The simplest form of the story is where a poor man, taking refuge for the night in a tree, overhears some witches discussing the illness of the king's daughter, and learns from them the secret remedy for it. A more complicated version is where the princess is ill, and nobody can cure her: her father the king issues a proclamation offering a large reward to whoever cures her, and the hero, with the aid of some beneficent fairy, succeeds where many have failed and lost their lives. There is an interesting version of this story which we give at length, as illustrating the many points of similarity that exist between these Sicilian stories and the folk-lore of the rest of Europe. It is entitled "The Shepherd who made the King's Daughter Laugh:" There was once a king and a queen who had an only daughter, whom they loved very dearly. When she was fifteen years old she became suddenly very sad, and would

not laugh any more. So the king issued a proclamation that whoever made his daughter laugh, whether he were a prince, peasant or beggar, should become her husband. Many made the attempt, but none succeeded. Now there was a poor woman who had an only son, who was idle and would not learn any trade; so finally his mother sent him to a farmer to keep his sheep. One day, as he was driving the sheep over the fields, he came to a well and bent over it to drink. As he did so he saw a handsome ring on the wheel, and as it pleased him, he put it on the ring-finger of his right hand. He had scarcely put it on, however, when he began to sneeze violently, and could not stop until he had accidentally removed the ring. Then his sneezing stopped as suddenly as it had begun. "Oh!" thought he, "if the ring has this virtue, I had better try my fortune with it, and see whether it will not make the king's daughter laugh." So he put the ring on his left hand, and no longer had to sneeze. Then he drove the sheep home, took leave of his master, and wandered toward the city where the king lived. He was obliged, however, to pass through a dense forest, which was so extensive that it grew dark before he left it. He thought, "If the robbers find me here they will take away my ring, and then I should be a ruined man. I would rather climb a tree and spend the night there." So he climbed a tree, tied himself fast with his belt and soon fell asleep. Before long thirteen robbers came and sat down under the tree, and talked so loud that the shepherd awoke. The captain of the robbers said, "Let each relate what he has accomplished to-day;" and each exhibited what he had taken. The thirteenth, however, pulled out a tablecloth, a purse and a whistle, and said, "I have gained to-day the greatest treasures, for these three things I have taken from a monk, and each of them has a particular virtue. If any one spreads out the tablecloth and says, 'My little tablecloth, give me macaroni, or roast meat,' or whatever one will, he will find everything there immediately. Likewise, the purse will give all the money one wants; and who-

\* The germ of all these stories is found in the old Persian collection called the *Chakasaptati*, and wandered with many other Oriental tales to France, where it reappeared in the *Fabliaux*, whence Molière took it for his famous *Médecin malgré lui*.



ever hears the whistle must dance whether he will or no." The robbers at once put the power of the tablecloth to the test and went to sleep, the captain laying the precious articles near himself. When they were all snoring hard the shepherd descended, took the three articles, and crept away.

The next day he came to the city where the king lived, and went straight to the palace. "Announce me to the king," he said to the servants: "I will try to make the king's daughter laugh." The servants tried to dissuade him, but he insisted on being led before the king, who took him into a large room in which was the king's daughter sitting on a splendid throne and surrounded by the whole court. "If I am to make the princess laugh," said the shepherd to the king, "you must first do me the kindness to put this ring on the ring-finger of your right hand." The king had scarcely done so when he began to sneeze violently, and could not stop, but ran up and down the room sneezing all the time. The entire court began to laugh, and the king's daughter could not stay sober, but had to run away laughing. Then the shepherd went up to the king, took off the ring and said, "Your Majesty, I have made the princess laugh: to me belongs the reward." "What! you worthless shepherd!" cried the king. "You have not only made me the laughing-stock of the whole court, but now you want my daughter for your wife! Quick! take the ring from him and throw him into prison." While there the wonderful tablecloth provides him and his companions with plenty to eat, and when it is discovered and taken from him by the king's orders, the purse enables them all to live in comfort. That is also discovered, and nothing is left but the whistle. "Well!" thought the shepherd, "if we can't eat any more, we will at least dance;" and he pulled out his pipe and began to play on it, and all the prisoners began to dance, and the guards with them; and between them all they made a great noise. When the king heard it, he came running there with his servants, and had to dance like all the rest, but

found breath enough to order the pipe to be taken away from the shepherd, and all became quiet again.

So now the shepherd had nothing left, and remained some time in prison, until he found an old file, and one night filed through some iron bars and escaped. He wandered about all day, and at last came to the same forest where he had been formerly. All at once he saw a large fig tree bearing the most beautiful fruit—on one side black figs, on the other white ones. "That is something I have never seen," thought the shepherd—"a fig tree that bears black and white figs at the same time. I must try them." So he broke off some fine black figs and ate them. Scarcely had he tasted them when he felt something move on the top of his head, and putting his hand up found that he had two long horns. "Unhappy man!" he cried: "what shall I do?" However, as he was very hungry, he picked some of the white figs and ate them, and immediately one of the horns disappeared, and also the other after he had eaten a few more white figs. "My fortune is made!" he thought: "the king will have to give me all my things back, and his daughter in the bargain."

The shepherd disguised himself and went to the city with two baskets of figs, one of the black and one of the white ones, the former of which he sold to the king's cook, whom he met in the market place. While the king was at the table the servant put the figs before him, and he was much pleased with them, and gave some to his wife and daughter: the rest he ate himself. Scarcely had they eaten them when they saw with terror the long horns that had grown from their heads. The queen and her daughter began to weep, and the king, in a rage, called the cook and asked him who had sold him the figs. "A peasant in the market," answered the cook. "Go at once and bring him here," cried the king.

The shepherd had remained near the palace, and as the cook came out he went up to him with the basket of white figs in his hand. "What miserable figs did you sell me this morning!" cried out



the cook to him. "As soon as the king, queen and princess had eaten your figs great horns grew on their heads."—"Be quiet," said the shepherd: "I have a remedy here, and can soon remove the horns. Take me to the king." He was led before the king, who asked him what kind of figs he had sold. "Be quiet, Your Majesty," said the shepherd, "and eat these figs," at the same giving him a white one; and as soon as the king had eaten it one of the horns disappeared. "Now," said the shepherd, "before I give you any more of my figs you must give me my whistle back: if not, you may keep your horn." The king in his terror gave up the whistle, and the shepherd handed the queen a fig. When one of the queen's horns had disappeared he said, "Now give me my purse back, or else I will take my figs away." So the king gave him his purse, and the shepherd removed one of the princess's horns. Then he demanded his tablecloth, and when he had received it, he gave the king another fig, so that the second horn disappeared. "Now give me my ring," he said; and the king had to give him his ring before he would remove the queen's horn. The only one left now was the princess, and the shepherd said, "Now fulfill your promise and marry me to the princess, otherwise she may keep her horn as long as she lives." So the princess had to marry him, and after the wedding he gave her another fig to eat, so that her last horn also disappeared. They had a merry wedding, and when the old king died the shepherd became king. And so they remained contented and happy, and we like a bundle of roots.\*

Among the nursery-tales proper we find many with which we are all familiar, while some contain only one or two familiar traits, as in the story of *Don Firruleddu*, where we find one of Tom Thumb's devices for discovering his way—viz. by sprinkling bran along the road. In the Sicilian story the ogre diverts the trail to his own house, so that the daughter, who is carrying her father's dinner

to him in the fields, falls into the monster's power, and is finally rescued by her younger brother.

Another contains a version of the famous story that Sancho Panza related once to his master's infinite disgust (*Don Quijote*, part 1, cap. 20). It is entitled *Lu Truvatura* ("The Secret Treasure"), and is as follows: Once upon a time there was a king's son, and he studied and cudged his brains until he learned magic and the art of getting possession of hidden treasures. One day he discovered a treasure. "Oh," he says, "now I will get it." But in order to get possession of it, it was necessary that ten million million of ants should cross one by one the river Gianquadara on a boat made of half a nutshell. The king's son launched the boat, and begins to make the ants cross: one, two, three—and so he is doing still. Here the one who is telling the story stops and says, "We will finish this story when the ants are all over the river."

Some of these stories are nonsensical tales to quiet uneasy children with. One is called "The Story of the Barber" (*Lu Cuntu di lu Varveri*), and is so short that we can give it entire for the benefit of American parents and nurses. "Once upon a time there was a barber. . . . Be quiet, and I will tell it to you over again."

Among the most interesting stories in Pitre's collection are those relating to the traditional journeys on earth of Christ ("the Master," as the stories call him) and his apostles, legends of the saints, etc. To this class belong the legends of the Wandering Jew, Pilate, Judas and Malchus. The first, called *Buttadeu* (from *bullari*, "to reject"), or *L'Ebreu ch' arribbuttau a Gesù Cristu*, is said to have appeared within a few years near Salaparuta in Sicily to a certain Antonino Cascio, whose youngest daughter related the story to one of Pitre's friends. Pilate is said to live, silent and immovable, in a cave near Rome, seated at a table, reading, re-reading, and never ceasing to read, a paper spread before him. He cannot turn his eyes, his thoughts or his body from the sentence he once pro-

\* This version is found in Laura Conzenbach's *Sicilische Märchen, Aus dem Volksmund gesammelt*. (Leipzig, 1870, 2 vols., No. 31.)

nounced upon our Lord. The first and perhaps the last time he was seen was by a carter who entered the cave by chance and addressed in vain the strange figure he found there. The third time he was answered, "Raise your shirt from your back, and I will write there who I am. Go to the pope when you leave this place, and he will read the writing for you." The carter, who had entered the cave a young man, left it with white hair and the appearance of a man of ninety. When he reached the pope he showed him his back, and the latter read, "I am Pilate," and straightway the carter became a statue, and

Chistu è lu cuntu di Pilatu  
Chi 'un è sarvu nè damnatu.

("This is the story of Pilate, who is neither saved nor damned.")

According to a tradition in Borgetto, the tree on which Judas-hanged himself was a tamarind, which in those days grew to the size of a tree. After his death he was not cast into hell, but condemned to roam through the air, encircling the earth always at the same height. On every tamarind he beholds he imagines he sees his wretched body hanging a prey to rapacious birds and famished dogs. The story ends with the words: "They say that the anguish he suffers cannot be told, for the very thought of it makes one's flesh creep."

Another relic of mediæval legends is the story of Malchus, who struck Christ in Pilate's palace. Our Lord did not utter a complaint, but from that day Malchus was condemned to wander unceasingly around a large column in the centre of a small subterranean chamber. The unhappy wretch does not eat or sleep, but gnaws his hands, beats upon the column the one that struck the Lord, and dashes his head against the encircling walls.

A favorite subject of these religious stories is the journeys of our Lord and his apostles, among whom Saint Peter plays the part of the clown, and is constantly getting himself and his disciples into straits from which it requires all the Master's patient benevolence to extricate them. He is often the butt of others'

tricks, as in the story of Saint Peter and the innkeeper, where he is sent by the Lord to buy wine, and goes, the story says, without being told twice. The innkeeper gives him first some fennel-seed to eat, and then lets him taste an inferior wine, which Saint Peter pronounces excellent and carries back to the disciples, who are greatly disgusted thereat. The story ends with the aphorism: "And hence it is that when one has to taste wine to see whether it is good, one ought not to eat fennel-seed."

Another time the Master and the apostles were wandering through a country where there was no bread. The Master commanded each to carry a stone with him. Saint Peter picked up a small pebble. The Master said, "Now we will go into another village: if there is any bread there we will buy some; if not, I will cause the stones to become bread." When they reached the next village the Lord gave them his blessing and the stones became bread. Saint Peter's heart failed him, and he cried out, "Master, what shall I eat?"—"Ah, my brother, why did you carry such a small stone? The others were heavily laden, and have bread enough." They continued their journey, and again the Lord commanded them each to carry a stone: this time the other apostles picked up small ones, but Saint Peter loaded himself down with a great rock. The Lord said to the apostles, "Little ones, we are going to have a laugh at Peter's expense." When they reached the next village, they all threw away the stones, because they found plenty of bread there.

Another story relates that the Master was asked to cure a certain man who was ill of old age. The Lord commanded the invalid's son to put the old man in a furnace, and he would come out young again. Saint Peter once tried the same prescription on an old woman, with very lamentable results, and the Lord was obliged to repair the mischief. A more amusing version of this last story is to be found in the Venetian *fiabe* or popular tales. We give a translation of it, as a good specimen of its class. It is entitled "The Lord, Saint Peter and the

Blacksmith." In a little city about as large as Sehio or Thiene once lived a master-smith, a good, industrious and skillful man, but so proud of his skill that he would not deign to reply to any one who did not address him as "professor." This pride in a man otherwise so blameless gave universal dissatisfaction. One day our Lord appeared in the blacksmith's shop, accompanied by Saint Peter, whom he was always in the habit of taking with him on such excursions. "Professor," said the Lord to the blacksmith, "will you be so good as to permit me to do a little work at your forge?" "Why not? it is at your service," replied the flattered smith. "What do you wish to make?" "That you will soon see," said the Lord, and took up a pair of tongs, with which he seized Saint Peter and held him in the forge until he was red hot. Then he drew him out and hammered him on all sides, and in less than ten minutes the old bald-headed apostle was forged anew into a wonderfully handsome youth with beautiful hair. The blacksmith stood speechless with astonishment, while the Lord and Saint Peter exchanged the most courteous thanks and compliments. Finally, the master-smith recovered himself, and ran straight up to the second story, where his sick old father lay in bed. "Father," he cried, "come quickly! I have just learned how to make a strong young man of you." "My son, have you lost your senses?" said the old man, half terrified. "No, only believe me. I have just seen it myself." Finding that the old man protested against the attempt, his son seized him forcibly, carried him to the shop, and in spite of his shrieks and entreaties thrust him into the forge, but brought nothing out but a piece of charred leg, which fell to pieces at the first blow of the hammer. Then he was seized with anguish and remorse. He ran quickly in search of the two men, and fortunately found them in the market place. "Sir," he cried, "what have you done? You have misled me. I wanted to imitate your skill, and I have burned my father alive. Come with me quickly, and help me if you can." Then the

Lord smiled graciously, and said, "Go home comforted: you will find your father alive and well, but an old man again." And so he did find him, to his great joy. From that time his pride disappeared, and whenever any one called him "professor" he would exclaim, "Ah what folly that is! There are gentlemen in Venice and professors in Padua, but I am a bungler."

Saint Peter's mother is also the subject of a tale with a moral. She was a person of a most miserly disposition, and never was known to give anything away in charity. One day, while she was cleaning some leeks, a beggar-woman asked her for alms. "Everybody has to come here begging!" exclaims Saint Peter's mother, and gives the woman a leaf of the leeks. When she died she went to hell, and saw her son the guardian of Paradise. She begged him to intercede with the Lord for her. The Lord heard him, and answered, "Your mother never did any good act except to give the poor woman a leaf of leeks." Then the Lord gave one to Saint Peter, and told him to let his mother take hold of it and carry her into Paradise. An angel descended with the leaf, and Saint Peter's mother seized hold of it. The other unhappy souls who were with her grasped her skirts, and the angel was carrying them all along when Saint Peter's mother in her selfish fear began to kick and shake them off her dress. As she did so the leaf broke, and she fell back into the depths of hell.

A large class of stories in Pitre's collection contains tricks, jokes, etc. attributed to certain provinces and persons, as well as stories of skillful thieves, sharpers, etc. The two most interesting characters are Giufà and Firrizzanu. The first is a type of the half-witted fellow upon whom Fortune delights at times to shower her favors, and who, often by his very stupidity, succeeds where others fail. He figures under various names in all the provinces of Sicily and the rest of Italy, and a number of proverbs are based on his foolishness, as: *Quannu chiovì, piddu fa, dissi Giufà* ("When it rains, it is cool, said Giufà"), to denote a well-known fact; and of a dull fellow

it is said, *E un Giufà* ("He is a Giufà"), or *Nui fici quantu Giufà* ("He does as many silly things as Giufà"). The following are a few of the stories about him. His mother sends him out to sell a piece of cloth, advising him to dispose of it to those who talk little. All of Giufà's would-be customers, however, talk too much. At length he enters a courtyard and offers his goods to a plaster statue that does not speak at all. Giufà, in delight, hangs the cloth about its neck, saying he will come the next day for the money. When he returns the cloth is gone, and the statue is as reticent as ever; so Giufà in rage breaks it to pieces and finds in its belly a bag of money. Another time his mother sends him to have a piece of cloth dyed green. He leaves it by the roadside with a green lizard, promising to call for it the next day, when of course it has disappeared. One night he was coming home through the woods, and watched the moon appear and disappear behind the clouds; so he kept calling out, "Appear!" and "Disappear!" Some thieves heard him, and supposing it was the police, fled and left a calf that they had stolen, which Giufà carried home to his mother, who sold it. When he asked her for the money, she said that she had sold the meat to the flies on credit. Giufà waited some time for his money, and then complained to a judge, who told him, "You may kill them wherever you find them." Just then a fly alighted on the judge's head, and Giufà dealt it such a blow that he killed the judge as well as the fly. In another story Giufà's mother buys him some decent clothes, and the people, who have previously neglected him, now show him great attention in his supposed prosperity, and invite him to dinner. Giufà, after filling his stomach, puts the rest of the eatables into his pockets, hat and wallet, and says to each of these objects, "Eat, my clothes! for you were invited."\*

Firrizzanu is the practical joker of the Sicilians. He is a servant in the royal

palace, and when the queen wishes to make his wife's acquaintance, he tells her that she is very deaf, telling his wife the same thing of the queen, and then enjoys the meeting of the two from behind a door. The trick is soon discovered, to the indignation of both parties, and Firrizzanu is compelled to flee to avoid being punished. One day his master wanted a new coat, and sent him for a tailor, who, like most of his profession, twisted his mouth while cutting his cloth. So Firrizzanu privately told his master that the tailor was subject to fits, and when he twisted his mouth it was a sign that one was coming on, but a few good blows with a stick would prevent all danger. The rest of the story may be imagined, until at last the poor tailor proves that it is one of Firrizzanu's tricks. Another story is one that occurs in other countries and in a variety of forms. A prince sends Firrizzanu into the country to collect for him, promising him a commission of twenty per cent. Firrizzanu calls the debtors together and makes them pay him twenty per cent., telling them they may pay the rest to the prince the following year. When he returns, in answer to the prince's questions he tells him he had hard enough work to collect his own twenty per cent.

As might be expected, the old myth of the treasury of Rhampsinitos turns up, with all the details that cluster around the story of the Master-Thief in the popular tales of the various Aryan peoples. There are also stories of trials of skill between thieves, and trials of wit between Sicilians and natives of the other Italian provinces, in which, it is needless to say, the former always come off triumphant. Once a Sicilian and a Neapolitan went into an inn together to dine. When the soup was brought on the Sicilian said, "Just tell me: how did your father die?"—"Oh," the other replied, "it's a sad story."—"But tell me how it was." So the Neapolitan told him, and the Sicilian ate up his own soup, and then that of his companion. The Neapolitan, when it was too late, saw the trick, and when the second course was brought on determined to have his revenge; so he asked his com-

\* This story, which in one form or another has always enjoyed great popularity, is told of Dante by Sercambi, an Italian novelist of the fifteenth century.



panion, "Now tell me how your poor father died." The Sicilian was too sharp for him, and answered, "This was the way of it: my father died," and kept on eating.

As an example of individual wit we give a story about Petru Fudduni (Pietro Fullone), a Sicilian poet who lived during the seventeenth century, and is the hero of many popular legends: Once, Pietro Fullone, the stone-cutter, was working in the cemetery near the church of the Santo Spirito, when somebody passed and said, "Peter, what is the best mouthful men have?" He answered, "An egg," and was silent. A year after Pietro was working in the same place, when the same person passed and said, "Peter, what with?" meaning what is good to eat with an egg. "With salt," answered Pietro Fullone. And he had so fine a head that he remembered after a year what that person had said to him. This story has always been attributed to Dante, who, it is said, was in the habit of sitting on summer evenings near the spot which now bears the inscription, *Sasso di Dante*. One evening a passer-by asked him the same question, and a year after he answered the second one without the least hesitation.

In the third section of Pitre's division he gives historical and fantastic traditions of persons and places. Among the first is one referring to the celebrated Lais, whose memory is still preserved under the name of *La Bedda di Liccari* ("La Bella d'Icara"). The story is fragmentary, and relates her capture by an emperor of Livanti, whose wife she becomes. The story terminates with the words: "Hence is seen how potent is the unrivaled beauty of the Sicilians, for the fair one of Icara could only have been born among us, and the fame of her beauty remains now for a proverb."

As might be supposed, the Sicilian Vespers play an important part in these historical traditions. The cruelty of the French is of course highly colored, and all the versions agree as to the licentiousness of the French, the plot of Giovanni da Procida, his feigned insanity, and the means employed by the Sicilians to dis-

tinguish the French during the massacre—viz., by making them pronounce the word *ciciri*. There is an interesting tradition about Virgil, who is afflicted with such a wife that he enters into a compact with Malagigi, and becomes himself a famous magician simply to punish his wife for her infidelity. When he died he was condemned to hell, but refused admission there. Malagigi did not desert him in this strait, but bore him, body and soul, to an island in the sea, where he built him a stone sepulchre and uttered over it a powerful enchantment which causes terrible storms to rise when any one gazes on the bones within the tomb.

Pitre's fourth and fifth classes contain proverbs or proverbial phrases, explained by anecdotes and stories, and fables. The proverbs are more or less general, and the illustrative stories are often only a few lines long. We will give only one example: *Cchiù si campa e cchiù si sapi* ("The longer one lives the more one learns"). A child asks an old man for some coals to light a fire with. The old man asks what he will carry them in, and, to his astonishment, the child fills the palm of his hand with some cold ashes and puts the live coals on them.

There are comparatively few fables in Pitre's collection: among them, however, are the Town and the Country Mouse; the Lion, Wolf and Fox, where the Fox does not visit the sick Lion, but excuses herself on the ground that she has been seeking a good physician for him; the Ant and the Locust; and some others peculiarly Sicilian, but not needing any special notice.

It will be seen from this hasty survey of Pitre's collection that the most important and extensive class is that of *fiabe* or fairy-tales proper, and that these constitute an important contribution to the history of European folk-lore, for although they do not exhibit any striking originality, like the Russian *skazas*, they serve to confirm in a striking manner the theory of the origin and distribution of Aryan folk-lore advanced by the Grimms, Cox, Max Müller and other eminent scholars. T. F. CRANE.



## LOVE IN IDLENESS.

## CHAPTER IX.

FRANK LAYTON was a good deal occupied now-a-days with his guests, both permanent and transient, the entertainment of whom kept the cottage in a condition of incessant festivity, which, although pleasant enough for the bright young people, who demanded a summer like a continuous fête, was wearisome to a host whose interest in humanity in general was at present limited by his regard for one woman in particular. He no longer had an opportunity to spend even his mornings at Mr. Knight's, and it was his brother who had there succeeded to his place of *ami de la maison*. Maurice, in fact, had no inclination to dawdle about the cottage in the mornings devoting himself to his aunt and cousin. He was benevolently contemptuous of such social requirements, and preferred spending his time in the manner most agreeable to himself. His correspondence and the morning papers occupied most of the forenoon. Afterward, since work did not press, he sought relaxation, and found it, in the society of Miss Clairmont. He took the same sort of pleasure in this that a man somewhat tired and dispirited might take in throwing himself on a bank of violets and wild thyme, with the softest breaths of sweet south winds unstringing his highly-wrought nerves. He not only admired Felise very much, but she suited him. He had gradually grown into the habit of talking to her very freely, and was at times absolutely startled by the fact that he was telling her a thousand things of which he had hitherto spoken to no one—experiences, feelings, despondencies of his own, whose existence even Rosamond was comfortably remote from suspecting. He understood his present position perfectly, and decided that it was not in the least prejudicial to either Frank's or Miss Clifford's interests that he found such pleasure in Felise's society. He was forty-three, and of course no man can be so

old without becoming very experienced and thoroughly master of himself. In a case of infatuation he could easily repress any inclination to commit himself, and could sagely reduce his experience within the bounds of formula, and argue that, constituted as man is, with the necessity of feeling satiety and disenchantment as soon as he possesses any object of desire, it is well for him that worship of something he can never attain should have some place in his inner life. What else explained the fact that sober *pères de famille* read poetry and romance with a completer abandon than boys? No one could study history intelligently without recognizing the fact that unappeased masculine passion was one of the strongest motive powers of human achievement. Not that Maurice had yet reached the point where it was essential for him to convince himself that he was doing the best thing he could under the circumstances; but it was his habit of mind to do his thinking before a possible emergency. Just now, however, he thought of himself as little as possible. It was delicious summer weather, and he was among a coterie of agreeable people, whose occupation in life was to do the most agreeable things they found to do by night and by day. Every one amused himself in the way he liked best, the only law being that of natural selection. He himself preferred, of all that Saintford offered, to go to the Knights': he liked Mr. Knight, who was an indefatigable talker; he liked Mrs. Knight with her fine eyes and rounded majestic form, which carried the sweetness and dignity of matronliness in its every movement; and as for Felise, she was Frank's future wife, and it pleased his fraternal sense to discover every day some fresh and more adorable trait. He had renounced small desires for his own part, and knew himself to be quite out of place in this elegant, fictitious, unreal life, so calculated to undermine a man's

conviction that the end of his career is not, after all, to look into a woman's eyes, be they never so witching. But, stirred by the interest he felt in his brother's love, he liked to watch Felise in her home and learn all he could about her ways and thoughts. Mr. Knight was never quite far away from her, for he not only loved her for her sweet girlish sake, but, like other learned men who have clever sympathetic women about them, he used her memory like a book of notes, and was calling constantly, "Felise, look up so and so;" or, "What was it, my child, I told you to remember on this point?" Mr. Knight's most abstruse studies were familiar ground to the young girl, although the subjects themselves were without interest to her except as she saw them through the eyes of the good old man. It is sometimes easy for a woman to seize, apparently without effort, an idea for whose mastery a man grapples desperately for years. Her attitude of mind is receptive: she absorbs thoughts, broods over them, and presently understands their meanings in a way that may make her intellect infinitely suggestive to her father or husband if he but brings her within the circle of his own original thought and invention.

"Your niece is a wonderfully clever child," Maurice remarked once to Mr. Knight.

"Not at all. Felise is merely bright and versatile, like other girls of her age," returned Mr. Knight. "I hate superior literary females. The Harriet Martineaus and Margaret Fullers of the world bore me to death, but I do love a cultivated woman. Felise has all the poetry and mythologies of the ages at her tongue's end: she has touched everywhere in her reading and study, but settled nowhere as yet. She is of immense service to me from a literary point of view. When she looks over my shoulder her pretty fancies give me sudden flashes of a wider light, and my page is brightened up by her suggestions. Still, don't fancy her remarkably clever. All her facility comes from her faculty of loving. She must be everything to me because she loves me."

Mr. Knight went back to his study, and Maurice sauntered down the terrace toward Felise, who was busy among the ferns in her rock-work. He sank down silently upon a bench and watched her, thinking over her uncle's words. What a good, loving little girl she was! What a wife she would be for Frank! and she could make a clever man of him too. He sighed as if stirred by a regret.

"Don't soil your fingers digging about those roots," he exclaimed abruptly. "Look at your hands."

She regarded them with a shamefaced air. "I can wash them," said she deprecatingly. "I will go and wash them in the fountain." She started up and ran across the lawn. He followed her, and as she leaned over the basin she saw his face reflected in the water. She laughed. "Do you remember how Corinne saw Lord Nelvil looking over her in the fountain of Trevi?" she asked.

"I believe so. I always hated that book."

"Why? For years and years I read no other romance. I knew it all by heart, and thought it the most beautiful book in the world."

"I dare say. Lord Nelvil is the true type of a woman's hero."

"He meant to do well."

"Very likely, but the reason he did not succeed was because he was a sneak and could not do well. But I do not like Corinne. A fine creature, doubtless, but she talked too much. Yes, even for a woman, she talked too much."

"But she talked gloriously."

"Yes. But it is such a bore to be declaimed at! It is my business, you know, to declaim, and I won't suffer the infliction from others if I can help it. I know the worth of loud, fluent, unhesitating, eloquent harangues. I should never have been reduced to a state of simmering passion by Corinne or her prototype, Madame de Staël."

"I fancy most men dislike women of superior minds," Felise retorted.

"Do they?" exclaimed Maurice with an air of frank regret. "I was just telling your uncle that I thought you so amazingly clever."

"But I am not at all clever," returned Felise. "Pray do not consider me so."

"You are a second Corinne," observed Maurice gravely. "After meeting you one longs for a pretty fool instead."

Felise rose from the bank and walked with much stateliness back to her fernery, but her dignity was somewhat diminished by the fact that her hands were dripping, for she could not find her handkerchief.

"What are you looking for?" inquired Maurice.

"My handkerchief: I dropped it here."

"Allow me to offer mine," he suggested, drawing a great square of cambric from his pocket, and going up to her he deliberately wiped her hands with scrupulous pains. "Those mighty members are dry now, I believe," said he, holding them up and scrutinizing them. "Why do you not thank me, you ungrateful little girl?"

But she turned away, sat down and took up her book. Complete silence reigned for five minutes.

"Is this a maiden-hair fern?" said Maurice, artlessly indicating a *Pteris*.

"No," she returned, pointing to another: "*that* is a maiden-hair fern."

"The name is poor and meaningless. Ferns resemble nothing in the way of hair."

But her smile was very languid, and she appeared quite absorbed in her reading.

"Do I bore you?" he asked after another interval of silence.

"A little," she said with a nod.

"I do not believe it," he returned flatly. "I have been, however, so unfortunate as to vex you." As he spoke he sat down beside her, and leaning forward looked up into her face. To his dismay he saw tears in her eyes. "Why, my dear child!" he cried with concern, "what have I done?"

"Nothing," she murmured with more tears. "Oh, if I only had my handkerchief!"

He offered her his own with a grand air. She wiped her eyes, laughed foolishly and gave it back to him.

"I think you are a silly child, not a clever woman at all," said he indulgent-

ly. "The next time I go to town I shall make a point of bringing you a box of bonbons. Do you want me to go away? Please let me stay until I may count myself forgiven."

"I am ashamed of my foolishness," she murmured, hanging her head. "I do not often cry, but it was cruel of you to say you thought me pedantic and dull."

"Did I say that?" he asked, bending close to her. "I do think you are clever, but don't be pained by that conviction of mine, for, whatever you are, you seem to me to possess every quality that is most charming. Never mistake my teasing words again."

Her eyes were fixed upon him while two great tears trembled on the lashes, then slowly ran down her cheeks. He wiped them off, laughing a little. "I wish," said he with a kind glance, "that I had a daughter just like you."

"Oh, I never heard anything so ridiculous!"

"Not at all ridiculous. Why, little girl, I am almost forty-three years old! Had I married when I was twenty-one, I might easily have had a daughter of your age."

"But no man should marry when he is a boy, a mere boy. Besides, there is nothing about you to suggest that you are old enough to be anybody's father," cried Felise with great disdain.

"Well, perhaps I do not look fatherly at present. But I may some time have a daughter, and I trust she may resemble you. I shall call her Felise."

"I forbid you," she cried with some fire in her eyes. "Besides," she added, smiling rather wickedly, "I do not think Mrs. Maurice Layton would like it."

"Rosamond would not care. I shall have my own way by that time. I am charmed with the fancy of my little Felise," said he, half closing his eyes. "She shall love me better than any one in the world. I shall wipe away her tears, kiss her sorrowful little face into smiles. I shall have all her kisses, her caresses. Yes, my little girl's name shall be Felise."

But the real, living Felise smiled, with

some pain or bitterness behind her smile. "I do not believe you will love the child at all," she affirmed vehemently. "Besides, you will be so engrossed in your busy life that you will not know your children to call them by their names. As for that poor little girl, she will find no one in the world to love her, and will die very young." Then she laughed at her own absurdity and rose. "It is time to dress for the lunch on the yacht," she added.

"Yes: I am to accompany you and Mrs. Knight. I have some gloves in my pocket. While you are in-doors I will sit here and read the papers."

"I will send them out to you."

"That is good of you. But see, Miss Clairmont, shall I keep this?" And he drew a little crumpled bit of cambric from his pocket.

"Where did you find my handkerchief?" she asked.

"You dropped it on your way to the fountain, and I picked it up. I should be glad to keep it, but one of your lovers might see it in my possession, and a modern Othello would surely smother me instead of you. So I will give it back."

"Ah, how good of you!" said Felise with a little curtsy. "I saw you take it, and was about to ask for it."

"I knew that you saw me pick it up," retorted Maurice with some malice. "I believe you intended that I should preserve it as a sentimental keepsake. What a Desdemona it is!" And at her spirited denial he merely shrugged his shoulders. "I always thought," he resumed, "that Desdemona was a trifle of a coquette. I dare say she intended that famous handkerchief should reach Cassio."

Felise left him with an air of revolt. He rose and sprang after her. "Let me go in with you," said he: "I will find the papers for myself."

twenty or more were to lunch in her cabin. Leslie had entered into the easy, pleasure-seeking life going on at Saintford with considerable zest, and being ready at any time to contribute his quota of hospitality in the handsomest manner, was to-day receiving his friends in his yachting costume, the flags of two great nations flying at the masthead and a band playing in a boat anchored at the stern. It was a little unhandsome, then, for his guests to make comparisons invidious to their host, but Morton stood near Wilmot on the deck, also in yachting-dress, and, with his priceless accomplishment of wearing clothes well, made Leslie appear like an awkward, tasteless cub. Maurice remarked the contrast in the appearance of the two men to Felise as they stood together taking stock of the social materials about them.

"I admire yachting-suits," she replied, "whether they are worn by graceful authors or wealthy young Britons. Why did you not do something in that way, Mr. Layton?"

"I? Oh, I don't go in for fascination.—Frank, come here a minute;" and that gentleman advanced with only too much alacrity from Mrs. Dury's side to make his bow to Miss Clairmont. "This young lady is asking why I am not in navy blue and gilt buttons, just as if she did not perceive that I am in the sere and yellow leaf instead. But you, my dear fellow, have no excuse for looking such a wretched landlubber."

Frank looked down at his morning-dress with a grimace. "You touch a tender chord when you allude to my dress, Miss Clairmont," said he. "I once enjoyed the fondest hopes of shining in your presence like Morton and Wilmot. My tailor sent me a fortnight ago a full yachting-suit, which was more becoming than, as a modest man, I dare confess to you. Since my first boots and trousers I have worn nothing so calculated to inspire perfect self-satisfaction. I looked at myself in the glass and meditated conquest. To-day at half-past one I went to my room eager to assume it, but I only had my hand on my wardrobe-door when Luigi entered. He had come,

#### CHAPTER X.

WILMOT's yacht, the Pansy, had at once become useful in varying the amusements of our coterie, and to-day she lay anchored in the river, and a party of

he said, for a good word from his master for the new clothes he had got up regardless of expense out of compliment to Mr. Wilmot, who had asked his assistance here to-day. Just look at him there!"

They all turned, and beheld Luigi's tawny face surmounting the most picturesque of yachting costumes. He was assisting the guests up the ladder with a graciousness that led several strangers to believe that he was the host himself, much to the suppressed indignation of Wilmot's own respectable servant, who, in undertaker's black, with the funereal cast of countenance essential to the representative English flunkey, looked with withering scorn upon the airs and graces of the sunny Italian.

Felise laughed. "*Aristo va*," said she. "You should have worn your own suit, nevertheless."

"I did not mind my aristocracy so much. The fact was, he looked so confoundingly young and handsome that the contrast disclosed the bitter truth of my thirty-six years. All Alnaschar visions fled: I meekly continued to wear the dress that Maurice has so slightly noticed."

"That boy of yours will be my death," said Maurice. "There is a superb insouciance about him which gives me fits of internal laughter. Imagine me, Miss Clairmont, returning to Frank's house at one o'clock at night, and finding Luigi on the back lawn with a guitar singing the serenade from *Don Pasquale* under one of the windows of the wing. I inquired grimly, as he advanced at my call, what under Heaven he was doing at that unearthly hour: he returned with the air of Don Juan that he was serenading 'la petite Jeannette.' 'I have noticed her black eyes,' said I, wishing to propitiate him, since I wanted some supper—'I have noticed her black eyes, you lucky dog!' 'Non c'e male,' he rejoined with that little slighting Italian gesture of his, 'but my weakness is for blondes. I admire Miss Clairmont.'"

"Pray, Miss Clairmont," interposed Frank, annoyed, "don't fancy I keep the fellow for his impudence. It was a duty I made for myself, the obligations

of which I was far from recognizing at the time. At first I took him to amuse me. I discovered him on a doorstep in Naples, a beautiful little brown beggar, munching a piece of bread and smelling a bunch of roses at the same time. He belonged to nobody, and I carried him off as I would have done a picture of a baby Bacchus. But he grew up, alas! and would not be educated: nothing but a servant would he make, and for an easy master he is the perfection of a servant."

"I think he is delightful," said Felise. "I do not know that he is a good model for servants in general, but he fits in among your possessions like one of your tables of malachite and pietra dura, or one of your old majolica cups with dragon handles: he is an animated phenomenon of bric-à-brac taste."

"You consider me, then," observed Frank, looking at her with a peculiarly clear glance from his blue eyes, "a mere virtuoso, a curiosity-collector?"

"Not *merely* that, by any means," cried Felise in some distress; "but confess that the working part of your life has been the gathering together of a vast quantity of trifles."

"Do not call that work," said Frank coolly. "Say that I have done no work at all—that I am an idler by taste and deliberate choice. But what could I have done to gain your approval? Certainly, you would not have had me compete with other men in money-getting, when I have already as much as is good for me? Shall I set up as politician and run in opposition to Maurice? Shall I publish the poems I wrote before I was twenty? Shall I go on the stage or patent my last bungle at a garden-roller? Your discontent with my aim in life stirs all sorts of possibilities in my mind, Miss Clairmont. Your wishes are sacred to me: you have only to point out the way."

Mrs. Meredith beckoned to Frank, and he went off for a consultation with his aunt and Wilmot respecting some of the arrangements down stairs.

"You fail to do Frank justice, Miss Clairmont," said Maurice in a low voice and with a glance before which Felise



quailed. "I think few men have accomplished half the good he has done in the world. Why should he push against others in the arena when his place outside has afforded him opportunities to gain more friends to bless him with grateful personal devotion than all the men I know put together? If you slight him, if you do not appreciate how much above every one else he is, what will become of my faith in you?—Here, Frank, they are going down to lunch: you are to take Miss Clairmont."

"I have not that honor," returned poor Frank with a grand bow. "'Tis you, Maurice, who are apportioned to her. I am to take Mrs. Dury: Aunt Agnes said so."

"I am going to take Mrs. Dury myself," said Maurice. "You are a disengaged man, Frank, and it will never do for you to be abandoned for two mortal hours to the fascinations of a widow with proclivities toward flirtation." And he took leave of Miss Clairmont, and went over to Mrs. Dury with a valiant air.

"I am sorry for you," murmured Felise as she put her hand on Frank's arm.

"You are a trifle insincere, Miss Clairmont."

"But you do not seem pleased at being left with me."

"Do I not?" returned Frank with a sigh, for he was far from being perfectly contented or happy. "Know, then, once for all, mademoiselle, there is just one woman in the world whom I wish to take in to breakfast, to luncheon, to dinner—to walk with, to talk with, to weep with, to rejoice with."

Felise gave him a glance which, considering that she must have attained to some realization of her power over him, was, it must be confessed, rather a naughty little glance. "I wonder who that woman is?" she remarked. "I hope, Mr. Layton, when you do succeed in carrying out that programme, that you will not condemn your life for being too monotonous."

"Felise," he whispered in her ear, "don't you remember the day I begged you not to use your power to torture me?"

"One would think," she returned with

a sincere pout, "that I was a monster of the Inquisition and used thumbscrews."

"You have nicer arts of torture. Remember that you have it in your power to pain me in forty thousand different ways, whereas you can please me only in one."

She looked at him with unaffected surprise. "Only one way of pleasing you!" she ejaculated. "You are very hard to please. What must I do then, monsieur, in order to win your distinguished approbation?"

Frank colored, but enjoyed his moment exceedingly before he spoke. Then he whispered something in her ear which made Felise quite unable to reply. "You can marry me," said he so very softly that the suggestion came almost like a revelation of her own inward consciousness.

They went down the companion-way together, both looking exceedingly demure, but Frank was all at once in excellent spirits. Why should he not be? He was in love, and on his coat-sleeve rested a little hand in a lavender glove, the hand he wanted out of all the world, and almost touching his shoulder was a flower-like face, the secret of whose scarlet cheeks and downcast eyes he knew, and he alone. Decidedly, this lunch was an agreeable affair, he thought to himself.

Society is one of those results of civilization which we all accept and pay homage to, yet, as soon as we know it well, condemn in our hearts for its frivolity, its vulgarity, its dullness. We are wise people: we know the world, we understand the pushings, the strivings, the heartburnings, the foolish extravagance of effort and thought and means for compassing certain ends not worth gaining after all. Sitting in a corner looking on, we may declare the diamonds paste, the smiles and laughter forced and untrue, the wit hackneyed and meagre, and the feast spoiled. But while people are fortunate enough to be young, to be loving or beloved, no prescience of this sort mars the grace of the festivity, for such wisdom comes only to the spectators who have no rôles to play, no bright eyes to seek, no little peary ears

to whisper audacious speeches into, but who, with nothing to do but to wait for their supper, fall to impugning the good sense of their luckier neighbors.

Frank had assisted at many feasts, but thought nothing had ever been so delightful as this. He had most certainly declared himself to Felise, and his words had startled her into a confusion from which she could not easily recover; and even if she had not given him reason for felicitating himself, she had not repulsed him. Had he gone down to lunch with some other woman, he would have declared the cabin far too small for the splendid table and the throng of guests, and not even the sea-breeze sweeping through could have made the air, so heavily perfumed by the flowers in the *épergnes*, anything less than stifling. But to sit by Felise for a clear hour, looking into her upraised eyes, watching the smiles and dimples come and go on the lovely face, stooping to hear her low words in that sweet Southern voice with its melodious foreign accent, made him as happy as a girl at her first ball. If one person out of two score of people can thus enjoy himself, surely society is a benevolent arrangement, and the thirty-nine others who are bored ought to be glad of the opportunity of thus benefiting a man in love.

Across the table sat Miss Meredith, with half a dozen men hanging over her chair or bending toward her. She was consequently in high spirits. Few women possessed her wit, and one who saw her for the first time was apt to consider her somewhat daring speech a relief from the usual vapid talk of unmarried girls; but as soon as he became fascinated by the woman, attracted by her beauty or interested in her character, he ceased to be dazzled by the sort of wit she aimed at, and discovered that her words were too reckless. Still, she possessed in a rare degree the power not only of listening well, but of divining what inadequate expression left unsaid—of leading a man on into speech he thought never to have made, for she herself seemed inspired by the words she invoked, and would be carried away by her imaginative fancy into eloquence. But, like many another woman

of better intellect than discernment, when once fired into interest she would listen with apparent pleasure to anything a man felt disposed to offer in the way of mot or epigram, provided it carried the stamp of cleverness upon it, and would go further still in repartee even when her words might be judged to leave her in the most questionable position. In short, Violet Meredith was at times so unfortunate as to impress those men to whom she talked freely with the idea that she was not over-fastidious; and to-day Morton, while sitting beside her listening to her gay badinage with two or three middle-aged army officers then visiting in Saintford, absolutely ground his teeth in anger at her recklessness in replying with usury to the remarks they made, which, although gracefully wrapped up, were of anything but doubtful meaning to the ears of Morton. While he sat there frowning into his wine-glass as he leaned his elbow on the table, Mrs. Dury's little girl clambered upon his knee and looked into his face. "What is the matter?" she asked in her shrill childish voice. "You look cross. I wish I could tell you a story, and that might do you good."

"I wish you could do me good," returned Morton, caressing the child, who was an exquisite, fairy-like little creature, and everybody's pet. She had a face like a wild flower, without any positive beauty, but which moved a strong impulse of tenderness.

She looked at him soberly. "I remember the story you told me," she said slowly. "I can tell it to you again if you want me to."

"Yes, that is just what I want," answered Morton, half amused at her persistence, half bored. As for himself, he had forgotten the story.

"There was a man," began Bel, "once upon a time, and he said, 'There is something in the world for me somewhere: let me go find it.' You see, he had nothing, and other men had heaps of things," added Bel explanatorily, "and he knew that the good God must have made him something too. So he went out, and traveled over the sea and over the land, and one day he came to a garden, and

there he saw a rose. You're sure you're listening, Mr. Morton?"

"Oh yes, Bel: I hear every word."

"Well," pursued Bel, "the rose was such a beautiful rose that he picked it, and thought that he had found what he wanted. Now, on the stem of the rose was a thorn, and that tore his hand until it bled, but he did not mind that. So he put the rose in his bosom, and was beginning to be very happy when all at once he saw that it had withered—that its brightness was all gone and its leaves were falling. He threw it away: it had not paid him for the scratch it gave him."

She paused and nodded wisely. Morton was listening now intently. Something about the earnest little face and the pure treble voice touched his heart.

"Then," went on Bel, "he picked up a great splendid diamond. This made him feel rich, it was so large, so costly and gave such a light. But, after all, what could he do with it? If it had been a pebble like the other round pebbles of the seashore, it would have made him just as happy."

"Of course it would," observed Morton smiling.

"So," said Bel, "he put it away in his pocket out of sight, and went on and on. And when he was getting all tired out he lay down under a tree and went to sleep. He slept a long time, and finally when he woke up he heard a little child crying somewhere near him."

"Ah, that was it!" cried Morton: "now I remember."

"Yes," said Bel: "it was a little girl, just like me, who had lost her way. She had no father and no mother, and nothing to eat, and no shoes upon her poor little bare feet. So he took her up in his arms and carried her over the rough stones, and he fed her from his knapsack, and he made her laugh and forget all her tears. And she lived with him always, and he never said any more that he had got nothing that he wanted."

"That was a remarkably nice story as you told it," said Morton. "I really think that if a nice pretty little girl like that were to come to me in my sleep, I should give up seeking for roses and diamonds."

Bel was fond but fickle, and seeing another knee to mount and another shoulder to nestle against, she passed on. Morton turned back to Miss Meredith, who had flushed with the warmth, and looked less handsome to him than usual. The talk was still going on merrily, and Morton in his soul loathed every word he heard, the laughter and the bold careless glances of the men toward her. He proposed to Violet to leave the stifling air of the cabin for the deck, and she acceded to his suggestion readily enough.

It was cooler and quieter above, beneath the tasseled awnings. Here Morton's spirits, which had been at their lowest ebb, rose, while Violet's sank, as they always sank when any social stimulant was withdrawn. She replied in monosyllables or not at all as she sat on a pile of cushions, now and then shooting glances from her sleepy cruel eyes across to the spot where her elder cousin stood talking to Felise.

"Do you admire Miss Clairmont?" she asked presently, still playing with the heavy fringes of her bracelets, but looking at her companion for the first time.

"Oh yes," returned Morton coolly: "I am not churlish enough to refuse admiration to a young and beautiful girl."

"What is it you admire in her? Her hair, for instance?—like pale gold bronze, is it not?"

"I care very little for the shimmer of golden hair."

"But her eyes are so dark—wonderfully appealing eyes: their expression fascinates you."

"I am too much fascinated by the expression of other dark eyes."

"Is it her smile that bewitches you? Or is it her figure, which is perfect? Or her hands, which have been modeled in Rome, you know? Then her feet are exquisite: look at them now as she goes up the ladder."

Morton smothered something like an execration. "What do you mean by talking to me about Miss Clairmont in this way? There is but one woman in the world for me."

Violet smiled, a slow, tantalizing smile. "But you declared that you admired

her. I am anxious to know what is this crowning charm which draws all men to her feet. There are other cheeks and lips whose color comes and goes—sometimes wandering idly, sometimes answering words and glances—other smiles, other sweet low voices, yet no one has any chance when she is near."

Every man in love is occasionally fool enough to fancy that a word from him may suggest the one lacking grace to the woman he declares he perfectly adores.

"Miss Clairmont is very pretty, but I doubt if a sort of infantile innocence and bloom is not one of her chief charms to the men who come about her. We all love to feel that the woman we love is good—so pure that we may safely build our religion upon her—that—"

"I am afraid," exclaimed Violet with a shrug and a half laugh, "that your romance is not founded upon fact. Do you build your religion upon my goodness, for instance?"

"I am certain of your goodness," Morton replied with a painful lack of discernment; "and when your careless words sometimes lead one to doubt the purity of your meaning, I can only attribute it to your false idea of the characters of men. If you really wish to please me, Violet, you would never again talk as you have talked to-day."

Violet flushed deeply, but was silent, and if she felt displeasure did not manifest it. Servants were carrying about coffee and curaçoa, and Leslie Wilmot himself came up from the cabin, bringing Miss Meredith's coffee-cup in his own hand, and offering it to her with a laugh at his awkwardness in spilling half its contents into the saucer.

"Thank you," returned Violet icily, "but I prefer a neater cup.—Mr. Morton, please get me some coffee."

Leslie stared a little, then decided that he had been clumsy and stupid, so good-naturedly forgot the slight and looked about for a place on Violet's cushion for himself. Something in his flushed, tanned face and his familiar manner vexed Miss Meredith. "Why do you sit down here?" she asked coldly. "Mr. Morton and I

were conversing. Go and talk to your other guests."

"Why, Pansy," retorted Wilmot heartily, "I haven't said a word to you yet since you came on board. Don't send me away. I want a good look at you."

"I told you, Leslie, that you were interrupting my conversation with Mr. Morton."

Something in her tone and glance aroused even Wilmot's sluggish imagination, and he sprang to his feet. "The devil I am!" he muttered in a passion. "It is always Mr. Morton, Mr. Morton, Mr. Morton; and what becomes of the man you are engaged to?"

"I think," said Violet with an air of open disgust, "that you might have the good taste to spare me such a scene, Leslie. I know quite well that you have taken too much wine."

He turned pale and looked hard at her. "You are very strange to me of late, Violet," he murmured in a low voice. "I suppose it is hardly the thing for a fellow like me to quarrel with your good taste. I have not yet had too much wine, but, by Jove, now I will!" And he went down to the cabin with a set face.

Morton brought Violet's coffee after sweetening it and adding curaçoa with his own hands, but she was talking to somebody else and ignored his civility.

#### CHAPTER XI.

FRANK LAYTON was at the wharf next morning two hours after sunrise, and, unmooring a skiff, jumped in and rowed rapidly toward the Pansy, which had dropped a mile down the bay. He was soon on her deck, where he found that an air of activity prevailed, indicating preparations for a cruise. Leslie's man came up the companion-way, and in answer to Frank's inquiries said that his master was still in bed and would see no one.

"He will see me," returned Frank. "Go and tell him I am following you;" and, presently entering the state-room, he found Wilmot still in his berth.

He was awake, and stretched out a



little brown hand. "You're a good fellow, Frank," said he in a choked voice, "but I didn't expect to see you for some time to come."

"I woke early," returned Frank smiling, "and it occurred to me that it would be just like a certain young fellow, who was sure to have a headache this morning, to give us the slip and put out to sea. A yacht is a deuced convenience at such a time. I feel rather responsible for you, my dear boy. I'm a considerably older man than you: I know a good deal about young men's follies, and I want you to treat me like a brother and let me help you if you are unhappy;" and he put his hand into Wilmot's and looked down kindly into his face.

Leslie started up with a sort of howl, then presently burst into tears. "You're a good fellow—the best fellow in the world," he gasped, "and I'm—I'm an awful fool."

"Very likely," said Frank. "When one is sick away from home, it's lonesome having none of one's own flesh and blood by one's bedside. I had a fever once in a little out-of-the-way Italian village: a hideous old woman used to give me my medicine and broth, and I often felt so babyish I wanted to put my arms about her neck and kiss her; but she smelt abominably of garlic, and really I was not brave enough, so I got well finally without yielding to my inclination."

Leslie laughed. "I know," he exclaimed, his laugh suddenly turning into a groan: "I wanted to see my mother this morning."

"I told Thomas to bring some coffee," observed Frank, "and here it comes. Now, Leslie, get up and take a cup with me;" and within five minutes the two men were sitting opposite each other at the table in the cabin, Frank calm and easy as ever, Leslie huddled into a costly dressing-gown, his face flushed and his eyes full of uneasy shame.

"Tell me, Frank," he whispered, leaning his elbows on the table and burying his face in his hands, "did I disgrace myself awfully last night? I can't remember much about it."

"To my mind," said Frank, "being drunk is a disgrace, and its consequences are not so contemptible as the condition. But you behaved badly enough to be thoroughly disgusted with yourself. Still, take comfort in one thing: nobody saw you but Maurice and myself. As soon as we learned how things were going, we frightened the ladies by a prediction of a thunder-shower, and the party broke up in too much disorder for anybody to miss you."

"But Mr. Layton saw me," gurgled Wilmot. "What did he think of me?"

"I didn't come to preach," returned Frank, "nor to tell you that anybody thought badly of you. You have been a fool, and now I am sure you repent your folly, and determine to hold by your manhood in future. I hope this is not your habit. I should be sorry to think that you take pleasure in excesses. Be candid with me now, although if you confess you are often drunk I shall be grievously disappointed in you."

Leslie hung his head. "I'll say one thing for myself, Frank," he answered after a pause: "such a thing never happened before when there were ladies about—on my honor, now. I'm not such a beast as that. But I haven't lived with men like you," he went on, rubbing his fists into his eyes, "and I've just been a jolly fellow among jolly fellows. I know it was a beastly shame for me to behave so, but I was all right until Violet looked at me with such infernal scorn. That just woke up the devil in me."

"What's this? Have you and Violet quarreled? I want to hear all about it."

"I'm ready to tell you," said Leslie sullenly. "It is not very good form to tell tales of women, but it's high time I understood matters. Violet Meredith is the handsomest and best-bred woman in England—God bless her!—but she has not acted fairly by me since I came to America."

"She is my cousin, and very dear to me," observed Frank succinctly. "You must answer to me for any accusation you make against her."

Leslie stared. "Look here, Frank," he exclaimed, "you must know what

every man in London says about her. Why, when I first got spoony on her account, half of our fellows warned me to look out, for that she was the most devilish coquette in the kingdom. I beg your pardon, Frank, but half a dozen swore they knew everything about the way she treated Harcourt—how she played with him until she made him wild, then flung him over and let him go to the devil. Then there was a host of others quite as bad, except that they were already too far on the broad road to be hurt by her. Indeed, they assured me she had no more heart than a stone, but made men infatuated with her just from a deadly love of amusement. I never believed 'em. I've heard men talk, and I know that when a woman hurts their confounded pride they comfort themselves by telling plenty of lies about her. Well, she accepted me. I wanted her to be married at Easter, but no, she was not ready. I gave her until October, although I saw no propriety in the delay, for every newspaper was trumpeting 'an affair in high life,' and I felt like a fool. Now, Frank, you know the sort of man I was before I became engaged. I wasn't brought up strictly: I had more money than I could spend wisely, so I spent it foolishly. On my soul, I wish I hadn't. But it was too late for me to do more than mend my ways. Pansy has had nothing to reproach me with since the day she promised to marry me." Frank nodded. "She was never very kind to me," pursued Leslie. "But I never expected much more than toleration from her: I'm not the sort of fellow to inspire devotion in a handsome woman. What am I beside her, so beautiful and clever as she is? But she accepted me, and it was natural to believe that she liked me a little. I would have kissed the floor she trod on: when she has not let me touch her hand I have played spoony over the flower she has worn. That's the way I have loved her," he said in a choked voice. "It may be it's a dog's love, but it is the feeling I have for her. I would be content to have her go into the world and be courted and worshiped; she might spend my money

like water to give her pleasure; I know that a gay life would be merely her amusement—that it could not fill her heart—that she would turn to something plain and true, sure to be hers whatever happened. I could be that to her, and perhaps something more." He paused again.

"Go on," said Frank.

"Well," resumed Wilmot, "then came her freak of visiting the States, and I followed her here. I was afraid she would not like it, but she seemed glad to see me. I brought her those opals she wore yesterday, and when she put them on she kissed me of her own accord;" and he flushed deeper than ever. "She had never been so kind before. In fact," he went on more hastily, "she has been cordial enough at times; but, Frank"—here Leslie's hand tightened around Frank's arm as he looked imploringly into his face—"why is she so possessed about that fellow Morton?"

"He is an old friend, once her tutor."

"Oh yes, I know all that, and that she had a childish love-affair with him. That is none of my concern. Only her present and future belong to me. What is he to her now?"

Their eyes met, and Wilmot's glance was keen and suspicious enough.

"On my honor," said Frank, "I believe them to be nothing to each other but the merest good friends."

Leslie shook his head. "He is madly in love with her," said he slowly; "and, what is more, Violet encourages him."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Frank, "you're jealous."

"Of course I am. Nevertheless, he is in love with her, and from some reason or other she fools him to the top of his bent. She is generally very particular to have the men about her well born and bred, no matter what their other virtues are; but Morton is a literary man, clever no doubt, but with no antecedents, so far as I ever heard, and all my acquaintances in London consider him rather a cad."

"He is my intimate friend," remarked Frank.

"Excuse me: I do not wish to say one word against him. Heaven knows he is

a handsomer man than I, and a cleverer and a better one, but, for all that, he is not just the sort of man Violet has been used to all her life. However, that makes no odds to me: I am no snob, and think aristocracy about played out. But Violet has long talks with him, and always alone: before others they barely speak. There are certain songs she sings to him, and only to him: he reads to her—he—he offers all those ten thousand little services which it pleases a man so to be allowed to perform for a handsome woman, and when I asked her to take *my* arm, to let *me* wrap her cloak about her, to let *me* button her gloves, she is regularly bored and says, 'Engaged people do not pay each other attention, *cela va sans dire*.' But I contend that it all does not go without saying. When a man is married his wife has yielded him so much that he can afford to draw back and allow others to enjoy his minor privileges—dancing with her, putting her in the carriage, and so on. But I'll be hanged if I don't think that when a man is only engaged he wants his attentions received more cordially than those of outsiders."

Frank was silent for a moment; then spoke with an effort: "Violet is a born coquette, Wilmot: you had better make up your mind to that."

"But do you think she cares for me?"

"On my soul I do. She told me she had never been so contented as since her engagement to you—that she felt at peace and sure of a happy future."

"Did she, though?" exclaimed Leslie with a break in his voice. He mused a little. "But you did not see the look she gave me last night. By Heaven, she seemed to loathe me. She had smiles for Morton, kind words for Morton, but with my jewels on her breast, my flowers in her hands, my engagement-ring on her finger, she would not even tolerate me near her; but—"

"I know, my boy, I know," interposed Frank. "But I am certain she is sorry for it by this time."

"I will give her a chance to enjoy Morton's intellectual conversation unchecked," pursued Leslie violently. "Meanwhile, I will go off on a week's cruise,

and get drunk every night, that she may have the satisfaction of knowing I am the beast she thought me yesterday."

"You will do nothing of the sort," cried Frank: "you will dress and go home with me to breakfast."

But Leslie's brow contracted stubbornly. "No, I shall not see Violet for a fortnight at least. I am going to send for Major Ogden and his cousin, and by eleven o'clock to-day we shall be thirty miles away. When I get ready to come back, I will ask Miss Meredith what her views are regarding our engagement. I don't mind some bitter with the sweet, but I've had all the bitter and no sweet quite long enough."

"If you are determined on a cruise," said Frank smiling, "let me have a berth. Why could we not go to Newport? I can give you plenty of pleasant introductions there. I am longing to see Newport, but if you prefer the Ogdens—"

Leslie brightened up. "I would rather have you than any man alive," he cried heartily. "I don't go in for neat speeches, Frank, but I'd like you to know that I never before saw a man who was so completely a good fellow, at the same time that he never ceased to be a splendid gentleman."

All Frank's arrangements for a fortnight's absence were made when an hour or so later he entered his brother's room at the cottage. Maurice was writing, and looked up startled.

"What has happened?" he asked. "You look as if you were going on a journey."

"So I am," returned Frank with a rather melancholy laugh. "I start for Newport with Wilmot in the Pansy at half-past ten."

"What on earth is the meaning of that?" demanded Maurice curiously, his mind reverting instantly to his brother's love-affair. "You don't mean to tell me that you have offered yourself and been refused."

The blood rushed to Frank's face. "You're as bad as I am, Maurice," said he laughing. "But don't treat me like a boy who has but one thought in his head. Miss Clairmont has not refused

me yet: I am not running away from her. But Violet has been playing her old games with Wilmot, and unless we take some pains her engagement will be broken off. Leslie is stubborn enough in his resolution not to see her for a fortnight, and was going to take those army-men on a cruise. But they are such a bad lot there is no telling where their influence would carry him. It's a trial, of course, leaving you all, but I think it better to take care of him until his trouble with Pansy blows over."

"It is very good-natured of you, Frank, but is it worth your while to keep a fool out of the folly he must indulge in?"

"Leslie is not the fool you think him. Besides, it is always worth the while of an idle man like me to put out his hand and keep his brother from falling. God knows, most of us need a little help sooner or later, and this boy is easily guided. Maurice, I want you to undertake the ungracious task of telling Morton that his attentions to Violet are not only unacceptable to her family, but an insult as well. Leslie can't hear his name mentioned without getting in a passion."

"It is Violet who deserves scolding. Morton merely obeys her caprices."

"Scold Violet by all means," said Frank, looking at his watch. "She is going to breakfast with me now, and I shall give her my opinion upon her behavior. Well, good-bye, old fellow!" The two men grasped each other's hands and exchanged long glances. "I'm awfully sorry to go," said poor Frank.

"I'm disgusted at any necessity for your doing so. You'll see Miss Clairmont first, I hope."

"You need have no doubt of it."

Violet was waiting for Frank in the breakfast-room in a delightful toilette, and with a manner which seemed the happy result of a conscience void of all knowledge of offence committed. Nothing could be more airy than her spirits, nothing more bewildering than the sportiveness of her replies to his rather severe accusations. Frank found himself laughing at her wit in spite of his resolutions of severity, and her easy-going humor

almost persuaded him that there could have been no substantial reason for complaint against her except for levity. She laughed unmercifully at Morton and the idea of her entertaining a preference for him—laughed at everything, in fact; and when her cousin insisted on her sending a kind message to Wilmot, she ran into the garden, pulled a sprig of heliotrope, put it to her lips once and begged him to carry that to her lover.

"That is nothing but a foolish coquetish trick," said Frank, placing it in his pocket-book. "What possible satisfaction can there be for a sensible man in such a love-token as this?"

"I am sure I have no idea," retorted Violet, "but watch its effect upon Leslie. Yet very likely he is not a sensible man. You may not care for my kisses; still, if Miss Clairmont's lips had touched the flower she gave you, what then?"

"Nonsense!" cried Frank. "But I do care for your kisses, Pansy: give me one now;" and she allowed him that cousinly privilege with a laughing air. She was never in such good spirits as when she was doing mischief. How many lovers she had had before whom she had piqued, maddened, driven into revolt! They could not forget her, and could no more give her up than she could let them go, and presently they came back ready to submit and crouch at her feet for more of her kisses, blows, spurnings as the humor seized her.

Frank thought of all this as he went up the hill to bid Felise good-bye. He was a little bitter toward his cousin in his heart, although she was almost as dear to him as if she had been his sister, but he knew her so well, her thousand faults, her thousand charms. If she were lovely, was she not yet imperious, arrogant, light-minded, almost false? What weary unreasonableness her beautiful lips could express! She was not a woman for Frank's imagination to kindle over: loving her was an intoxication, an excess, a rich draught of passion it might be; but he was not the man to drain a cup into which, like the Eastern queen, he had melted his richest jewel. When he loved he wanted a guarantee for his future as



well as bliss in the present. He had striven all his life to be temperate even in desire. "Not too much," was his motto. Just now he was, as may be seen, irretrievably in love—passionately anxious to end his suspense and arrive at a complete happiness—yet since he must wait there lurked a fine pleasure even in his present uncertainty: there was so much to muse over, to consider, to adjust in his nice scale of possibilities, since he was certain they balanced favorably for his own hopes.

Frank found Mrs. Knight in her dining-room washing her fragile breakfast porcelain, and after making his adieux to her he went into the garden, where he came upon Felise sitting in the summer-house reading to Mr. Knight. She was at his feet, both his hands clasping hers as she held them up to him over her shoulders, her eyes fixed upon a great volume in her lap. Her uncle was the first to discover the intruder on this peaceful scene, and as soon as he heard that Frank had come to say good-bye he sauntered away abstractedly among the flower-beds, his hands folded behind him.

"I must go and get his hat, dear old man!" said Felise looking after him, and wishing in her heart he had not left her alone with this audacious lover: "he will be blinded by the sun and have a headache."

"No, indeed," cried Frank: "the sun is half obscured. Your concern is wasted on him. Show a little for me."

"But I do not like to hear that you are going away. I think it very dissipated and wild on your part."

"Confess that you are sorry."

"Oh no: I shall say nothing to flatter you. But, in truth, I do not know what we shall do without you."

"I will tell you what to do," observed Frank softly. "Think all the time of what I said to you yesterday."

"What did you say?" she asked with an apparent effort to remember. "You talked too much to let any one observation make any impression upon me."

Frank smiled significantly. "You have blushed over it a thousand times already,"

said he. "It is I who see your cheeks at present, mademoiselle. Now, Felise, tell me you are sorry I am going away. Don't begrudge me that consolation."

But she only laughed.

"I must say good-bye," he exclaimed with a sigh after a little pause. "Bid me good-bye, Felise."

She made him a distracting little curtsey. "Good-bye," she said smiling.

"Will you not shake hands?"

She extended both her hands, and he clasped them and drew them toward his lips.

"Oh no," she murmured, withdrawing them, a trifle embarrassed.

"You are very rigid in your ideas," cried Frank, not in the least repelled, for, after all, he did not expect permission to do as he liked with her little hands—as yet. And there was a tremulousness in the lowered lids of her eyes and the fitful color on her cheeks which assured him that this ice of maidenly reserve was so transparent as to allow him a delicious vista of some tumults of mind she was experiencing. "I think," he added very softly, standing very close to her and stooping to whisper in her ear, "that one little kiss upon your hands would do you small harm. Think how presumptuous I am. Some day, not very remote either, when you trust me a little more, I intend to kiss your hands unforbidden by you."

"Oh no!"

"More than that—your forehead too."

"Oh no!"

"Even your cheek, Felise."

"Oh no! oh no!"

"More yet," said Frank with a sly smile at her hauteur, at which he was quite undismayed, "but I should not venture to put that supreme happiness in words, for fear of being struck by lightning on the spot. But I shall do it nevertheless. Now, Felise, dear Felise, one kind little word and I am off."

As Frank drove to the dock his scale of possibilities balanced so creditably on the side of his hopes that he was almost glad to be going away, since parting had given him an excuse for an interview like this.

## CHAPTER XII.

AFTER his brother's departure Maurice felt inclined to go up and look after the welfare of Miss Clairmont, and experienced a glow of virtue when he put that temptation behind him and wrote on a political question all the long morning instead.

"I will give her a chance to feel lonely and pine after poor Frank," he said to himself every time he turned a fresh page; and when, on going down to luncheon at half-past one, he heard that Mrs. Meredith and Violet and Morton had spent the morning with her, listening to her singing, he was inclined to be aggrieved.

"Quite a musical morning," remarked Violet. "Felise sang enchantingly. I constantly expected that you would drop in, Maurice. In fact, my particular reason for going to Mrs. Knight's was that I might have the pleasure of seeing you: I never have five minutes of your society here except at dinner."

"Well, then," said Maurice, helping himself to cold chicken, "suppose we have a ride this afternoon, and you shall enjoy my intellectual society to your heart's content. It is a long time since we rode together, Pansy."

Violet flushed deeply.

"Miss Clairmont will dine with us," observed Mrs. Meredith. "Can you think of any proper man, Maurice, to make a sixth at the table?"

"Invite your profound friend, Mr. Knight, mamma."

"I thought of that, but I cannot ask him without his wife, and she would make it a party. But how I do love to talk to Mr. Knight!"

"What on earth do you find to talk about?"

"We talk about the glacial period and drift, deposits and evolution. He was telling me only this morning about the kitchen-middens in Denmark. Now, I like a man who can talk about kitchen-middens. There is nothing commonplace about such a subject."

"I should fancy not," remarked Violet dryly. "Pray let us hear what they are, mamma."

"I am charmed to be able to tell you. About thirty thousand years ago—"

"Thirty thousand years!" cried Morton. "Spare my scruples, Mrs. Meredith: I'm an orthodox man myself."

"Very well. The most alarming figures are consistent with the Bible record now-a-days. Call each day of Genesis a period of a few million of years. Save your scruples, be orthodox, and let mamma proceed."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Meredith, "about thirty thousand years ago a race of men existed in Denmark who must have eaten with the most magnificent appetites, for the bones of the animals they devoured made huge piles which are still to be seen, and which are called kitchen-middens: why, Heaven and perhaps Mr. Knight know. I confess I forgot to ask the meaning of the name. Now, you dig into these remains and you find the little hatchets of the pre-historic man, and also— Oh, you find quantities of droll things, which, if you have a logical mind, thoroughly convince you about all sorts of theories. Now, is not that original?"

"Oh, very: so fascinating too! What else did he tell you?"

"We usually discuss evolution," returned Mrs. Meredith solemnly, drinking tea all the time. "I was quite ready for him there, as I had read all about it in a French book, and was delighted with the idea that we had all been fish and wriggled, and monkeys and hung on trees by our tails, and little dogs and bitten people's calves. It seemed to me very reasonable, and I quite doted on the belief that if we wanted wings, and accordingly went about selecting our husbands and wives with a view to their having a peculiar formation of shoulder-blades, our remote descendants would finally be able to fly. It was quite clear in my own mind, but Mr. Knight considers my ideas rather too advanced. He says that the feminine mind revels in deductive theories, and regards facts as too precise and empirical, but that I may safely go as far as this in declaring that steady developing changes have resulted in the present system of things, and that

there exists sufficient evidentiary proof that the general always comes before the special, and that specialization is probably not yet exhausted. Now, is not that delicious? Not precisely clear, you know, but so profound! Is it not droll for me to have got hold of such clever opinions?"

"Very," sighed Violet. "Won't somebody else say something learned? It's painful to have to listen to it, yet it gives me a thrill of pride to move in circles where the highest intelligence prevails."

"I knew something once about a saurian," said Morton, "but, on my word, I've forgotten it."

"Maurice," cried Violet, annoyed by her cousin's abstraction, "what makes you so silent of late?"

"I was thinking," he blandly remarked, "that it is a very curious historical fact that Rome was saved by the cackling of geese."

"I am not sure what rudeness you mean by that, but the moral of the story is that a little folly is occasionally good for men.—Mamma, why is it my admirers never give me any ideas? They only talk to me about myself."

"It must be a tremendous bore," said Maurice rising: "I rarely afflict you in that way."

"You never speak to me at all. If you did, I suppose you would talk saurians or some other monsters at me. You would not tell me of yourself—your hopes, your ambitions."

"Would I not? Depend upon it, Pansy, every man loves to talk about himself. But I am wise enough not to do it except to a woman who has too little vanity to sacrifice my earnestness to her egotism. Most of us when we address your sex, being anxious to please you, talk to you about yourselves, and achieve success."

"You may be anxious to please, but as to your pleasing us, *c'est d'autre chose*. Most of us have for our ideal the old-fashioned hero, who could say less but feel more than the silver-tongued wooers of to-day. It is not so much what one says as what one feels that makes the charm even of a flirtation."

Morton left the cottage as soon as he had lunched, feeling rather incensed that Maurice should have spoiled his afternoon by arranging a long ride with Miss Meredith. Yet he ought to have been glad of a chance to work, for his novel had lagged in its interest for him of late, and required every moment of his time for the next two months if he was to fulfill his engagement. Mrs. Meredith finished her tea, and took her favorite sofa and the latest magazines, and went fast to sleep in five minutes. Maurice sat down in the hall for another look at the papers, and became at once so absorbed that he forgot his engagement, and Violet came down dressed for her ride and stood beside him for some moments quite unperceived, looking at him fixedly with some bitterness in her face. At last, tiring of the sight of his frowning brows knit in wrath over some opposition leading article, she drew off her gauntlet and put her white hand on his shoulder.

"The horses have come round, Maurice," said she.

He looked up and smiled in her face, then turned his head and kissed the warm, soft hand. "I had quite forgotten," said he. "How handsome you are in your habit, Pansy!"

She flushed, and her face lit up with the joy of a glad child, but she drew her hand away and said nothing. Maurice cast a despairing glance at his unfinished column, and felt inclined to ask a half hour's grace, but finally decided that he must attend to his cousin. Accordingly, he bounded up stairs and returned in five minutes ready for his ride. Violet waved away the groom who offered to mount her, and accepted her cousin's services instead. He watched her admiringly as she settled herself in the saddle with a single movement which perfectly adjusted dress, whip and reins.

"I remember your admirable horsemanship," said he, springing into his own saddle. "You do a great many things remarkably well, but nothing better than you ride. The point of success with you is that you understand a horse."

"Yes, three species of creatures I un-

derstand—horses, dogs and men. Cats and women I can do nothing with."

"I always doubt any woman's knowledge of men, but I think you know something of the traits of a horse, unlike the rest of your sex, who have faint appreciation of the animal's points provided he rears delightfully and holds his head high. But how constantly you make these stinging speeches, Pansy! Is there no woman in the world of whom you are fond?"

"Yes, I admire and love mamma, and sometimes even Miss Clairmont."

"Only at times you love Miss Clairmont?"

"Only at times. I am envious of neither her youth nor her beauty, but yet—" something in her tone made Maurice turn to his cousin, who looked straight before her—"it is hard to see another gaining easily the sweet and beautiful prizes of which I despair."

"I don't understand you," said Maurice, puzzled, yet realizing that some meaning personal to himself was hidden behind her words.

"Let us ride fast," answered Violet inappositely. "Can we not gain that high ground? It is so warm here among the trees."

They rode fleetly on for two miles or more, and gained the hills, which from the distance had been impurpled with midsummer iridescence. Not a word had been spoken. Maurice was as quiet as he looked, although his face had gained a little excitement from their exhilarating gallop. Violet studied his features now and then, as if she would gain a clew to his thoughts. She could never be alone with him but that any silence between them contained a weight of meaning for her, half awing her with a vague terror, half opening to her a vista of happiness full, for her longing woman's heart, of the splendors of heaven itself.

She drew her rein presently. "Let us walk our horses," she said. "This reminds me of home." Maurice looked about him, smiled and shook his head. "Oh, I know it is different," pursued Violet. "You have none of our cultivated picturesqueness here; still, that lane is

very like the one which leads up to Farmer Hopkins's. Don't you remember? It goes past the weir, and ends at the north gate of the park?"

"Yes, I see the resemblance now. We often took that way home when we had been to the Abbey."

"I am glad you have not forgotten those days."

"I have not forgotten them," returned Maurice hastily, "but I rarely recall them. In fact," he added more coolly, glad to gain a point where he could generalize, "after a man passes thirty-five, until he is sixty or more, he does not indulge himself in retrospection, for he has learned the value of the present moment."

"Yet, Maurice, you have not forgotten your visit at the Grange?" Violet had turned so completely in her saddle that her cousin saw her full face flushed and tremulous with shining eyes.

"I recall it as I do a dream," he answered coolly.

"A dream!" she cried passionately. "For me, at least, it was no dream. It was my season of youth and happiness, of hope, of infinite belief in the future. I am old now—not perhaps in years, but at heart—old, dreary, hopeless. I have valued nothing which has come to me since then. I have taken no real interest in life, merely keeping my place in the world, fighting to gain more love and admiration than other women have, while all the time the men who have seemed most to please me have been little more than lay figures who could pose themselves and talk. One memory of a different man has been so full of life that these creatures have been like apparitions compared with the thought of him; yet—"

Maurice stopped her with an imperious gesture. Her words humiliated him as they had humiliated him ten years before.

"My dear cousin," he said gently, "let us remember the old times by all means, since you wish it. For my own part, I had the most delightful vacation after five years of hard work. As you suggest, we were both younger then, but you are a thousand times more beautiful than you were at eighteen: time has robbed you of nothing. I have no desire



to be any younger. Accordingly, what has either of us to forget? We are each almost on the threshold of married life, and marriage comes to us in a shape that ensures satisfaction, for both of us have some worldliness which—"

Violet interrupted him in her turn. "Something tells me," she exclaimed with a searching look into his face, "that you will never marry Miss Clifford."

Maurice stared at her in amazement. "Good Heavens! why not? What do you mean?"

"Because," she said with a cruel face and a sweet soft voice—"because you are in love with another and a very different woman."

He looked impassive. "Do you mean to hint that I am in love with you, Violet?" he asked with some sarcasm in his voice.

"That is ungenerous, Maurice."

"Forgive me, Pansy. Whom do you refer to?"

"You see her every day, Maurice."

He frowned darkly. "Your suspicion—well, no, I do not believe that you have any such suspicion," he said deliberately—"but your suggestion would affront me did I not remember that women, although more delicate than ourselves in some essentials, in others lack nicety of perception. A man would never utter such a treason before me: he would not dare to seem to disbelieve in my honor."

Violet burst out laughing.

"You were joking, then," observed Maurice tranquilly.

"Can you doubt it? Excuse me if my remarks were scarcely in good taste. You ought to forgive my careless words, Maurice, for you know, you alone know, why I am not a happy woman. Don't be afraid of me, however. I love you too well—of that I am quite aware: I love you so well that sometimes I hate you, and long to make you suffer. But a woman should be forgiven for feeling an unreasonable rancor toward a man who has not appreciated her regard. Should you actually fall in love with Felise, I think I could not survive it. You do not love Rosamond, but I can endure that you should marry her. I do not envy her: I can

even wish you both all sorts of happiness, both for this world and the next, for I do not believe your bliss here will jeopardize your rewards hereafter. Should you really fall in love— But, no: I am done. Well-tanned man of the world as you are, I embarrass you. Do not reply to me. As I said before, I am done."

She had stopped her horse, and even laid her hand on Maurice's bridle to detain him while she was speaking. Her voice had been tremulous, but such a look her cousin had never seen upon her face before. Her eyebrows were drawn together, her lips were stiff, her eyes dull and heavy-lidded. When she ceased a faint color suffused her cheeks and tears gushed to her eyes.

"Now let us go home," she cried with spirit. "It must be almost time to dress for dinner, and I would not miss making a toilette with care when Felise is to be near me. Ah, those young girls, Maurice—and, of all girls, those enchanting blondes—are so irradiated by Nature with all allurements that an old woman of the world like me requires to study her dress for hours before the glass in order to compare with them."

"Yes," said Maurice, drawing out his watch in just his usual manner, "it is almost five o'clock—quite time that we turned our horses."

They rode home with few words between them. Maurice had invited his cousin to ride with him in order both to withdraw her from Morton and to persuade her to discontinue her intimacy with him. But, on the whole, he had decided to put off that conversation until a convenient season, for to-day Violet's tactics seemed the reverse of defensive.

Miss Clairmont came to dinner at six o'clock, and found the people at the cottage all disposed to be dull and fault-finding with the wind or the weather or Frank Layton's absence. Mrs. Meredith had slept too long on her sofa with her lap full of serials. Morton had taken a solitary walk, and, having time to look certain questions square in the face, felt not altogether proud of the part he was playing in Saintford; Violet was in her most indifferent mood; and Maurice was like a

glacier. But a few words from Felise amused everybody so much that the low spirits of the party were quite dispelled. "It seems so lonely," she said with the frank regret of a child, looking about her, "not to see Mr. Frank Layton. I wish he had not gone away."

It would be hard to tell wherein lay the magic of these simple words to clear Maurice's brow and illumine Violet, for, after all, they were not so simple or true as they ought to have been. Felise, perhaps by way of silencing any self-accusations, had lately begun to consider that by and by perhaps Mr. Frank Layton would be more to her than any one else in the world. And since all this day she had not missed him at all, and since now, on coming to the cottage, she felt a presentiment of her usual happiness in Maurice's presence stealing over her, being a good little girl, she decided she must play the hypocrite and declare that Frank's absence impressed her sorrowfully.

"Miss Clairmont," exclaimed Maurice, unthawing at once, "that speech of yours is absolutely heartless toward the rest of us; yet, all the same, I will write it to Frank before I go to bed to-night."

"We all miss Frank," sighed Mrs. Meredith as they went out to dinner. "Felise, dear child, he is the perfection of a host, the only man I ever knew who spends a large portion of his income in entertaining his friends, yet does not repay himself by boring them. All other hosts expect you to talk to them when you are tired; they take you walks to show you views; they exult over some frightful pavilion they have erected after their own designs; they insist upon your listening to the history of the hideous family portraits: in short, they make you hate them with a deadly hatred."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Meredith," said Morton. "Do you know Angus? We were together a good deal in London, and when he asked me to go down to his place, I accepted with pleasure. But how awful he was! He had a prize pig, which he insisted upon my looking at twice a day. He had half a dozen bull-terriers and pups, who slept with him, ate with him, and kept me in terror of my

life, as they regarded me as their natural enemy. Then he was 'restoring' his church, and used to knock me up before daybreak to communicate some inspiration of mediæval style which had occurred to him during the night. After dinner he would say, 'Now, Morton, you're a literary man, and I want to know if this is so very bad;' and he would read his verses aloud until past midnight. In short, I couldn't stand it, and wrote to King to telegraph me that he was dead or something, so that I could go back to town."

"I have an ideal of a host," remarked Mrs. Meredith pensively, "which is very nice indeed. He should be dumb, but might have a frequent and pleasing smile; he should be something of an invalid, that his health might incapacitate him from trotting one about to show views and landscape-effects; he, as a simple matter of course, should prefer that dinner should be kept waiting to suit the convenience of his guests—that his engravings should be rolled and creased—the leaves in his rarest books turned down, and his horses lamed. But nothing should so perfectly please him as to have one take possession of his own sacred, peculiar, individual easy-chair by the fire in winter and the window in summer, and read his daily paper through before he has a chance to look at it."

"Frank ought to please you, mamma," said Violet.

"He does, he really does. He never bores me. Although boring has become such a fine art that it seems impossible for two people to be for ten minutes in each other's society without boring each other, Frank has never yet bored me. Still, he has not entirely settled down yet, and one never knows what dreary egotism lies undeveloped beneath a man's fine manners until he becomes a *père de famille*. Accordingly, let him be married for five years before I commit myself entirely in my judgment of his character.—Felise, dear child, have you ever been in Frank's library? I made a study of it this afternoon. I like to look quietly around where a civilized man has collected the things which he likes best.

Now, Frank is what I call a highly-civilized man."

In fact, it was the fashion to-night to talk of the absent host in a strain of panegyric, and every one said such flattering things that it might readily have been believed that Frank was a rich old man on his deathbed, with a fortune to bequeath to the one who praised him most. The ladies finally went into the library to look at his own particular belongings, and left Maurice and Morton together. Conversation lagged at once between the two gentlemen, who neither spoke nor smoked nor touched the wine. Maurice occupied himself over his papers and letters, and Morton lay back in his chair, his profile outlined against the crimson velvet cushion as he moodily stared out of the window.

"I am keeping you from the ladies, Morton," said Maurice after a long silence, suddenly looking up from his paper.

"Not at all," returned Morton.

"Take some more burgundy. I am nothing of a host: I do not realize that Frank is away, and that I am even nominally at the head of his house."

"Nothing more, thank you."

Maurice threw down his paper in front of him, and folding his arms upon it, looked fixedly at Morton. "What is it Shakespeare says?" he exclaimed abruptly: "'Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.'"

"I don't remember the precise words," said Morton savagely. Then rising he added, "Most of us know the truth of it from experience more or less bitter."

Maurice too sprang up, and put his hand on the other's shoulder. "Morton," he said with a commanding glance, "as gentleman to gentleman I have no right to say what I wish to say to you, but at times conventionalities are insignificant. We forget them when we see another human being in danger. As man to man I speak to you."

Morton may have quailed inwardly, but he did not flinch. "Say on," he returned: "I am listening."

"I do not know what hope is at the bottom of your interest in my cousin, but

I assure you that any man who puts himself in her power is at the mercy of a dangerous coquette."

Morton was pale as death. "Did Miss Meredith empower you to speak in this manner to me?" he asked in a low voice.

"No: we have not spoken of you. I had thought of warning her of the consequences of her actions, but not in reference to yourself. In this matter my solicitude is for an honorable man in the meshes of an entanglement little less than disgraceful—who is sure to awaken presently from an ardent dream to the knowledge that all that he supposed a warm, living, breathing reality is a cold deception." Morton had turned away, and remained obstinately silent. "The world is full of women," pursued Maurice, still in an inflexible voice, "to say nothing of the waste of feeling which devotion to the one you cannot marry implies: why not seek one who has a heart to give you, instead of one whose weary soul has long led her into a craving for excitement—for amusement—at any cost to others. She can light fires which she can traverse in safety. I do not like to say this, but you command my esteem in other respects, and I should like to see you extricate yourself from a position which does you no credit. My cousin is engaged to Leslie Wilmot."

"Suppose," said Morton with a half laugh, "that I denied that she held to her engagement to him."

"I should say she had fooled you: that is all. I am not apt to intermeddle in other men's matters, but remember that Miss Meredith is under the roof of your friend, who for the time being is her guardian, and that her family sanction nothing in her conduct which interferes with her engagement to Wilmot. I have done: now we will join the ladies."

Morton looked proud and indifferent, and stood rooted to the spot as if plunged in thought.

"I hope," said Maurice in a kind voice, "that I have not angered you. Had I not a sincere interest in you, my words, harsh as they have been, would have been harsher."

"I am not angry," returned Morton:

"I have not enough self-respect left to be angry." He still stood as if he had forgotten where he was, and as if he had lost the power of action. Maurice again suggested that they should join the ladies, as coffee was to be served in the parlor.

"No," said Morton, his memory returning, "I will not go in. Tell them, if you please, that I leave Saintford early to-morrow morning for a few days. Make my excuses: I am not well. I will not tax their forbearance longer this evening."

Meanwhile, the ladies had passed on to the parlor. Mrs. Meredith took up a novel, Felise went to the piano, and Violet stood at the window and looked out. Rain had set in since afternoon, shadows of night were fast settling down, while mists, driven by the east wind, stalked in funeral fashion over the grounds. Moralists have always had a favorite theme in the unsatisfyingness of human lives. From Bossuet, with his "On trouve au fond de tout le vide et le néant," down to the simplest writer, the idea is repeated with endless and hopeless iteration. Often as it is declared aloud, how much oftener does this conviction sit like a spectre in our hearts and brood over our lives! As Violet looked at the gray-shrouded earth and listened to the melancholy strains which Felise played fitfully, she felt weary and hopeless. The past was hideous, the present tantalizing, the future worthless. She was angry with herself for her outbreak to her cousin, yet said within her heart, What harm had it done save to show her more clearly than before the fact of his utter indifference to her regard? She had been drifting of late into an intimate intercourse with Morton, which had not been without its enjoyment for her. Now she was asking herself why it would not be better for her to give up Wilmot, who was nothing to her, for Morton, who at least had the merit of a tried devotion, a heart to be absorbed in her, a mind capable of interesting her. She was weary to-night: the world was nothing, comfort and peace much. She had willed something once, but against her weak woman's resolution had interposed an insuperable obstacle, and her

will had snapped: she knew at last all her wishes to be futile. She was more of a woman in her defeat than she would have been in her success. Her demands upon life were less arrogant than they had been yesterday: she was disposed to content herself with half enjoyments—to be trustful and dependent. In fact, she was in a mood to promise immeasurable fidelity to-night to a man who loved her, and who had been, and would continue to be, true to her.

Luigi came in while she still stood staring into the gray twilight, and lighted the candles in their sconces and the great globe lamps in the chandeliers. Then he closed the shutters and drew the curtains, and Violet returned to realities.

"Is it night?" yawned Mrs. Meredith, who had fallen asleep. "I wish Frank were here: it is terribly dull without him, is it not, Felise? He is always doing something nice for one: Maurice is a bear in comparison."

"Maurice a bear!" exclaimed Violet. "Upon my word, mamma, you have no taste!—Do you not admire my cousin Maurice's manners, Felise?"

Felise stopped playing and looked at Violet with her frank yet subtle smile. "He is very distinguished," she answered softly. "He does grand things in a simple manner, but if he picks up one's handkerchief he does it in a grand manner."

"Frank's manners are better," insisted Mrs. Meredith. "He does everything simply—nothing seems difficult for him. He is always an immense favorite in society. I remember Lady Macdonald once asked me to take him when I visited at her place in Scotland. 'Do bring him,' she wrote, 'for Frank Layton has the knack of making everything go off well, from a ball to a powwow.'"

"Bless me, mamma! What praise from Lady Mac! But what is a powwow?"

"I don't quite remember, my dear, but I think it is another name for the American Congress."

Maurice came in with Morton's excuses, which Violet received with a heightened



color and an air of vexation. But coffee was served, and while they drank it Maurice told his aunt that he must go to Saratoga next day, and proposed that she and Violet should accompany him. The politicians were there in force, and he was sent for, and his aunt and cousin could be amused for a week, and be back in time for Frank's and Wilmot's return from Newport. Violet was delighted with the prospect of a week's change and excitement, and Mrs. Meredith, with an air of self-sacrifice, sent for her maid at once and bade her begin packing their boxes.

Felise felt a little dreary: for some reason she seemed all at once to be quite alone in the world. The others were talking incessantly. Maurice had heard from Miss Clifford, who had been to the mountains, but was now in Newport again, and it had occurred to him that Frank would not be backward in inviting her to return with him to Saintford. Secretary Clifford was at Saratoga for a day or two on his way back to Washington: in short, Maurice's horizon, which of late had seemed no larger than Felise's, suddenly embraced a whole world of imperious interests and widely-diverging energies. Her heart sank: what was she, after all, to these people? If Frank were here, she would not be outside of everybody's hopes and interests. Her lip quivered, and she turned to the piano and began playing softly to herself.

"Sing me something, Miss Clairmont," Maurice said suddenly, leaning down to her—"sing me something sad and sweet." Felise sang something very bright and gay on the contrary, then repented and gave him a pathetic old ballad. "Go on," said he when she stopped. "I want to hear 'Allan Percy' and 'Auld Robin Gray' and 'Kathleen Mavourneen.'"

She obeyed him meekly enough: she was suffering to-night, without having yet defined the reason, and all her passion of pain and longing found expression in her voice. Maurice leaned back in his chair listening, and looking at her through his half-closed eyelids, and a shimmer of magnetic light there showed that he heard her not altogether unmoved.

"Don't sing any more of those dreary

ballads," cried Violet finally: "sing 'Ernani involami.'"

But Felise declared she was tired and could sing no more, and began playing one of Strauss's waltzes. Violet held out her arms to her cousin, and he sprang up and they moved away to the luxurious strain. Felise was in a reverie, and did not at first see that they were dancing, but she soon turned sharply. "Does Mr. Layton waltz?" she asked suddenly.

"Is that so very surprising?" demanded Violet, laughing. "Maurice waltzes, but rarely. When he does, Heaven help the other men! The woman with whom he waltzes once will never waltz again without a sigh for him."

"No, I don't waltz now-a-days, Miss Clairmont," said Maurice. "The days when I considered dancing the highest employment of enlightened beings were over before I was twenty. But I confess I love waltzing still, particularly with Violet, who is the best dancer in the world."

Felise could not withdraw her eyes from the two. Maurice's arm was still around Violet's slender waist, and her face, vivid with color and lit with pleasure, was raised to his.

"Don't flatter me," said she. "I know very well how little you care about your tiresome, *passée* old cousin."

He stooped his head and kissed her. Felise shivered at the sight of the caress, and if they had observed the expression of her eyes at that moment, they would have been startled at their melancholy fire. She turned pale, then rosy red, and, wheeling on her music-stool, continued the waltz from the bar where she had broken off.

"Aunt Agnes," remarked Maurice demurely, "I kissed Violet, and have shocked Miss Clairmont. Tell her, please, that my cousin is the only sister I have in the world, and that she was so irresistibly handsome and her face so near me that I thought it as well to make the most of my privileges."

But Mrs. Meredith was watching Felise with the keen glance of a woman whose suspicions are suddenly aroused. "We forgive you," she observed carelessly. "But, Maurice, I will only for-

give you on consideration that you sing me some of the songs you used to sing to us at home—those you sang as a boy to poor Louise."

"Yes, I will sing," cried Maurice. "I feel inspired to sing to-night. Has Frank sung to you, Miss Clairmont?"

"No," returned Felise, without raising her eyes: "I did not know that he could sing."

"Frank can do everything," returned Violet. "But he has a horror of being called a musical man. Yet his voice has been compared to Mario's."

But Maurice was looking at Felise. "What is the matter with you?" he asked her with concern. "Did I tire you making you sing so long?"

She disclaimed all possibility of fatigue, and said she was only chilly, yet while Maurice was wrapping her in a shawl her cheeks all at once blazed with color. "I will get you a glass of wine," said he, staring at her, but she was absurdly shy and distant, blushing furiously all the time, and begged him to sing and not look at her any more.

He sat down to the piano and struck the chords with a firm hand. "Remember," said he, "it is almost twenty-five years since I used to sing to my mother: I have never learned a song since. The modern quality of my music will not be its fault."

He sang "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," and Mrs. Meredith did not once remove her eyes from Felise while she listened.

"She loves him," she was saying to herself—"she loves him."

Maurice turned to Felise when he closed. "That was my mother's favorite song," said he: "my father had sung it to her in her youth."

Violet saved her the necessity of speaking. "No man could love like that," she observed. "Yet that is the love a woman needs to make her happy."

"Oh yes," cried Maurice, smiling as he looked at Felise's downcast eyes, "many men could love like that."

"Love has its day," pursued Violet, "but then how soon a day passes! A man's love goes through many stages, but it finally reaches disenchantment, let Moore write pretty verses as he may."

"Now, Miss Clairmont," said Maurice, "I will sing you my favorite song. There are just two love-songs in the world—this and 'Che faro senza Euridice?'"

He sang the *Adelaide*. His was no elaborately trained or technically perfect voice, but it was mellow, thrilling and full: then, in whatever he undertook, expression was easy to him, and, a natural singer as he was a natural orator, he could move the feelings of his listeners at his will. To-night he was in a mood of exaltation beyond himself, and some inward thought or inspiration made him glad of a chance to spend his soul in music.

"Adelaide!" The strain pealed forth with all the passion of his nature in its tone. "Adelaide!" It passed beyond mere melody, and became a revelation of passion and of pain.

Mrs. Meredith crept up to him and put her hand on his shoulder. "Maurice," she whispered, "never dare to love anybody like that."

He moved her from him gently, rose and closed the piano.

"Sing one more song," pleaded Violet.

"It is my last song," said he wearily. "Song belongs to youth: I shall never sing again."

ELLEN W. OLNEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ON THE EASTERN SHORE.

## CONCLUDING PAPER.

DIRECTLY opposite the mouth of the Severn River, where "the ancient city" of Annapolis folds the young Naval Academy in her motherly embrace, lies a point of the greatest historical interest. Projecting into the bay from the shore of Queen Anne county like the hammer of some huge percussion musket, and dividing the waters of the Chesapeake so as to form the Eastern Bay on the south and the mouth of the Chester on the north, is Kent Island, the seat of the famous Clayborne settlement, which antedated by at least four years the grant of Maryland to Lord Baltimore. The "island" is in fact a peninsula, connected with the mainland by a short and narrow isthmus, which has recently been cut through by a canal of very doubtful practicability. About the time when John Endicott, with his one hundred followers, settled at Salem, William Clayborne, with a like number, established a trading-post at Kent Point, the southern extremity of the island. This Clayborne was an enterprising and daring man, secretary to Sir John Harvey, the despotic royal governor of Virginia. Obtaining a grant from Harvey, he claimed Kent Island and the bay for the colony of Virginia, and when the Calverts settled St. Mary's, he disputed their jurisdiction over the Eastern Shore, and carried the question persistently through the colonial and English courts. Although defeated in every one, he maintained his ground, and when Sir Leonard Calvert crossed with an armed force to assert his authority, Clayborne fearlessly met him in the bay, and completely routed him off Kent Point in what was doubtless the first naval battle ever fought in American waters. This was but the commencement of a series of engagements by land and water—indeed, it might be called a continuous war—between the rival claimants. Although on rather a small scale, the contest was carried on with desperate

earnestness, and was not unmarked by the horrors which belonged to the wars of that period. The Matapeakes of the Chester country and the fiercer Nanticookes from the lower peninsula sided with the St. Mary's government, and Kent Island experienced the bloody and cruel warfare which exhibits on the Little Horn and Rosebud to-day the same savage features which it did at Schenectady and Wyoming. Perhaps the quartz arrow-heads which are still picked up by field and roadside may have tried the buff coats of stout old Boteler and Warren; and who knows but the handsome stone "celt" which serves as a paper-weight while I write these lines may have had the flake knocked from its edge against the steel morion of some warlike Kent Islander? Be this as it may, tradition says that "Bloody Point," in the southern portion of the island, received its name from the execution of Edward Beckler, a Clayborne partisan, who was hung, drawn and quartered there by order of Captain Evlyn, who "conquered" the province in December, 1637; the descendants of Richard Thompson still live where their ancestor vainly tried to save Thomas Smith from a similar fate; and Trumpington, the home of the Willson family on the Kent side of the Chester, is said to be the first spot on the mainland of the Eastern Shore ever pressed by the foot of a white man, an exploring party from the island having landed there. There has been established one fact which will probably be of special interest to many who may read this paper. Clayborne returned from England in 1653 with a commission from the Puritan government then in power, drove out the Roman Catholic adherents of Calvert and regained possession of the colony; and from this it has been claimed that he was originally a Puritan. But when he first colonized Kent Island in 1628, he brought with him from Jamestown the

Rev. Master Richard James, a clergyman of the Church of England, and he was doubtless the founder of the first Christian church on the soil of Maryland, while the very first religious worship ever offered up in that colony was clothed in the venerable words of the Anglican Liturgy. All traces of the church in which Mr. James officiated have long since been lost, but the present building is supposed to occupy the original site.

This little piece of history is the necessary key to all antiquarian research connected with the Eastern Shore, for almost all the interesting tradition of the region clusters around its ancient churches. Many of these venerable edifices are still standing, and their vestry-records are religiously preserved, giving the best insight into the manners and social customs of those early days. It was this little episode of Clayborne's Virginia chaplain which has left the impress of the Established Church so distinctively upon the Eastern Shore, while the influence of Lord Baltimore's religious faith is still evident in Western Maryland. Rugged and warlike, unscrupulous and lawless, as were many of those early conquerors of the wilderness, it is their religion which has left indelible traces, while almost everything else has passed away. The Anglican colony of the Isle of Kent spread gradually to the mainland, and wherever it fixed itself the parish was organized, the church was built, and the magistrate's duties devolved upon the vestrymen and churchwardens. The first churches built upon the mainland of the shore were in all likelihood those of Chester and Wye. The ruins of the former may still be seen near the town of Centreville, while the latter stands just across the Talbot line, its black-glazed bricks continually telling the story of its age to the worshipers who yet gather within its walls. Both churches were erected between the years 1640 and 1650, though the exact dates have been lost. The larger number of the old parish churches were built between 1693 and 1700, an era marked in the history of Eastern Maryland by a general passion

for church-building; and queer ideas of ecclesiastical architecture prevailed in those times. The prevailing style of these ancient sacred edifices is the square, with apsidal chancel, heavy galleries and spireless roof, the vestry-room being usually a detached building of imported brick, spacious and substantial, with brick floor and huge fireplace at either end, suggestive of the ponderous dignity of the lords of the manor who administered the discipline of Church and State, and capable, too, of a sturdy defence against Matapeake and Nanticoke should a not improbable emergency so require. Perhaps the oldest of these buildings which preserves unaltered its original shape and construction is that of St. Luke's, Church Hill. This ancient village is situated some four miles from the banks of the Chester, between Centreville and Chestertown. The most striking feature about the quaint old church which gives it its name is the hip roof, unsurmounted by either bell-cote or tower. The records tell us how the Rev. John Lang, first incumbent of the new parish then set off from "St. Paul's on the south side of Chester," contracted for the erection of the building in 1728 for the consideration of 140,000 pounds of "merchantable tobacco," at the value of one penny and a half per pound. Money was a rare article in those early times, and tobacco, the culture of which as a staple crop has been long abandoned on the peninsula, was the current medium of exchange. All taxes, salaries, subscriptions and fines were levied and paid in tobacco. The order by which the Rev. Mr. Lang was appointed to his cure is still extant, and reads as follows:

"By his Excellency, Benedict Leonard Calvert, Capt. General, Commander-in-chief, etc., etc.

"Whereas, the Rev. John Lang has been sent and licensed by the Rt. Rev. Father-in-God Edmund, Lord Bishop of London, Diocesan of this Province, to officiate as minister of the Church of England, I do hereby appoint the said John Lang minister of your Parish, will-

ing and requiring you to receive him as such and strictly commanding you to be aiding and assisting to him to the intent that he may have the full benefit of the 40 lbs of tobacco per poll raised for the support of said minister and all the other rights, dues and perquisites to his said office belonging.

"Given at Annapolis this 11th day of Nov. in the 2nd year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord and King, George II. and the 14th of his Lordship's dominion A. D. 1728.

"Signed and Sealed in the margin of his Excellency,

"BENEDICT LEONARD CALVERT."

On the farm known as "Hibernia," just outside the town of Centreville, may still be seen the ruins of the far older "Chester church," the materials of which are preserved in part in the walls of St. Paul's church, Centreville, where are also preserved the old chalice and flagon presented by Her Gracious Majesty Queen Anne. One of the early rectors of this old parish was the Rev. Robert Smith, consecrated first bishop of South Carolina in 1795.

The custom of transporting felons from the mother-country to the Maryland and Virginia colonies is well known, together with the fact that these convicts were sold into slavery for a term of years. It has often been stated that many of the "best families" of these two States are the descendants of such servile ancestry. No doubt in many cases reformation and thrift followed after crime or misfortune, and perhaps the posterity of these convict slaves has in some instances achieved wealth and honorable social position. But there is scarcely a name of any prominence in Eastern Maryland to-day which may not be found upon the vestry-lists of one and two centuries ago. Probably in no part of the country has there been less of change in the wealthier and more cultivated classes of the population, though the disintegrating process has begun, and is making rapid strides. The old proprietary nobility—for such they were designed to be—are in some cases represented by descendants bearing the

same Christian and surname, and residing upon the original manor grants, now greatly reduced in acreage as in grandeur. Near Church Hill is a venerable brick mansion which has been for more than two centuries the home of a family now represented by an octogenarian proprietor.\* During this period the estate has regularly alternated by inheritance from James to John and from John to James, the owner always residing on the place. Corsica Creek, a tributary of the Chester, still flows by the estate of the family from which it derives its name, for it appears in the oldest records as "Courseyca," a manor grant of one thousand acres having been made to William Coursey in 1649. Passing over to the Kent side of the river, we enter Gray's Inn Creek, a name suggestive of the probability that some unsuccessful barrister from the Temple, seeking a fortune in the New World, was a prominent leader among the little band of first settlers. At the head of this creek, about the year 1680, James Ringgold, lord of the manor on Eastern Neck, founded the town of New Yarmouth, which by statute of 1684 was made a port of entry. His descendants still own property near the spot, but every trace of the town has passed away. Near by, however, a little stream bears the name of "Church Creek," doubtless from the site of the house of worship which once stood there, erected by the colonists. The only clew to such a fact, besides the name, is found in a very old tombstone ploughed up some years ago in a contiguous field. About 1693 the old church of St. Paul's was built some eight miles higher up, and it stands to-day a noble relic of those bygone days. A grove of magnificent old oaks, whose gnarled and knotted stems shoot out branches which are themselves enormous trees, shades, and has shaded for many centuries, the site of this venerable temple. The rectangular brick vestry-house, in perfect preservation and unaltered, stands in front of the church, some thirty feet to the left. The church itself is of the type before de-

\* The venerable John Brown, Esq., deceased since these lines were written.



scribed, its walls and circular chancel dark with the black-glazed bricks of two centuries ago. Around it lies the beautiful God's Acre, kept bright with flowers and fresh with verdure by loving hands which have laid their dead to rest in its quiet bosom. A bold and curving stream sweeps close up under the shadows of the giant sentinels which spread their protecting arms above their confined charge, and the wild birds nestle fearlessly among the grassy mounds and warble from the dense shrubbery. It is a lovely resting-place, where, as the sun sweeps round his daily course, the shadow of the old church falls successively on every sodded bed, and people of every religious faith come from miles around to lay new sleepers in its peaceful embrace. In such a churchyard might Gray have wandered as he framed the stanzas of his *Elegy*. The ground is sacred with forgotten graves, and the sexton's spade seldom fails to turn out some relic of the unknown dead. Only two of the ancient headstones remain, much worn by time, and with inscriptions now scarce decipherable. The older of these, a simple slab of gray slate, is thus inscribed:

Here lyes Ye body of Daniel Coley  
Who was born July Ye — — Died Oct. Ye — 1725  
Behold and see how here I lye  
As you are now so once was I.  
As I am now so must you be  
Therefore prepare to followe me.

The country around, from the mouth of the Chester to the Head of Sassafras, presents a beautiful landscape, varied by teeming wheat-fields, luxuriant corn-crops, rich stretches of clover and an immense acreage in orchards. In times gone by, however, Kent county was famous for another product, the use of which might now be advantageously substituted for the "national beverage," whisky. The following advertisement is from *The Maryland Gazette* of March 7, 1776, a copy of which is before me:

"MARCH 5th, 1776.

"To be sold by the subscribers, A few barrels and half-barrels of strong and small beer, brewed by Mr. Isaac Perkins, in Kent County. This beer is allowed to be the best made in this Province.

"THOMAS C. WILLIAMS AND CO."

In the same paper is an advertisement signed by William Ringgold, Jr., to the

effect that Mr. Luke Howard has informed him that "there came ashore on Wednesday night last a small schooner-boat, about 30 feet long, she had a mainsail, foresail and jib, all of which were much worn." She had also on board, among sundry articles of ship use, "3 bottles of linseed oil, two pair of old shoes, one pair of old yarn stockings, and one old waistcoat of spotted flannel." The owner of this dilapidated craft and her cargo of ancient vestments might get her by applying to said Luke Howard, "living on the plantation of Mr. Thomas Ringgold, near Rock Hall in Kent county." This latter gentleman was a descendant of James Ringgold, the founder of New Yarmouth in the immediate vicinity, Rock Hall on the bay and Gray's Inn Creek from the Chester being less than a mile apart at this point. He was a "conspicuous member" from Kent in the State convention, but he did not long survive the evil omen of the old boat which came, like Charon's barge, to his shores. On a flat marble slab in the family burying-ground near Chestertown we read the following inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of Thomas Ringgold Junr Esq of Chestertown, Mary Ringgold his afflicted widow has caused this marble to be erected. In his public Life, Independent and Unbiassed, He always served his country faithfully; His private Virtues were equal to his Public Character; the affectionate Husband, the tender Parent and the Indulgent Master, a sincere Friend and the good Neighbour to all. Hence his death became a public as well as private loss. Ob. 26 Oct. 1776 Etat. 32."

Perhaps the incident of the bark of ill portent is explicable through another advertisement in the same issue, signed by "Charles Carroll, of Carrollton." This tells how a small schooner-boat was stolen from the harbor of Poplar Island (which belonged to him): "the height of the mainsail is about 27 feet, and has been much mended; almost a whole breadth taken out of the after-part, has been middle-stitched through every seam and has a patch of canvas in the after clew; the fore-sail also has been much mended, particularly hering-boned, which is faced with a new piece of osnabrig from the clew up to the gaff." We may trace the independ-

ence of the brave old Signer's character in the rebellious disregard of the rules of grammatical tyranny displayed in the above. This same Poplar Island, which lies just off the bay-shore of Talbot county, became famous in after years for a novel and disastrous speculation essayed by a descendant of the Revolutionary patriot. This gentleman noted the fortunes made in the fur-trade, and also the increasing value of black furs, and conceived the plan of stocking the island with black cats, to be bred for their skins. The cats were accumulated to the number of nearly one thousand, and the enterprise promised rich returns. But "rats and mice and such small deer" grew painfully scarce, and the cats became painfully hungry. A hard winter froze a bridge to the mainland, and the feline host, without waiting for Ike Partington's walnut-shell skates, made an exodus from their insular prison. There are persons still resident in Talbot who remember seeing bags of cats *in transitu*, as well as the lawsuit between the proprietor and his agent resulting from the failure of the venture.

Returning to Kent, we pass St. Paul's again, finding ourselves on the old road which was, in Revolutionary days, the main line of travel between Annapolis and Philadelphia, alluded to in an autograph letter of Washington to Colonel Tench Tilghman, now in possession of a descendant of the latter gallant soldier and distinguished financier. The route was by packet to Rock Hall Landing, and thence by Chestertown to Galena on the Sassafras, and across, through Cecil, to Wilmington. Among other places of interest it carries us past the old Shrewsbury church, where a simple slab in the graveyard marks the resting-place of General John Cadwallader, one of Philadelphia's most gallant sons, the friend of Washington and defender of his fame against Conway, who fell in a duel under Cadwallader's fire. After the war, having intermarried with the old family of the Lloyds of Talbot, he became a distinguished member of the Maryland Assembly, dying on his estate in Kent February 11, 1786. In 1792 a

new route by water was established, which is advertised in *The Maryland Gazette* of February 16 in that year. This line was by packet every Monday morning from Philadelphia to Newcastle; thence by stage to Cecil Court-house, and thence by packet again "direct" to Annapolis and Easton. "The peculiar advantages of this tour in point of expedition" are enlarged upon with great complacency, though "the variableness of the winds renders the day of the packet's return from Easton rather uncertain." It was expected that it would leave Easton every Sunday morning, and thus the round trip might be made in something over a week. The same trip is made now between breakfast and bed-time, with five hours' leisure to visit the Centennial.

Passing through a fertile and wonderfully-watered region, we find ourselves at the head of Morton Creek, a narrow but very deep arm of the bay, in which the British squadron anchored in 1813. The troops and marines from these vessels had been ravaging the Shore from St. Michael's to Kent Island under command of the notorious Cockburn, known to Marylanders of that day as the "plunder-master-general." They effected a landing, with Chestertown as their objective point, but were met near the little post-village of Belair by Colonel Reed with two hundred militia. "Caulk's Field," at the intersection of the Bayside and Chestertown roads, is still pointed out with pride as the scene of the battle which ensued, and tradition says that here was killed Sir Peter Parker, the unsuccessful assailant of Fort Moultrie in '76. History, however, is at variance with tradition, Sir Peter having died in 1811 at the ripe age of ninety-five, and ranking as admiral of the fleet. As the ships of both admirals, Warren and Cockburn, were reported below Annapolis a week later, it was probably some minor officer who died at Caulk's Field.

Following the track of this squadron down the bay, we enter the mouth of Miles River and land at St. Michael's, the chief dépôt of the oyster-business of the middle Chesapeake. Here another

skirmish took place, which tradition magnifies into a battle. General Benson was in command of the militia, and his report tells us how fifteen shots were fired from our guns at the force which landed from eleven barges—how the enemy retreated, leaving "blood upon the grass," "one pair of boarding pistols, two boarding cutlasses, two cartridge-boxes and a pair of dancing pumps." "No injury was done to any human being; which," the general piously adds, "showeth the hand of a protecting Providence." *O si sic semper!* A round-shot is still shown at the Royal Oak, on the Easton road, which was found imbedded in a tree after this deathless conflict.

Not far distant from this latter village is the old "Plain Dealing" estate, with which is connected Talbot's one well-authenticated ghost-story. A modern residence has replaced the old mansion, and little besides the name is left of the quaint and weird accessories which gave a spectral character to the place. Here, at a remote period of the legendary past, "Squire Robert Ungle" kept up the state and style of his forefathers in the mother-country, but by some tragic chance—if chance it was, for there are dark and mysterious hints of murder—he fell from the stairway of an upper floor sheer over the old carven balusters, breaking his neck, and leaving an indelible blood-stain in the lower passage, which many now living well remember. As years wore on the ancient house became dilapidated; its antique wainscoting and paneling showed evident signs of decay; the old-time portraits in wig and ruffle grew dim and dusty on the walls; the deep dark cellars were damp with sepulchral vapors; and even the old graveyard hard by was overgrown and lonely, the memorial slabs broken and defaced, the vaults lying open and their ghastly relics exposed to view. It was the very place for a first-class ghost-story, and its fitness was heightened by the residence on the premises of Katie Coburn, the last witch of Talbot. This poor old creature, lonely, deformed, repulsively ugly and wretchedly poor, was a terror to negroes and children far and

near, who had marvelous tales of her impish ways and diabolical cantrips. In the immediate neighborhood lived a family whose cows were fond of the succulent grass of the old Plain Dealing graveyard, where they had often to be sought for in the gloaming and driven home to the pail. One evening the little boy who performed this duty came home wild with terror. He had seen in the old burying-ground a man in strange, antique attire, with peaked beard, high-crowned hat, huge ruffles and velvet doublet, who seemed anxious to talk with him. Again and again the spectre appeared, until the boy grew familiar and fearless, and held with him several conversations in the presence of his parents, to whom, however, the apparition was invisible. On being taken into the house and shown the portraits, the boy recognized none of them, but some time after he visited "Bondfield," near Oxford, where some of these pictures still hang, and immediately fixed his eyes on one of them, exclaiming, "There is the man." He was of course instructed by his ghostly friend to dig for treasure, and accordingly the attempt was formally made by the older members of the family: the requisite depth was reached and a hard substance struck, when the hole was abandoned in terror. The next day nothing could be found in it by curious visitors, but the family, previously very poor, bought and paid for a valuable property, which they still retain, and few of their neighbors could now be persuaded that the ghost's money was not the foundation of their fortune. Had the buried treasure been available to the family to whom it rightfully belonged, the following notice might never have appeared:

*"By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, to me directed, will be sold, on Tuesday the 7th of January next, at Mrs. Troth's Tavern, for Cash only,*

*"Ninety-One Acres and one quarter of an Acre of Land, being part of a tract of Land called London-derry, on the south side of the road leading from Easton to the Cow-Landing, and on the west side of the road leading from Easton to the Quaker Meeting-House, Taken in execution, at the suit of Richard Barnaby, from Robins Chamberlaine, and sold for the use of said Barnaby. The sale to begin at 3 o'clock.*

*"JOHN THOMAS, S<sup>r</sup>ff."*

The above is from the *Eastern Shore*

*Herald and Intelligencer*, published at Easton, the issue being December 31, 1799. Robins Chamberlaine was a descendant of 'Squire Ungle through his daughter, who married Samuel Chamberlaine, first of the name in this country. "The Cow Landing" is now the busy settlement of "Easton Point" on Third Haven River, one mile from the town. "Londonderry" is the hospitable home of Surgeon N. Pinkney, LL.D., U. S. N., whose beautiful modern stone mansion attracts the eye of every passer-by. It is singular that an incident occurred here within a year or two strangely consistent with the Plain Dealing mystery. In removing the stumps of some trees, beneath one of the largest was found a huge boulder: the stone proved to be in two pieces, accurately fitted together, between which lay a stained and crumbling sheet of manuscript, the only words decipherable being "money" and a partially-obliterated date. The story got out, and a party from the town made a night-raid on the place to dig up the buried treasure, but left precipitately, declaring that the inevitable ghost had frightened them away. The boulder still stands by the roadside, but no farms have been purchased with the proceeds. It is a significant fact that four of the sixteen columns of the above-mentioned journal are occupied with advertisements of "Genuine Patent Medicines" and "Infallible Fever and Ague Drops." They were all "For Sale at This Office." The paper contains no editorial matter, but in place of a leader is the following letter, which may serve as a model for sensational correspondents of the present day, and which will be read with deep interest by all in this Centennial year:

"GEORGE TOWN, Dec. 20th.

"On Wednesday last the mortal part of WASHINGTON the Great—the Father of his country and the Friend of man, was consigned to the tomb, with solemn honor and funeral pomp.

"A multitude of persons assembled, from many miles around, at Mount-Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves—the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime

scenes, the noble mansion—but alas! the august inhabitant was now no more. That great soul was gone. His mortal part was there indeed; but ah! how affecting! how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus, to mortal eyes, fallen!—Yes! fallen! fallen!

"In the long and lofty *Portico* where oft the hero walked in all his glory, now lay the shrowded corpse. The Countenance still composed and serene, seemed to express the dignity of the spirit, which lately dwelt in that lifeless form. There those who paid the last sad honors to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive—a farewell view.

"On the ornament, at the head of the coffin, was inscribed *SURGE AD JUDICIUM*—about the middle of the coffin, *GLORIA DEO*—and on the Silver plate

GENERAL

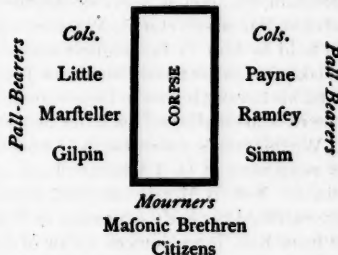
GEORGE WASHINGTON,  
departed this life on the 14th Decem-  
ber, '99, Æt. 68.

"Between three and four o'clock, the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river, firing minute guns, awoke afresh our solemn sorrow—the corps was moved—a band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tendernefs of woe.

"The procession was formed and moved in the following order:

Cavalry,	} With arms reversed.
Infantry,	
Guard,	
Music,	
Clergy,	

The General's horse, with his saddle, holsters and pistols.



"When the procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the banks of the Potomak, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched towards the Mount and formed their lines—the Clergy, the Masonic brothers and the citizens descended to the vault and the funeral service

of the church was performed. The firing was repeated from the vessel in the river and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

"Three general discharges by the infantry—the cavalry and 11 pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomak, back of the vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed Commander in Chief of the armies of the United States, and to the venerable departed hero.

"The sun was now setting. Alas! the *sun of glory* was set forever! No; the name of WASHINGTON—the American President and General—will triumph over death—the unclouded brightness of his Glory will illuminate future ages."

The above is valuable, not only as a specimen of the newspaper-writing of that day, but also as showing the exalted estimate of the character of Washington among Eastern Shoremen at the time of his death. This was not the result of a mere spirit of hero-worship, but rather of the intimate relations which were borne to the great chieftain by many illustrious sons of Eastern Maryland. Matthew Tilghman, fifth son of Richard Tilghman of "The Hermitage" (mentioned in the first paper of this series), was a member of the Continental Congress and president of the Maryland Assembly, besides holding many other public offices of the greatest prominence, which brought him necessarily into frequent communication with the commander-in-chief. Lieutenant-Colonel Tench Tilghman, his nephew, was aide-de-camp and confidential secretary to Washington, and held by him in the highest esteem. Pulaski, the gallant and chivalrous Pole, raised his famous legion in Delaware and Eastern Maryland, and his letter accepting Washington's commission is now in the possession of O. Tilghman, Esq., of Easton. Robert Morris, the great financier, received his early education in Talbot from Rev. John Gordon, rector of St. Michael's parish. Charles Carroll of Carrollton owned property in Talbot county, and William Paca, the Signer, was born on the banks of the Wye, and was a resident of Queen Anne. These, with John Beale Bordley and many others, were the distinguished men, companions and

friends of Washington, who were identified with the Eastern Shore. The Richard Tilghman above named married a granddaughter of Anne Neal, maid of honor to Queen Henrietta, wife of Charles I. A handsome and elaborate jewel containing a miniature of the unfortunate monarch, and presented by him to Mistress Neal, is still in possession of a descendant of that lady residing at Easton.

About a quarter of a mile from the town stands the "Quaker Meeting-house" mentioned in another part of this paper. It is a quaint old frame building of peculiar construction and antique pattern, standing in a grove of grand old oaks which are fast yielding to the ravages of time. The house is nearly two centuries old, and tradition says that William Penn once worshiped in it. His followers still meet on First and Fifth days in its venerable walls. Passing southward some six miles, toward the Choptank, we come to a cross-road village known as "The Hole in the Wall." This singular and not euphonious title is said to date from the ancient days when Oxford was a port of entry. The smuggling sailors would bring their "crooked" liquors from the port at night, and deposit the bottles of cognac and hollands in a hole in the wall of the trader's shop, returning in the morning for their payment. Turning to the left, we reach an old church in sight of the "Hole," and find ourselves upon historic ground. White-marsh church dates back beyond 1690, and here ministered Commissary Bray, one of the originators of the famous Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, through the agency of which the Church of England has spread its influence into every stronghold of heathenism. A building used by him as a female seminary yet stands about a mile off, toward Oxford. In some unexplained way it long since, with the land on which it stands, became alienated from the church, and it is now the county almshouse. In 1711 the Rev. Mr. Maynadier was rector, residing at the parsonage on a farm a short distance from the church; and a singular story is told of his family. The tradition is that his wife died after a brief illness, and



was buried with rather unusual haste. The worthy man, overcome by grief, retired early, but was roused from his slumbers shortly before midnight by a knocking at the front door. Imagine his feelings when on opening it there stood his buried wife, faint and terrified, but alive and in the flesh! She had been hastily coffined without the removal of a valuable ring, and one of the attendants, aware of the fact, had exhumed the body just after nightfall for the purpose of robbing it. But the ring clung to the finger, and an effort was made to sever the joint: blood flowed, the corpse groaned, moved and recovered consciousness. The would-be robber of the dead fled in terror from the scene, and the lady, thus happily saved from the grave, made her way through the night to the desolate home from which she had been carried a few hours before. She lived for many years afterward. By far the most interesting feature about the dilapidated old church is an equally dilapidated and antique slab upon which is the following inscription, now almost if not entirely illegible; indeed, some of the words have been obliterated, as will be seen from the asterisks, by cracks in the stone:

## In Memory

of

Robt. Morris, native of Liverpool in Great Britain

Late Merchant at Oxford \* \* \* \* \*

Punctuality and fidelity influenced his dealings.

Principles of honesty governed his actions.

With an uncommon degree of sincerity

He despised art and dissimulation.

His friendship was firm, candid and valuable.

His charity free, discreet and well-adapted.

His zeal for the public was active and useful.

His hospitality was enhanced by his conversation,

Seasoned with cheerful wit and sound judgment.

A salute from the cannon of a ship

The wad fracturing his arm

Was \* \* \* \* \* by which he departed

\* \* \* \* \*

On the 12th Day of July, MDCCCL.

This Robert Morris was a large shipping-merchant of Oxford, and agent of Foster, Cunliffe & Co. of Liverpool, England. The story is that he was expecting the arrival of a vessel on that day, and, according to his custom, was prepared to board her in the stream. He had previously arranged that at the proper moment he would give the signal for her salute by waving his handkerchief, but this he had

entirely forgotten, and as his boat drew near and nearer to the ship, the gunner impatiently awaited the expected sign. At length, when just under the gun and at short range, Mr. Morris thoughtlessly drew out his handkerchief for use, the gunner applied his port-fire, and the merchant's arm was broken and lacerated by the wad of hard tarred oakum. Through bad surgery the wound resulted in gangrene after amputation, and his life was the forfeit. A favorite spaniel followed his remains to the grave, from which he could not be driven away, and finally died on his master's tomb. This latter incident seems to be well authenticated. The relationship of this Robert Morris—who never married—to the great financier of the Revolution can only be surmised. The latter, who had been a boy of unknown parentage in Talbot, became heir to his very large fortune, being mentioned in the will as "a young man named Robert Morris." This property was the basis of those business operations which supplied to the infant government the sinews of war—a fact which establishes for Talbot county a very vital connection with the success of the Revolution. After the war the great banker formed a copartnership with Colonel Tench Tilghman, and many of his autograph letters upon business topics are still preserved in the family of the latter.

In a very old number of De la Plaine's *Repository* appears a story to the effect that Robert Morris was present at a "turtle-feast" given upon the banks of the Schuylkill near Philadelphia, when he was informed that the man who fired the shot which caused his father's death was then upon the grounds, and that he was so much affected by the intelligence as to fall in a swoon. This statement was questioned by a writer in the *Easton Gazette* in 1821, but solely upon the ground of the improbability of a common sailor being present at an entertainment given to ladies and gentlemen. The story of De la Plaine may therefore be regarded as uncontradicted, since there is no proof that the "feast" was not a mixed assembly like a barbecue, nor any that the gunner was a "common sailor."

It will be observed by the reader of this paper that its materials have been supplied almost entirely by two counties of the Eastern Shore, and that they have been treated in a manner very far from exhaustive. Indeed, the vast fund of historic and legendary matter which the public and private records of these counties present has scarcely been sampled in these pages, and equally valuable though possibly less extensive stores abound in other portions of the peninsula. In the opening paper of this series the writer

expressed surprise that so little should be known of a region rich in material resources no less than in historic interest. Perhaps the reason may be found in the westward march of thought as well as empire, coupled with the fact that there is nothing east of the Eastern Shore but ocean. If these articles have served in any degree to supply that lack of knowledge, and awaken an interest which has lain dormant for nearly a century, they will not have been written in vain.

ROBERT WILSON.

## UNDER THE SEA.

### I.

CLEAR through the shining liquid glass I gazed,  
 Discovering a world! There long reeds swung,  
 Balanced by lazy ripples; sea-plants raised  
 Their emerald crowns aloft; dark mosses clung,  
 Golden and brown, to rocks that seemed fit couch  
 For mermaidens and languid water-brides;  
 Bright tawny bulging sea-weed in its pouch  
 Held living jewels twinkling through the sides;  
 Blue polished pebbles and pink twisted shells  
 Paved the clean floor. While my rapt eyes were bent  
 'Neath the vexed surface, on the crystal cells,  
 Through that serene, caressing element,  
 The tranquil sleep, the eternal rest profound,  
 I seemed to share of those who have been drowned.

### II.

For they are lulled by cradle-song of waves,  
 And soft green waters kiss their sealed eyes;  
 Round them smooth currents wind through twilight caves;  
 They sleep on moss, but buried treasure lies  
 Golden and pearl anigh their crystal graves.  
 High overhead they feel the sea-gull dip  
 With greetings sweet—sighs from some heart that craves  
 Their drowned love, kisses from some fond lip,  
 Whereon the stinging bitterness must dwell  
 For aye of the unbroken, last farewell.  
 But they, possessed by that divine repose,  
 Stir not, nor give a sign. Shall they awake  
 Ever from this deep dream? or ever slake  
 The thirst for peace life's fevered fret bestows?

EMMA LAZARUS.

## A DAY WITH THE VÖIVODA.

AS we rode down the little hill between Ragusa and Gravosa, it suddenly occurred to us that every one else had gone to sleep in the quiet of the warm October afternoon, and that it was especially absurd to be starting upon a long and toilsome journey, when we could sit under the cliffs by the Adriatic and be lulled into delicious repose by the music of the blue waves breaking against the reddish-tinted rocks. The tiny villas nestling in the olive-groves seemed to blink sleepily at us as we passed; the peasants lying curled up by the wayside in curiously picturesque heaps slept soundly; the boatmen huddled beneath the awnings of their small crafts were snoring in unison as we came to the basin at Gravosa; the vast hills which rose stern, stony, terrible in the distance, appeared to be dreaming in the tremulous autumn sunshine. In the café of Gravosa half a dozen stalwart mountaineers had laid aside their packs, and, burying their faces in their hands, were leaning forward upon the tables. In the post-office the venerable clerk had doffed his heavy Austrian cap, laid his head against the wall near the wicket, and luxuriously closed his eyes. It was one of the clock in the afternoon in Dalmatia, and men who walked abroad, and seemed bent upon some errand at that hour sacred to sleep, would have been watched as dangerous had there been any one awake to watch them.

The general sleepiness seemed to oppress us, although we had need of all our faculties at that moment. The driver, who appeared ready to fall from his seat overcome with somnolence, pulled up his horses beneath the shade of a large tree, and we leaned back in the rickety carriage, and were fast yielding to temptation when we were aroused by the sharp, clear voice of our guide, who had been lingering behind. "We must go on to Ombla," he said. "The vöivoda will soon follow us, and we must get

boats ready and lose no time when he catches up with us, or we shall not reach the camp before dark. And strangers," said our guide Tomo, with a half-disdainful inflection upon the word—"strangers cannot pick their way among the Herzegovinian rocks after nightfall."

"But there will be a full moon," we ventured to remark.

"So much the worse for you," said Tomo, speaking slowly in the Italian, which was difficult for his Slavonic tongue, but was the necessary vehicle of conversation. "The moonlight might lead the gentlemen to break their necks. The moon plays queer tricks in these rocky fields. She makes one believe that there is solid stone where there is a yawning precipice. She tries the eyes of the mountaineer, puts magical charms before his gaze, and makes him lose his way. The gentlemen could not even walk among our crags and rocks in the moonlight. Better a thick darkness. Then one is not dazed, and one can grope."

So saying, Tomo shouldered his gun, turned gracefully from us, and set out for Ombla. The driver impatiently gathered up his reins, murmuring, "Madre di Dio! when shall we be well rid of these Greeks?" and we rattled along in Tomo's wake.

A turn in the road just as we seemed about to plunge into the Adriatic, a drive along a narrow causeway with an arm of the sea on one side, and high stone walls and scraggy houses on the other, and at last we came to a square surrounded with low villas. A little alley led down to the water-side: at the foot of three steps a large boat was moored. In the boat lay its owner asleep. Here we were to await the vöivoda.

Picture to yourself a vast amphitheatre of colossal rocks rising majestically from blue water fringed with a few straggling trees. As far as the eye can reach hillward nothing but stones,

bald, uncouth, tremendous, piled one upon another in confusion which no pen can describe. Here the walls which shut out the rich valleys and smiling fields beyond seem almost perpendicular: one cannot imagine that among them there are roadways, or even paths along which goats and their shepherds may stray. In the centre of the amphitheatre are a few scattered white cottages surrounding a mysterious rivulet which bubbles up from the rocks, and, after flowing in an impetuous current for a short distance, disappears again among them. It is a region from which there seems no outlet save that by which we entered it, one narrow strip of winding road. Such is the basin of hill-guarded Orbla.

The coast of Dalmatia at this point, where its mountains touch the frontier of the Herzegovina, is wonderfully rich in color. At early morning purple tints seem to lie lovingly upon the slopes and terraces of stone; at noon great glorious waves of light break over them, and magically transform them into reddish-brown ruined castles, or deep gray monsters, or pink or golden forests: everything seems strange and supernatural. Late in the afternoon the shadows gather in the ten thousand nooks and crevices, and lend a forbidding aspect to the enormous barriers which seem to have some secret to guard, and to refuse admittance to the land beyond to the anxious wanderer. One feels as if one were upon enchanted ground.

Of the many routes which lead into the Herzegovina from Ragusa, the nearest Dalmatian port, there is but one which is in any sense practicable for even the rude wagons or the pack-mules used in the transportation of supplies to the Turkish fortresses. All the others lead through small villages perched among the mountains at points where a little soil and a few springs of fresh water are to be found. The unhappy traveler who should attempt alone to thread these comparatively unfrequented and absolutely labyrinthine paths would incur imminent risk of dying of exhaustion, or might fall a prey to the small

banditti always hovering along the Austrian frontier, bidding defiance to the gendarmes, or, if caught, pretending to be insurgents on the lookout for arms and ammunition. If the traveler be accompanied by a stout guide, he will yet find himself many times on the point of succumbing to the dreadful fatigue which overcomes him as he clammers incessantly up, up, up, with little or no chance for repose, and with the sun's rays beating down with terrific force upon his head. Those who have ever wandered along the side of Vesuvius under an August sunlight can in a faint degree appreciate the terrors of a climbing joust in the mountains on the Herzegovinian frontier.

Our guide Tomo had many times told us of the dangers of the way: indeed, he took a certain malicious pleasure in depicting every horror, and in setting it in the most repulsive light. This he did, not from any ill-will toward us, but from that natural instinct which leads the mountaineer and the sailor always to mock at those who are unaccustomed to precipices or to the sea. Our gay and cosmopolitan party, gathered from all corners of the world to witness the great struggle in progress in the autumn of 1875 by the oppressed Christians against their oppressive Turkish masters, upon whom they had finally turned with all the energy of men made desperate by long suffering, had been snugly encamped in the garrison-town of Ragusa for some days, patiently awaiting a summons from one of the insurgent chiefs, camped near the Austrian border, to visit him. The committee of Slaves in Ragusa interested in the success of the insurrection had forwarded to one of the camps a request that we should be escorted to the centre of operations, and introduced personally to the leaders who were fighting for freedom and for the maintenance of the Christian religion. Several times a day had been appointed and guides had been sent to meet us, but before we had left Ragusa news had arrived that the insurgents had broken camp and were on a forced march of many days. Thus we had waited in uncertainty, until one morning we were in-

formed that the main body of the rebels, twenty-five hundred strong, were encamped in the almost inaccessible village of Grebzi, in a corner of the Herzegovina, within a few hours' march of Ragusa. Footsore, exhausted, and with ammunition-boxes nearly empty, this little army had resolutely placed its picket-lines within half an hour's march of a formidable Turkish fortress, and had determined to study the situation before proceeding farther. The chiefs held a meeting, and decided to send their leader, the vöivoda, a stern, brave, well-educated man named Ljubibratic, to Ragusa, that he might during his brief visit get some idea of the opinion of the outside world concerning the struggle. The vöivoda came from his fortress to Ragusa: there we met him, and were invited to return with him to the rock-surrounded camp of Grebzi. The invitation was accepted: the news, speedily bruited abroad in Ragusa, so astonished the Turkish consul that he quite forgot his dignity, and calling on us one by one, entreated us "not to risk our lives among the ruffians;" not "to believe the hundred lies we were sure to hear from the Greeks;" and, finally, not to give the insurgents any details relative to the positions of Turkish forces which we had seen during a recent journey made on the high road to Trebigne, an important Turkish post. We fancied that we could detect a twinkle of malice in the consul's eye as he deprecatingly bade us good-bye when he found that we were determined to venture among the insurgents, and it did not require a lively imagination to picture him sending a messenger in hot haste to the nearest Mohammedan fort, advising its commander to intercept us, and not only capture the wandering vöivoda, but cut off the heads of his companions. An encounter with a Turkish patrol was among the possibilities, but we dismissed the unpleasant thought of it from our minds as we stood looking at the sombre and precipitous banks of Ombla, and concentrated our attention upon the exacting task before us.

Meantime, the vöivoda, with his little body-guard of tall, lithe Herzegovinians,

well armed with trusty although ancient rifles, with yataghans taken from the bodies of dead Turks, and with pistols half a yard long, was supposed to be plodding on from Ragusa to overtake us, and at Ombla we were all to start together for the mountain ascent. An hour passed; the boatman awoke, rolled and lighted a cigarette, swore a gentle oath, looked at the sun, then at us, and shrugged his shoulders: no vöivoda came. Another hour passed, during which the boatman and Tomo, besides continually consuming cigarettes, now and then burst into violent invectives: still no vöivoda came. The Frenchman in our party sang a song; the Italian fumed and fretted; the Sclavic professor maintained an attitude expressive of mild astonishment; the Russian agent, sent to dispense moneys and charities, frowned tremendously, and hinted that the vöivoda was not as good as his word; and we two Americans looked from one to the other of the members of the eccentric group, and then glanced along the dusty road down which the vöivoda was expected.

There he was! An old man, almost groveling in the dust, was kissing his hand, worshiping in him the would-be liberator of his race. Surely, the vöivoda was a romantic and impressive figure as he strode a few steps ahead of his guard through the village. The hybrid Sclavo-Italian children bowed and curtseyed; the nut-brown maidens blushed and cast down their eyes; the old women shrieked with delight, "Vöivoda! vöivoda! Now may Heaven bless and preserve you many years, ever good vöivoda, our only trust, our all!" The affection, the earnest adoration, were almost painful to witness. The men-at-arms grinned with delight and strutted with martial air. Handsome fellows were they, with long, coal-black hair and moustaches, with noble necks and chests, sinewy and symmetrical limbs. Their teeth were like pearls, their eyes were bright, their gait was elastic. Involuntarily they glanced at us, then at the rocks overhanging Ombla, and then they shook their heads. We felt challenged to put forth our best efforts on



the march, and nerved ourselves accordingly.

Vöivoda Ljubibratic looked like an ancient Servian king stepped out of the margin of some illuminated manuscript of Stephan Douchan's time. He wore the costume of the people of Servia, among whom he had lived nearly all his life, although he was Herzegovinian born. A green tunic with loosely-flowing sleeves was girt about his waist with a simple belt, in which there were no weapons. At his side hung a fine sabre of modern make, the symbol of his authority. His leggings and his *opankës*, or slippers, were of fine material, but much worn and frayed by long marches in the rocky byways. Beneath the tunic his ample chest was covered by a Servian jacket, richly embroidered with gold and silver. His face, exceptionally fine in repose, bore an expression of simple good-humor when animated; a lofty brow, only partly shaded by a Montenegrin cap; fine eyes, which had a singular fashion of looking out and away from present objects, as if their owner were continually endeavoring to examine the future; a sensitive mouth and a noble brown beard were the conspicuous features. One instinctively felt proud to take the vöivoda by the hand.

This title of "vöivoda" was not the exclusive property of our friend Ljubibratic. In the camp at Grebzi were half a dozen other chieftains who, from the fact that they commanded large bodies of men, were privileged to employ the same prefix to their names; but, recognizing the fact that there must be only one supreme authority, they had vested it in Ljubibratic, and had permitted him to be recognized in all the country round as *the* vöivoda. I have endeavored to give the singular name the English spelling which most resembles its sound when it is pronounced by the Sclaves themselves. In Servia there are five grand territorial divisions called *vöivodies*, created for convenience in grouping the militia of the country, and the leaders of the troops are called *vöivods*.

As soon as he could free himself from the exuberant caresses of the people in

the village, the vöivoda beckoned the boatman to approach. The obsequious fellow doffed his hat, and came running up the stone steps, muttering compliments in his Italian dialect. "Set us across at yonder point," said the vöivoda, pointing to a long, ragged promontory of stone some distance below the little white houses of Ombla. "And remember," he added in liquid Italian, which he spoke far better than the boatman himself, "let no one in the village say whither we have gone or how many we are." He laid his hand heavily on the boatman's shoulder. The brown hand of the Italian came up to his breast and made a sign as of complete subordination to the vöivoda's will. We hastened into the boat, and were soon on the opposite shore. As we began to climb among the rocks, two rough-looking fellows, the very counterparts of the Italian brigands we have all so often seen in operas, arose mysteriously from behind a crag, and without even deigning to notice our party of strangers, clad in the ugly civilized clothes which are looked upon with such contempt in the Levant, set off at a sharp pace ahead of us.

The vöivoda was thoughtful. The sun was pouring great floods of scorching heat down upon the bare stones, but he seemed oblivious alike of the warmth and of the mighty ascent. He lounged slowly behind all the others, rolling cigarettes in an indolent, thoughtful way, as every one does in these Eastern countries, and now and then stopping to take a long look at the Turkish frontier, which we could see as soon as we had climbed to the top of the first ridge. He seemed to be studying every rock, as if calculating how all these mute forces could be turned into agents to aid in destroying the oppressive Mohammedans.

It seemed like tempting Providence to climb such awful heights under a burning sun. There were moments when the courage of our party gave way during the first half hour, and we determined to return. We looked up: there towered the mighty, bald masses, unutterably grand, silent, severe: there seemed no way through them or around or beneath

them. We looked down, and we saw the blue waters of the inlet at Ombla; the boatmen tranquilly rowing in the breezy waves or lying luxuriously stretched out beneath their awnings as their little craft rocked to and fro; and we were anxious to get down to safe ground again. The thought of night among these mountains seemed almost frightful to us. But we rose and staggered along.

Suddenly, we turned a sharp corner, and came to a rocky ledge from which we had a glorious view of the tranquil Adriatic. How beautiful was the sea, girdling the little dun-colored islets and setting boldly in to the romantic indentations of the coast! Miles below, on the Dalmatian shore, we could see here and there a chapel lonely upon a hill-side, or a dark clump of olive trees, or a little village clinging to the rocks out of which it was built. We turned from the sea with a sigh and clambered once more.

Tomo the guide reminded me much of those stalwart bronze-colored men whom I had seen in the Indian Territory, those still splendid types of the fading Cherokee and Choctaw races. He had the same graceful quickness of limb, the same stern repose of feature, the same contempt for fatigue. He never sat down to rest: he was in perpetual movement. If we came by chance to a little terrace where some miserable peasant had taken advantage of half an acre of untrustworthy soil to grow a straggling vineyard, he did not stretch his limbs in the shade of the vines, as we did; but he leaped from rock to rock; he vaulted lightly across a chasm, clambered up a peak, ran for a few yards, stood poised, almost as if he were about to fly away like a bird. Sometimes he sang a rude but not unmusical song, in which he was joined by two Montenegrins who were with us, and who kept time to the refrain by brandishing their weapons as they walked. Tomo constantly came to us encouraging us, speaking kind words in his Italian patois: "Courage! the worst is over. You will soon be at a little village where you can rest. *Andiamo!*"

After an hour's climbing we found our-

selves on a huge shelf from which we could look out hundreds of yards over the rocky field in every direction. The vöivoda came to us and smilingly pointed to a dark, round mass on the horizon, which, as birds fly, would have been scarcely a quarter of a mile distant, but which could have been reached in these terrible mountains only by the highroad from Ragusa, or by several hours of clambering at the risk of one's neck. A second glance at the mass showed that it was a fortification which we had seen many times before, the round picturesque fort of Czarino, on the Turkish frontier. With the aid of our field-glasses we could see figures moving about on the ramparts, and the Russian agent insisted that they, too, were sweeping the sky with glasses, and that they saw us.

"What matter?" said the vöivoda serenely. "We may sit here and make mouths at our enemies: we are on Austrian territory, and they dare not fire on us; and as to their sending a patrol, it could not even leave the fort without being signaled to our people at Grebzi, and down to us here before the Turks could have got well under way. There are men in that fort who know these mountain-ways; they were brought up in the Herzegovina; they are renegades to their religion and to their race. They are the last men to venture out among the precipices so near nightfall; and as for the Asiatic portion of the garrison, there is no danger that it will come to us, for it is quaking with terror in anticipation of an attack upon the walls of Czarino this very night." And the vöivoda tranquilly lighted another cigarette.

This fort of Czarino occupies an almost isolated crag about half an hour's ride from the city of Ragusa. It dominates the only practicable route from Southern Austria into the Herzegovina and the other provinces subject to Turkey. The insurgents persisted in hovering near it, although there was but little chance of securing it. "If I had but two batteries of mountain artillery!" sighed the vöivoda. "But we have nothing, not even ammunition enough to fight a good battle." He turned away in silence, and

the Russian agent began to say comforting words, and to hint at the support which would be mysteriously forthcoming at the proper time.

Crawling, scrambling, leaping, our heads dizzy, our shoulders and limbs lame, we finally came to a plateau at whose farther extremity, under the shadow of a rocky hill, we saw a little village. There were a few green trees, and low, one-story houses, miserably thatched, and heaped about with stones. A ragged population came out to meet us. The women were mainly engaged in carrying heavy burdens, fagots of wood or bundles of grain, on their heads: incessant toil had taken away most of their enthusiasm: they merely curtsied as the voivoda passed. The men greeted the chief with effusive friendship and reverence. Although still in Austria, Ljubibratic felt thoroughly at home here, because the people were of the same race, religion and sentiment as the ignorant and oppressed Herzegovinians over the border. As we stepped in upon the circle of a stone threshing-floor, and sat down to drink water from a gourd, and to bathe our swollen hands, torn and bruised with grasping the rocks, a noble and statuesque old man, fully six feet and a half in height, came forward to greet the voivoda. This venerable man was as erect and stately as he had been at twenty-five; his eyes were dim, but he still had a firm gait and a noble port, although he had seen ninety years. His fine head was enveloped in a voluminous red turban, but the rest of his garments were little better than rags. This was the chief of the village, and he held a long and animated conversation with the voivoda, urging him, so said Tomo the guide, to do some daring act which should so compromise the Sclavic population in Austria that they would be compelled to join in the struggle against the Turks. When the old man had finished his remarks he gravely kissed the hand of the voivoda and retired, saluting us with staid, solemn gestures.

From the village to the camp at Grebzi there were yet two hours of vigorous climbing and scrambling to be under-

gone, and we made but a brief halt. The *avant-courriers* who had joined us at Ombla had not halted at all, but were now lost to sight beyond the jutting stones on the horizon. As we left the collection of miserable hovels, villagers crowded on the steps of the voivoda, some proffering complaints that his men had robbed them of kids or goats; others that he did not make decisive movements enough; yet others that he allowed strangers — alluding to us — to come into the country and to discover his forces. To all these he replied by scornful waves of the hand, or now and then by loud imperious commands of silence. We soon left the grumblers behind, and were once more alone with the rocks.

But presently, as the hour of sunset approached, we encountered large flocks of goats coming down from their dubious pasturage of the day to their folds for the night. Sometimes the only practicable route was not large enough to permit of the passage of our party and a flock of goats also. A leader of the horned and bearded denizens of the mountains would eye us for a few moments, as if he contemplated giving battle, but after a survey of our numbers would turn back with an angry snort and a choleric stamp of his fore feet. More than once I climbed a high rock with a view of protecting myself from the possible attacks of these wild goats that rebel even against the rough mountaineers who own them.

Night came suddenly. The rocky ways became obscure: one looked up in surprise to find the sky darkening above him: there seemed no slow, insidious approach of twilight as in lower regions. We quickened our pace. The body-guard scattered hither and yon, and no longer chattered in the smoothly-flowing Sclavic. Our party, French, Italian, Russian, American, was oppressed and overwhelmed by the coming darkness. The rocks took on fantastic shapes: a belated shepherd a little way off seemed to us like a pinnacle overhanging the narrow path, and half a dozen pinnacles looked like Mohammedan soldiers waiting to fire upon us as we passed. We descended into a valley, then wearily

climbed another ridge. Nowhere now was there visible a tree or clump of foliage or minutest shrub: nowhere anything save rocks—rocks on all sides. On the top of the ridge the guards halted. One of them sat down and listened intently. The vöivoda, who now preceded us, motioned us to halt. Parties of the insurgents moved to the left and the right. At last the vöivoda seated himself on a convenient stone, and calling to us, and pointing down into a second valley, now almost concealed in the rapidly-deepening shadows, and then to the rugged, ghostly hills beyond, he said, "Gentlemen, welcome to my domain! You are in the Herzegovina." . . .

Nowhere was there sight or sound of camp. The waste seemed untenanted. Our hearts sank as we imagined a long night-journey to the village among the rocks. We rose with the energy of despair when the vöivoda invited us to continue the route to Grebzi. Where were the insurgent forces?

We began to descend into the valley. Here there was a narrow path of smooth stones. We had gone but a few steps when from the bosom of the rocks there came a peculiar hail, a long, low cry. In a moment it was repeated. Then it was answered from our side, and also repeated. Presently, from the left came a similar hail, similarly answered by our men, who had gone in that direction. In a moment more the rocks all around us swarmed with armed men, who jumped down joyously crying, "Vöivoda! vöivoda!" Many of them crowded around him, kissing his hands and the hem of his garment, while others entered into a noisy explanation of the events which had occurred since his departure. Soothing and quieting them as if they had been children, he led the way, calling us to follow, across a terribly ragged patch of rocks a mile or two long, then down a lane walled in on either side, and introduced us without warning to one of the most unique spectacles that my eyes have ever rested upon. . . .

The lane terminated abruptly on a ledge from which we looked down into a cup set in the hills, and guarded on

every hand by a succession of rolling valleys filled with jagged masses of stone. In this deep, cup-shaped space a large number of little camp-fires were burning, and flitting to and fro among them we could see stalwart men armed to the teeth. A loud hum, the echo of the noisy conversation around the fires, drifted up to our ears. Here and there, where the flame burned out brightly, we could see small, ugly black cottages. Away off, among the rocks, we heard the monotonous refrain of a song, doubtless sung by some warrior, who in halting rhythm was celebrating his exploits of the past week or of the day.

The transition from the solemn and awful calm of the Herzegovinian highlands—the calm which we had felt with such terrific force just as the curtain of darkness was finally drawn—to this half-joyous, half-savage vivacity of the camp and the village, was almost repulsive. There seemed something weird, supernatural in it. We dreaded to go down, lest we might find that we had ventured upon a Walpurgis Night, or some dreadful assemblage of sorcerers from below. There was, however, just at this moment a smart commotion in the camp: hasty words were heard; there was a rattle of arms; men ran to and fro; and a few careless shots were fired.

"What is it, Tomo?" we asked of the guide.

"It is the vöivoda's arrival," he said. "Probably some one on an out-of-the-way peak saw us coming, and rushed in to give an alarm, thinking it might be the enemy; but now our men have arrived and the mistake is corrected, and we shall all be welcome. You will see;" and Tomo bristled with pride and stroked his long black moustaches.

We did see. The vöivoda sprang lightly down from the ledge: it seemed as if he were leaping from a high precipice into an abyss, but he landed safely on a rock below, then upon another, and we followed him. Tomo shouted to us to keep in the background till he came, as strange faces might not please some of the more ignorant of the insurgents; but our curiosity spurred us on, and

we strode along a narrow village street, flanked on either side by one-story stone hovels. Suddenly a torch flared up, and a group of noble and impressive-looking men approached. The vöivoda hastened toward the elder and graver of the two foremost, and the pair embraced, kissing each other repeatedly. He then gave the same affectionate greeting to all the others, and after some hurried conversation introduced us to Peko Pavlovic, the renowned and terrible slayer of Turks, and director of the movements of a large part of the forces.

The first instinctive movement on hearing Peko's name was one of repulsion, for he had been described to us, even by his ardent admirers, as a demon incarnate, a species of Hans of Iceland, breathing out slaughter, delighting in the mutilation of the bodies of his victims, and cherishing the most fiendish malice. In the early days of the insurrection Peko had established at Slivnitza, a camp not far from Grebzi, a "reliquary," where the heads of Turks slain in battle were kept as ghastly trophies. A young Russian officer informed me that he had visited this reliquary, and that Peko exhibited to him with the greatest pride the corpse of a Turkish officer which had been carried away from some skirmish-field, and was kept there that the insurgents might gloat over the corruption of their enemy's body.

A moment after we had looked on Peko our repulsion had vanished. He is a nobly-formed Montenegrin of the heroic type, pretty well past the flower of his middle life. His face is as clearly cut as that of a handsome woman: his brows shade a pair of deep, sombre eyes, with nothing whatever murderous in their glance. His thin lips are shaded by a broad black moustache. His massive chin, his square jaw, give evidence of strength of will and character. His mighty chest was sheathed in a silver jacket of mail, the front of which was very elaborately ornamented. This bit of mediæval splendor, of which most of the Montenegrin chiefs are very fond, must have cost Peko a pretty penny. To describe his weapons would be merely to

puzzle the reader: suffice it to say that in his girdle he wore nearly a dozen small-arms, and that on the march he invariably carries a rifle, which he uses unerringly. Peko has all the besitting qualities of a chief save education: he is ignorant, and the vöivoda, although less versed than Peko in the science of mountain-warfare, has frequently saved him from blunders into which he would have rushed, compromising the whole insurrection in the eyes of neighboring nations. When the vöivoda first came from Belgrade to the Herzegovina to start the rebellion against the Turks, Peko was sent out by the prince of Montenegro to check him, and to warn him that the time was not yet. Peko met Ljubibratic, and told him his mission, but the vöivoda would not listen to persuasion. Upon this Peko seized Ljubibratic, had him bound hand and foot and conveyed to the frontier, and he went to see that the orders were obeyed. But on the way to the Austrian border Ljubibratic succeeded in persuading Peko that the insurrection in the Herzegovina was ripe and should be begun, and that the prince of Montenegro ought to be prevailed upon to aid it, at least tacitly. Peko at once ordered the vöivoda's bands to be unloosed, returned with him to a camp, joined the insurgents, and acknowledged his late prisoner as his commander-in-chief. Since that time he had implicitly followed the lead of the vöivoda in general matters, venturing only now and then to differ in regard to the conduct of an expedition or the treatment of a captured enemy.

Peko is still a force in the Herzegovina against the Turks. He rushes down from the mountains with a little band and annihilates a convoy, beheads an aga or a bey or throws half a dozen soldiers over a precipice before the astonished Moslems can say a prayer. He kills with frenzy, but behind all his apparent barbarity there is a fixed motive. He is one of the most forcible human expressions of the four-hundred-year period of hate of the Montenegrin for the Turk that I have ever seen. He has given his whole body and soul to the task of driv-



ing the Moslems from the countries which they have so long oppressed, and he will labor mercilessly to that end until his dying day.

Peko and his fellow-chiefs, Herzegovinian and Montenegrin, greeted us kindly. Luca Petcovic, one of the most noted of the elder chieftains, was absent, but there were others whose scars and the renown of whose exploits entitled them to notice, who wandered with us about the camp explaining through the joyous and willing Tomo everything which we did not understand. As it was not thought wise to attempt an explanation of the mission of journalists to the common soldiers, we were introduced to the group as gentlemen who had come to inspect the "Italian squadron," which was proving itself a most efficient aid to the insurrection; and under these borrowed colors we succeeded in obtaining a cordial welcome from every one. The warriors left off their whining, monotonous chants as we approached, and rose to greet us courteously. Two men were despatched to a spring which was a long distance from the camp for water, which they transport in these mountain-regions in pig skins, as they do also in Spain; and two or three other stout fellows, having slaughtered a sheep and dressed it, spitted the animal on an old sabre, and were soon roasting it whole before a cheerful fire. Having no longer any legs to stand on, we sank down, a tired and demoralized group, upon some rocks near the hut in which the Italians were quartered, and watched the warriors as they came and went, or as they stood indolently smoking their long pipes and listening in a half-suspicious, half-amused manner to the jargon of English, French and Italian which echoed from our party.

Noble men physically, these warriors, the best products of the Herzegovina; yet men so abased by centuries of oppression that they were hopelessly ignorant, and were bringing up their children in ignorance. Shapely, cleanly men, of fine instincts, one would say; no low cunning in their faces; not men to knock a traveler on the head like a Sicilian or Corsican mountaineer, but men who need-

ed only a chance at development to improve it. They had sent all their wives and children over the Austrian border, where they would be safe from the murderous vengeance of the Turks and of those fanatical Slaves who long ago renounced the Christian religion for Mohammedanism; and they felt free to fight. My heart went out to these downtrodden, misunderstood "rayahs"—these men who might at any time be hampered in their struggles for freedom by the intrigues of greater nations near them—these men who followed so willingly and obeyed so implicitly their vöivoda, and who looked upon him as a demigod.

Not a house in this village-camp of Grebzi had a chimney: the two or three hovels into which we ventured were so filled with smoke from the fires on the hearths that we were compelled to retreat. The furniture was of the simplest description. There were no beds, but low stone couches, like those one sees in houses in Pompeii: on these straw and blankets were spread. Chairs, tables and such luxuries evidently had never been heard of at Grebzi. It was a miserable little village, forlorn in the crags. Before the women and children, who cultivate the fields, had fled, it might have been just tolerable to look at; but even then it must have appeared barbarous. We were lodged that night in a house which, as the vöivoda assured us with a smile, was once the home of a wealthy farmer. It consisted of three rooms under one thatched roof. Two of the rooms were perhaps half a story higher than the third, and in those we slept. The inner one resembled a cellar; its floor of stone was littered with straw; light was admitted through two small apertures in an immensely thick wall, and the door was scarcely high enough to admit any one of us. In the outer room a fire smouldered on the hearth, and the smoke wandered into every corner. A few wooden bowls, trenchers, one or two rude knives, an iron wash-basin, and a camp-stool made in Ragusa, were the only articles of furniture we could discover. These had contented the wealthy farmer all his life, Tomo said with a grin as he

arranged our sleeping-room : why should we ask for more ?

Before we retired to this abode of luxury the chiefs came in friendliest fashion to see us partake of the supper which had been prepared for us. I was much amused at the manner in which the men who were delegated to serve us managed their apologies for a lack of numerous necessary articles, such as salt, bread, etc. Each of them would approach the voivoda respectfully and demand permission to whisper in his ear. He would then very privately communicate his intelligence to the voivoda, who in his turn would inform us that there was no salt or bread to be had. Thereupon, our cooks, with a bow to us, would withdraw with a contented air, as a good housewife does in America after she has maligned her own cookery in the presence of her guests, and given a hundred reasons why it is worse than usual.

We were too weary to eat much, but we drank refreshing draughts of the cool water, and made our way speedily to the cellar-room, where we lay down upon the straw, with Tomo as guard in front of the door stretched out with his head in the smoke. The arrival of a Turkish battalion could hardly have succeeded in awakening us, and the innumerable wood-lice and bugs native to the locality only did it once.

It was dawn at three o'clock : Tomo, building the fire, aroused us. In a few minutes he brought us cups of hot, fragrant coffee, made in the Turkish fashion. We seemed endowed with new strength : our fatigues of yesterday were forgotten. The cool air rushing in through the stone aperture which served for a window was inspiring. In an hour more the camp was astir. Warriors who had sung persistently until the small hours appeared fresh and prepared for war. We went down into the streets or lanes, and soon met the voivoda walking leisurely to and fro, with his hands clasped behind him. "The council of war is called for six o'clock," he said, "and you must see it. Only, pray do not come too near to it, as some chief might fancy his sense of dignity offended."

We promised, and at six, as the hills all around resounded to the pipes of the shepherds who were leading their flocks of goats to their favorite pasturage, we climbed to a little eminence where grew some grass and a few stunted trees. There a dozen chiefs were seated in a circle, with the voivoda in the centre. Their gravity was as stern and unrelenting as that of our Indians. Most of the men were smoking, but the Herzegovinian rarely lays aside his pipe save when he sleeps or fights. It is second nature to him to smoke. The Montenegrin chiefs had bestowed some little attention upon their toilettes : upon the breasts of Peko and one or two of his companions Russian medals glittered. The sun's rays threw a halo around the picturesque little group, and for a moment the sheen of the weapons worn by all was dazzling. The voivoda, in his green tunic and with his fine head bared to the morning breeze, was a noble figure. Each chief, as he delivered his opinion, stood up in the middle of the circle and spoke in low, solemn tones, sometimes gravely gesticulating with his pipe. Only one or two of the men showed signs of anger or excitement, and that was when they pointed to the mountain-ridge beyond which the Turks were encamped in their fortresses.

The twenty-five hundred insurgents were busy polishing their arms, preparing their coffee—which appeared to be the only breakfast that they took—and singing, or rather crooning, their monotonous melodies. A small party was detailed to cross the Austrian frontier and descend to the town of Ragusa for the bread furnished by an "insurrectionary committee" composed of sympathetic Slaves, whose breach of neutrality was winked at by the Austrian government. Toward seven o'clock the sentries who had been watching all night on the peaks round about the camp came in weary and famished with hunger, and reported that they had left others in their places. As soon as the council broke up, hundreds of men pressed about the chiefs, anxious to learn their decision ; and a joyous shout, which would not have been

at all relished by the Turks had they heard it, announced that another march and an offensive movement had been resolved upon.

Then came the gathering of the companies. There was no pretence at a formal review: the nature of the ground would not have permitted it, and the men were hardly well enough disciplined for it. They needed no training: they followed their leaders blindly, and fought desperately, in the Herzegovinian fashion, from behind the rocks and ledges as long as their ammunition lasted, and then they retreated. The vöivoda passed from group to group of the insurgents, talking cheerfully and familiarly with all: then he dismissed them with a wave of his hands, and turned to us, saying, "These men will march all through to-night, fight all day to-morrow; clamber among the rocks for hours after the battle, and will go without food and water for twenty-four hours at a time. If they but had modern guns and plenty of ammunition!"

The testimony of a young French officer who had joined the insurgent forces, and who was proving a very efficient aid to the vöivoda, was that these men fought well, and even with skill, seeming by instinct to understand many things in warfare which men of other countries must learn. Every one of them had registered a solemn vow that he would never quit the field until the Turks were driven from the Herzegovina or he were dead; and all have kept their word. The insurrection has become a war; the vöivoda has unluckily been divested of his command by the tyrannical action of the Austrian government officials, who perhaps feared that the Slaves in Austrian territory might be urged to imprudent intervention in Turkish affairs by the influence of his splendid example; but neither Peko nor any of the other chiefs, nor any humblest Herzegovinian, will ever forget that to the vöivoda Ljubibratic, the leader and master, was the

first great movement for freedom in the Herzegovina due.

Noon came, and the insurgents prepared to break camp. We set out upon our return journey. The vöivoda gave us an escort, and himself accompanied us to a point near the frontier. Leaning against a huge rock, he talked for an hour in his grave, stern way of his hopes, his fears, his ambitions. For merciless war to the Turk he was fully inclined: he felt that he had men enough, but no proper arms and but little moral support from the outside world. "We shall make no concessions," he said simply, "and we will never lay down our arms." I am glad to note that the veteran Peko has carried out these principles to the letter.

Ljubibratic looked heroic as he stood with his arms folded across his massive chest, and with his figure braced against the boulder which rose gigantic, casting a shadow over us all as we gazed upon him. It was by no means an agreeable task for a man of his culture and breeding to go back to daily association with, and constant peril among, the rough men in the camp behind him—to the petty dissensions of the chiefs and the squalid huts on the rocky hills—but he never wavered for an instant before that which he conceived to be his duty. It was evident that the men felt lost without his constant presence, for he had not been with us long before little squads followed him from the village and tried in a hundred ways to attract his attention. When his hour's talk was finished he saluted our whole party with that dignified and friendly kiss upon both cheeks which is so universal a form of salutation in Serbia and in many of the adjacent provinces. We bade him good-bye, and fell to scrambling Ragusa-ward over the rocks. At a descent in the path we turned, and saw him still standing with his eyes fixed upon us. He waved his hand: we responded with shouts, then descended into the valley, and saw him no more.

EDWARD KING.

## LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, June 3, 1876.

DUST and the bazaar! These are the topics of the month. Perhaps I ought to put the bazaar first, for it is past and over, to the intense thankfulness of everybody, buyers and sellers included, whereas the dust abides with us for ever, and increases in volume and density and restlessness more and more. It certainly seems to me a severe penalty to pay for these three months of fine and agreeable weather to have no milk, hardly any butter, very little water, and to be smothered by dust into the bargain. But still, here is a little bit of bracing, healthy weather, and far be it from me to depreciate it. We enjoy every moment of it, and congratulate each other upon it, and boast once more to new-comers that we possess "the finest climate in the world." This remark died out in the summer, but is again to be heard on all sides; and I am not strong-minded enough to take up lance and casque and tilt against it. Besides which, it would really be very pleasant if only the tanks were not dry, the cows giving but a teacupful of milk a day for want of grass, whilst butter is half a crown a pound, and of a rancid cheesiness trying to the consumer. Still, the weather is bright and sunny and fresh all day—too hot, indeed, in the sun, and generally bitterly cold in the evening and night. About once a week, however, we have a burning hot wind, and are obliged still to keep our summer clothes close at hand. The rapidity with which cold succeeds this hot wind is hardly to be believed. Our "season" is just over. It lasts as nearly as possible one week, and all the gayety and festivity of the year is crowded into it. During this time of revelry I drove down the hill to a garden-party one sunny afternoon, and found a muslin scarf absolutely unbearable, so intensely hot was the air. That was about three o'clock, and by five I was driving home in the darkening twilight, dusty as a mill-

er and shivering in a seal-skin jacket. It is no wonder that most of us, Kafirs and all, have fearful colds and coughs, or that croup is both common and dangerous among the little ones. Still, we must never lose sight of the fact that it is "the finest climate in the world," and exceptionally favorable, or so they say, to consumptive patients.

I am more thankful than words can express that we live out of the town, though the pretty green slopes around are sere and yellow now, with here and there patches of black where the fires rage night and day among the tall grass. About this season prudent people burn strips around their fences and trees to check any vagrant fire, for there is so little timber that the few green trees are precious things, not to be shriveled up in an hour by fast-traveling flames for want of precautions. The spruits or brooks run low in their beds, the ditches are dry, the wells have only a bucketful of muddy water and a good many frogs in them, and the tanks are failing one after another. Yet this is only the beginning of winter, and I am told that I don't yet know what dust and drought mean. I begin to think affectionately of those nice heavy thunder-showers every evening, and to long to see again the familiar bank of cloud peeping up over that high hill to the west, precursor of a deluge. Well! well! there is no satisfying some people. I am ready to swallow my share of dust as uncomplainingly as may be, but I confess to horrible anxiety as to what we are all to do for milk for the babies presently. Every two or three days I get a polite note from whoever is supplying me with milk to say they are extremely sorry to state they shall be obliged to discontinue doing so, as their cows don't give a pint a day amongst them all. The little which is to be had is naturally enormously dear. F—— steadily declines to buy a cow, be-

cause he says he knows it will be just like all the rest, but I think if only I had a cow I should contrive to find food for it somewhere. I see those horrid tins of preserved milk drawing nearer and nearer day by day.

It is very wrong to pass over our great bazaar with so little notice. I dare say you who read this think that you know something about bazaars, but I assure you you do not—not about such a bazaar as this, at all events. We have been preparing for it, working for it, worrying for it, advertising it, building it, decorating it, and generally slaving at it for a year and more. When I arrived the first words I heard were about the bazaar. When I tried to get some one to help me with my stall, I was laughed at: all the young ladies in the place had been secured months before as saleswomen. I don't know what I should have done if a very charming lady had not arrived soon after I did. No sooner had she set foot on shore than I rushed at her and snapped her up before any one else knew that she had come, for I was quite desperate, and felt it was my only chance. However, luck was on my side, and my fair A. D. C. made up in energy and devotion to the cause for half a dozen less enthusiastic assistants. All this time I have never told you what the bazaar was for, or why we all threw ourselves into it with so much ardor. It was for the Natal Literary Society, which has been in existence some little time, struggling to form the nucleus of a public library and reading-room, giving lectures and so forth to provide some sort of elevating and refining influences for the more thoughtful among the Maritzburgians. It has been very up-hill work, and there is no doubt that the promoters and supporters deserve a good deal of credit. They had met with the usual fate of such pioneers of progress: they had been overwhelmed with prophecies of all kinds of disaster, but they can turn the tables now on their tormentors. The building did *not* take fire, nor was it robbed; there were no riots; all the boxes arrived in time; everybody was in the sweetest temper; no one died for want of fresh air (these

were among the most encouraging prognostics); and last, not least, after paying all expenses two thousand guineas stand at the bank to the credit of the society. I must say I was astonished at the financial result, but delighted too, for it is an excellent undertaking, and one in which I feel the warmest interest. It will be an immense boon to the public, and cannot fail to elevate the tone of thought and feeling in the town. This sum, large as it is for our slender resources, will only barely build a place suitable for a library and reading-room, and the nucleus of a museum. We want gifts of books and maps and prints, and nice things of all kinds; and I only wish any one who reads these lines, and could help us in this way, would kindly do so, for it will be a long time before we can buy such things for ourselves, and yet they are indispensable to the carrying out of the scheme.

Everybody from far and near came to the bazaar and bought liberally. The things provided were selected with a view to the wants of a community which has not a large margin for luxuries, and although they were very pretty, there was a strong element of practical usefulness in everything. It must have been a perfect carnival for the little ones. Such blowing of whistles and trumpets, such beating of drums and tossing of gay balls in the air, as were to be seen all around! Little girls walked about hugging newly-acquired dolls with an air of bewildered maternal happiness, whilst on every side you heard boys comparing notes as to the prices of cricket-bats (for your true colonial boy has always a keen sense of the value of money) or the merits of carpenters' tools. A wheelwright gave half a dozen exquisitely-finished wheelbarrows to the bazaar, made of the woods of the colony, and useful as well as exceedingly pretty. The price was high, but I shut my economical eyes tight and bought one, to the joy and delight of the boys, big and little. There were heaps of similar things, besides contributions from London and Paris, from Italy and Austria, from India and Australia, to say nothing of Kafir weapons



and wooden utensils, of live-stock, vegetables and flowers. Everybody responded to our entreaties, and helped us liberally and kindly; and this is the result with which we are all immensely delighted.

Some of our best customers were funny old Dutchmen from far up country, who had come down to the races and the agricultural show, which were all going on at the same time. They bought recklessly the most astounding things, but wisely made it a condition of purchase that they should not be required to take away the goods. In fact, they hit upon the expedient of presenting to one stall what they bought at another; and one worthy, who looked for all the world as if he had sat for his portrait in dear old Geoffrey Crayon's *Sketch-books*, brought us at our stall a large wax doll dressed as a bride, and implored us to accept it, and so rid him of its companionship. An immense glass vase was bestowed on us in a similar fashion later on in the evening, and at last we quite came to hail the sight of those huge beaver hats with their broad brims and peaked crowns as an omen of good fortune. But what I most wanted to see all the time were the heroes of the rocket practice. You do not know perhaps that delicious and veritable South African story; so I must tell it to you, only you ought to see my dear boers or emigrant farmers to appreciate it thoroughly.

A little time ago the dwellers in a certain small settlement far away on the frontier took alarm at the threatening attitude of their black neighbors. I need not go into the rights—or rather the wrongs—of the story here, but skip all preliminary details and start fair one fine morning when a *commando* was about to march. Now, a *commando* means a small expedition armed to the teeth, which sets forth to do as much retaliatory mischief as it can. It had occurred to the chiefs of this warlike force that a rocket apparatus would be a very fine thing, and likely to strike awe into savage tribes, and so would a small, light cannon. The necessary funds were forthcoming, and some kind friend in Eng-

land sent them out a beautiful little rocket-tube, all complete, and the most knowing and destructive of light field-pieces. They reached their destination in the very nick of time—the eve, in fact, of the departure of this valiant *commando*. It was deemed advisable to make trial of these new weapons before starting, and an order was issued for the *commando* to assemble a little earlier in the market-square and learn to handle their artillery pieces before marching. Not only did the militia assemble, but all the townsfolk, men, women and children, and clustered like bees round the rocket-tube, which had been placed near the powder magazine, so as to be handy to the ammunition. The first difficulty consisted in finding anybody who had ever seen a cannon before: as for a rocket-tube, that was indeed a new invention. The most careful search only succeeded in producing a boer who had many, many years ago made a voyage in an old tea-ship which carried a couple of small guns for firing signals, etc. This valiant artilleryman was at once elected commander-in-chief of the rocket-tube and the little cannon, whilst everybody stood by to see some smart practice. The tube was duly hung on its tripod, and the reluctant fellow-passenger of the two old cannon proceeded to load, and attempted to fire it. The loading was comparatively easy, but the firing! I only wish I understood the technical terms of rocket-firing, but, although they have been minutely explained to me half a dozen times, I don't feel strong enough on the subject to venture to use them. The results were, that some connecting cord or other having been severed contrary to the method generally pursued by experts in letting off a rocket, *half* of the projectile took fire, could not escape from the tube on account of the other half blocking up the passage, and there was an awful internal commotion instead of an explosion. The tripod gyrated rapidly, the whizzing and fizzing became more pronounced every moment, and at last, with a wish and a bang, out rushed the ill-treated and imprisoned rocket. But there was no clear space for it. It

ricochetted among the trees, zigzagging here and there, opening out a line for itself with lightning speed among the terrified and flustered crowd. There seemed no end to the progress of that blazing stick. A wild cry arose, "The powder magazine!" but before the stick could reach so far, it brought up all standing in a wagon, and made one final leap among the oxen, killing two of them and breaking the leg of a third. This was an unfortunate beginning for the new captain, but he excused himself on the ground that, after all, rockets were not guns: with those he was perfectly familiar, having smoked his pipe often and often on board the tea-ship long ago with those two cannon full in view. Yet the peaceablest cannons have a nasty trick of running back and treading on the toes of the bystanders; and to guard against such well-known habits it seemed advisable to plant the *trail* of this little fellow securely in the ground, so that he must perforce keep steady. "Volunteers to the front with spades!" was the cry, and a good-sized grave was made for the trail of the gun, which was then lightly covered up with earth. There was now no fear in loading him, and instead of one, two charges of powder were carefully rammed home, and two shells put in. There was some hitch also about applying the fuse to this weapon, fuses not having been known on board the tea-ship; but at last something was ignited, and out jumped *one* shell right into the middle of the market-square, and buried itself in the ground. But, alas and alas! the cannon now behaved in a wholly unexpected manner. It turned itself deliberately over on its back, with its muzzle pointing full among the groups of gaping Dutchmen in its rear, its wheels spun round at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and a fearful growling and sputtering could be heard inside it. The recollection of the second shell now obtruded itself vividly on all minds, and caused a furious stampede among the spectators. The fat Dutchmen looked as if they were playing some child's game. One ran behind another, putting his hands on his shoulders, but no soon-

er did any person find himself the first of a file than he shook off the detaining hands of the man behind him and fled to the rear to hold on to his neighbor. However ludicrous this may have looked, it was still very natural with the muzzle of a half-loaded cannon pointing full toward you, and one is thankful to know that with such dangerous weapons around no serious harm was done. If you could only see the fellow-countrymen of these heroes, you would appreciate the story better—their wonderful diversity of height, their equally marvelous diversity of breadth, of garb and equipment. One man will be over six feet high, a giant in form and build, mounted on a splendid saddle fresh from the store, spick and span in all details. His neighbor in the ranks will be five feet nothing, and an absolute circle as to shape: he will have rolled with difficulty on to the back of a gaunt steed, and his horse furniture will consist of two old saddle-flaps sewn together with a strip of bullock-hide, and with a sheepskin thrown over all. You may imagine that a regiment thus turned out would look somewhat droll to the eyes of a martinet in such matters, even without the addition of a cannon lying on its back kicking, or a twirling rocket-tube sputtering and fizzing.

JUNE 7.

Let me see what we have been doing since I last wrote. I have had a Kafir princess to tea with me, and we have killed a snake in the baby's nursery. That is to say, Jack killed the snake. Jack does everything in the house, and is at once the most amiable and the cleverest servant I ever had. Not Zulu Jack. *He* is so deaf, poor boy! he is not of much use except to clean saucepans and wash up pots and pans. He seems to have no sense of smell either, because I have to keep a strict watch over him that he does not introduce a flavor of kerosene oil into everything by his partiality for wiping cups and plates with dirty lamp-cloths instead of his own nice clean dusters. But he is very civil and quiet, leisurely in all he does, and a strict conservative in his notions of work, resenting

the least change of employment. No: the other Jack is a tiny little man, also a Zulu, but he speaks English well, and it is his pride and delight to dress as an English "boy"—that is what he calls it—even to the wearing of agonizingly tight boots on his big feet. Jack learns all I can teach him of cooking with perfect ease, and gives us capital meals. He is the bravest of the establishment, and is always to the fore in a scrimmage, generally dealing the *coup de grace* in all combats with snakes. In this instance my first thought was to call Jack. I had tried to open the nursery-door one sunny midday to see if the baby was still asleep, and could not imagine what it was pressing so hard against the door and preventing my opening it. I determined to see, and lo! round the edge darted the head of a large snake, held well up in air, with the forked tongue out. He must have been trying to get out of the room, but I shut the door in his face and called for Jack, arming myself with my riding-whip. Jack came running up instantly, but declined all offers of walking-sticks from the hall, having no confidence in English sticks, and preferring to trust only to his own light strong staff. Cautiously we opened the door again, but the snake was drawn up in battle-array, coiled in a corner difficult to get at, and with outstretched neck and darting head. Jack advanced boldly, and fenced a little with the creature, pretending to strike it, but when he saw a good moment he dealt one shrewd blow which proved sufficient. Then I suddenly became very courageous (after Jack had cried with a grin of modest pride, "Him dead now, inkosa-casa") and hit him several cuts with my whip, just to show my indignation at his having dared to invade the nursery and to drink up a cup of milk left for the baby. Baby woke up, and was delighted with the scrimmage, being extremely anxious to examine the dead snake, now dangling across Jack's stick. We all went about with fear and suspicion after that for some days, as the rooms all open on to the verandah, and the snakes are very fond of finding a warm, quiet corner to

hibernate in. There is now a strict search instituted into all recesses—into cupboards, behind curtains, and especially into F——'s tall riding-boots—but although several snakes have been seen and killed quite close to the house, I am bound to say this is the only one which has come in-doors. Frogs hop in whenever they can, and frighten us out of our lives by jumping out upon us in the dark, as we always think it is a snake and not a frog which startles us. It requires a certain amount of persuasion and remonstrance now to induce any of us to go into a room first in the dark, and there have been many false alarms and needless shrieks caused by the lash of one of G——'s many whips, or even a boot-lace, getting trodden upon in the dark.

My Kafir princess listened courteously to a highly dramatic narrative of this snake adventure as conveyed to her through the medium of Maria. But then she listened courteously to everything, and was altogether as perfect a specimen of a well-bred young lady as you would wish to see anywhere. Dignified and self-possessed, without the slightest self-assumption or consciousness, with the walk of an empress and the smile of a child, such was Mazikali, a young widow about twenty years of age, whose husband (I can neither spell nor pronounce his name) had been chief of the Putili tribe, whose location is far away to the north-west of us, by Bushman's River, right under the shadow of the great range of the Drakensberg. This tribe came to grief in the late disturbances apropos of Langalibalele, and lost all their cattle, and what Mr. Wemmick would call their "portable property," in some unexplained way. We evidently consider that it was what the Scotch call "our blame," for every year there is a grant of money from our colonial exchequer to purchase this tribe ploughs and hoes, blankets and mealies, and so forth, but whilst the crops are growing it is rather hard times for them, and their pretty chieftainness occasionally comes down to Maritzburg to represent some particular case of suffering or hardship

to their kind friend the minister for native affairs, who is always the man they fly to for help in all their troubles. Poor girl! she is going through an anxious time keeping the clanship open for her only son, a boy five years old, whom she proudly speaks of as "Captain Lucas," but whose real name is Luke.

I was drinking my afternoon tea as usual in the verandah one cold Sunday afternoon lately when Mazikali paid me this visit, so I had a good view of her as she walked up the drive attended by her maid of honor (one of whose duties is to remove stones and other obstructions from her lady's path), and closely followed by about a dozen elderly, grave "ringed" men, who never leave her, and are, as it were, her body-guard. There was something very pretty and pathetic, to any one knowing how a Kafir woman is despised by her lords and masters, in the devotion and anxious care and respect which these tall warriors and councilors paid to this gentle-eyed, grave-faced girl. Their pride and delight in my reception of her were the most touching things in the world. I went to meet her as she walked at the head of her followers with her graceful carriage and queenly gait. She gave me her hand, smiling charmingly, and I led her up the verandah steps and placed her in a large arm-chair, and two or three gentlemen who chanced to be there raised their hats to her. The delight of her people at all this knew no bounds: their keen dusky faces glowed with pride, and they raised their right hands in salutation before sitting down on the edge of the verandah, all facing their mistress, and hardly taking their eyes off her for a moment. Maria came to interpret for us, which she did very prettily, smiling sweetly; but the great success of the affair came from the baby, who toddled round the corner, and seeing this brightly-draped figure in a big chair, threw up his little hand and cried "Bayete!" It was quite a happy thought, and was rapturously received by the indunas with loud shouts of "Inkosi! inkosi!" whilst even the princess looked pleased in her composed manner. I offered her some

tea, which she took without milk, man-aging her cup and saucer, and even spoon, as if she had been used to it all her life, though I confess to a slight feeling of nervousness, remembering the brittle nature of china as compared to calabashes or to Kafir wooden bowls. F— gave each of her retinue a cigar, which they immediately crumbled up and took in the form of snuff with many grateful grunts of satisfaction.

Now, there is nothing in the world which palls so soon as compliments, and our conversation, being chiefly of this nature, began to languish dreadfully. Maria had conveyed to the princess several times my pleasure in receiving her, and my hope that she and her people would get over this difficult time and prosper everlastingly. To this the princess had answered that her heart rejoiced at having had its own way, and directed her up the hill which led to my house, and that even after she had descended the path again, it would eternally remember the white lady. This was indeed a figure of speech, for by dint of living in the verandah, rushing out after the children, and my generally gypsy habits, Mazikali is not very much darker than I am. All this time the little maid of honor had sat shivering close by, munching a large slice of cake and staring with her big eyes at my English nurse. She now broke silence by a fearfully distinct inquiry as to whether that other white woman was not a secondary or subsidiary wife. This question set Maria off into such fits of laughter, and covered poor little Nanna with so much confusion, that as a diversion I brought forward my gifts to the princess, consisting of a large crystal cross and a pair of ear-rings. The reason I gave her these ornaments was because I heard she had parted with everything of that sort she possessed in the world to relieve the distresses of her people. The cross hung upon a bright ribbon which I tied round her throat. All her followers sprang to their feet, waved their sticks and cried, "Hail to the chieftainess!" But, alas! there was a professional beggar attached to the party, who evidently considered

the opportunity as too good to be lost, and drew Maria aside, suggesting that as the white lady was evidently enormously rich and very foolish, it would be as well to mention that the princess had only skins of wild beasts to wear (she had on a petticoat or kilt of lynx-skins, and her shoulders were wrapped in a gay striped blanket, which fell in graceful folds nearly to her feet), and suffered horribly from cold. He added that there never was such a tiresome girl, for she never *would* ask for anything; and how was she to get it without? Besides which, if she had such a dislike to asking for herself, she surely might speak about things for them: an old coat, now, or a hat, would be highly acceptable to himself, and so would a little money. But Mazikali turned quite fiercely on him, ordering him to hold his tongue, and demanding if that was the way to receive kindness, by asking for more?

The beggar's remark, however, had the effect of drawing my attention to the princess's scanty garb. I have said it was a bitterly cold evening, and so the maid of honor pronounced it, shivering; so Nurse and I went to our boxes and had a good hunt, returning with a warm knitted petticoat, a shawl and two sets of flannel bathing-dresses. One was perfectly new, of crimson flannel trimmed with a profusion of white braid. Of course this was for the princess, and she and her maiden retired to Maria's room and equipped themselves, finding much difficulty, however, in getting into the bathing-suits, and marveling much at the perplexing fashion in which white women made their clothes. The maid of honor was careful to hang her solitary decorations, two small round bits of looking-glass, outside her skeleton suit of blue serge, and we found her an old woolen table-cover which she arranged into graceful shawl-folds with one clever twist of her skinny little arm. Just as they turned to leave the room, Maria told me, this damsel said, "Now, ma'am, if we only had a little red earth to color our foreheads, and a few brass rings, we should look very nice;" but the princess rejoined, "Whatever you do, don't ask

for anything;" which, I must say, I thought very nice. So I led her back again to her watchful followers, who hailed her improved appearance with loud shouts of delight. She then took her leave with many simple and graceful protestations of gratitude, but I confess it gave me a pang when she said with a sigh, "Ah, if all white inkosa-casas were like you, and kind to us Kafir-women!" I could not help thinking how little I had really done, and how much more we might all do.

I must mention that, by way of amusing Mazikali, I had shown her some large photographs of the queen and the royal family, explaining to her very carefully who they all were. She looked very attentively at Her Majesty's portrait, and then held it up to her followers, who rose of their own accord and saluted it with the royal greeting of "Bayete!" and as Mazikali laid it down again she remarked pensively, "I am very glad the great white chieftainness has such a kind face. I should not be at all afraid of going to tell her any of my troubles: I am sure she is a kind and good lady." Mazikali herself admired the princess of Wales' portrait immensely, and gazed at it for a long time, but I am sorry to say her followers persisted in declaring it was *only* a very pretty girl, and reserved all their grunts and shouts of respectful admiration for a portrait of the duke of Cambridge in full uniform. "Oh! the great fighting inkosi! Look at his sword and the feathers in that beautiful hat! How the hearts of his foes must melt away before his terrible and splendid face!" But indeed on each portrait they had some shrewd remark to make, tracing family likenesses with great quickness, and asking minute questions about relationship, succession, etc. They took a special interest in hearing about the prince of Wales going to India, and immediately wished His Royal Highness would come here and shoot buffalo and harte-beeste.

JUNE 15.

We had such a nice Cockney family picnic ten days ago, on Whit-Monday! F—— had been bewailing himself about



this holiday beforehand, declaring he should not know what to do with himself, and regretting that holidays had ever been invented, and so on, until I felt that it was absolutely necessary to provide him with some out-door occupation for the day. There was no anxiety about the weather, for it is only too "set fair" all round, and the water shrinks away and the dust increases upon us day by day. But there was an anxiety about where to go and how to get to any place. "Such a bad road!" was the objection raised to every place I proposed, or else it was voted too far. At last all difficulties were met by a suggestion of spending a "happy day" at the falls of the lower Umgeni, only a dozen miles away, and the use of the mule-wagon. Everything was propitious, even to the materials for a cold dinner being handy, and we bundled in ever so many boys, Nurse and myself, and Maria in her brightest cotton frock and literally beaming with smiles, which every now and then broke out into a joyous, childish laugh of pure delight at nothing at all. *She* came to carry the baby, who loves her better than any one, and who understands Kafir better than English. The great thing was, that everybody had the companions they liked: as I have said, Baby had his Maria, F— had secured a pleasant friend to ride with him, so as to be independent of the wagon, G— had his two favorite little schoolfellows, and I—well, I had the luncheon-basket, and that was quite enough for me to think of. I kept remembering spasmodically divers omissions made in the hurry of packing it up; for, like all pleasant parties, it was quite *à l'imprévu*, and that made me rather anxious. It was really a delicious morning, sunny and yet cool, with everything around looking bright and glowing under the beautiful light. The near hills seemed to fold the little quiet town in soft round curves melting and blending into each other, whilst the ever-rising and more distant outlines showed exquisite indigo shadows and bold relief of purple and brown. The greenery of spring and summer is all parched and dried away now, but the red African soil takes in

the distance warm hues and tints which make up for the delicate coloring of young grass. Here and there, as it glows beneath the sun and a slow-sailing cloud casts a shadow, it changes from its own rich indescribable color to the purple of a heather-covered Scotch moor, but while one looks the cloud has passed away, the violet tints die out, and it is again a bare red hillside which lies before you. A steep hillside, too, for the poor mules, but they breast it bravely at a jog trot, with their jangling bells and patient bowed heads, and we are soon at the top, looking down on the clouds of our own dust. The wind—or rather the soft air, for it is hardly a wind—blows straight in our faces as we trot on toward the south-west, and it drives the mass of finely-powdered dust raised by the heels of the six mules far behind us, to our great contentment and comfort. The two gentlemen on horseback are fain to keep clear of us and our dust, and to take a short cut whenever they can get off the highroad, which in this case and at this time of year is really a very good one. Inside the wagon, under the high hood, it is deliciously cool, but the boys are in such tearing spirits that I don't know what to do with them. Every now and then, when we are going up hill, they jump out of the wagon and search the hillside for a yellow flower, a sort of everlasting, out of the petals of which they extemporize shrill whistles; and when their invention in this line falls short, Maria steps in with a fresh suggestion. They make fearful pipes of reeds, they chirp like the grasshoppers, they all chatter and laugh together like so many magpies. When I am quite at my wits' end I produce buns, and these keep them quiet for full five minutes, but not longer.

At last, after two hours' steady up-hill pulling on the part of the mules, we have reached the great plateau from which the Umgeni takes its second leap, the first being at Howick. There, the sight of the great river rolling wide and swift between its high banks keeps the boys quiet with surprise and delight for a short space, and before they have found their tongues again the wagon has noisily crossed a re-

sounding wooden bridge and drawn up at the door of an inn. Here the mules find rest and shelter, as well as their Hottentot drivers, whilst we are only beginning our day's work. As for the boys, their whole souls are absorbed in their fishing-rods: they grudge the idea of wasting time in eating dinner, and stipulate earnestly that they may be allowed to "eat fast." We find and charter a couple of tall Kafirs to carry the provision-baskets; F—— and his companion take careful and tender charge each of a bottle of beer; Maria shoulders the baby; I cling to my little teapot; Nurse seizes a bottle of milk, and away we all go down the dusty road again, over the bridge (the boys don't want to go a yard farther, for they see some Kafirs fishing below), across a burnt-up meadow, through scrub of terrible thorniness, and so on, guided by the rush and roar of the falling water, to our dining-room among the great boulders beneath the shade of the chief cascade. Unlike the one grand, concentrated leap of the river we saw at Howick, *here* it tumbles in a dozen places over a wide semicircular ledge of basalt. It is no joke to any one except the boys—who seem to enjoy tumbling about and grazing their elbows and chins—getting over the wet, slippery rocks which have to be crossed to get to the place we want. I tremble for the milk and the beer, and the teapot and I slip down repeatedly, but I am under no apprehension about Maria and the baby, for she plants her broad, big, bare feet firmly on the rocks, and steps over their wet, slippery surface with the ease and grace of a stout gazelle. Once, and once only, is she in danger, but it is because she is laughing so immoderately at the baby's suggestion, made in lisping Kafir when he first caught sight of the waterfall, that we should all have a bath there and then.

The falls are not in their fullest splendor to-day, for this is the dry season, and even the great Umgeni acknowledges the drain of burning sunshine day after day, and is rather more economical in her display of tumbling water and iridescent spray. Still, all is very beautiful, and in

spite of our hunger—for we are all well-nigh ravenous—we climb various rocks of vantage to see the fine semicircle of cascades gleaming white among tufts of green scrub and massive boulders. In the wet season, of course, much that we see now of rock and tree is hidden by the greater volume of water, but they add greatly to the sylvan beauty of the fair scene. It is quite cold in the shade, but we have no choice, for where the sun shines invitingly there is not a foot of level rock and not an inch of soft white sand like the floor of our dining-room. Such an indignant twitter as the birds raise, hardly to be pacified by crumbs and scraps of the rapidly-vanishing bread and meat, salad and pudding! But the days are so short now that we cannot spare ourselves half the time we want either to eat or rest, or to linger and listen to the great monotonous roar of falling water, so agitating at first, so soothing after a little while. The boys have bolted their dinner, plunged their heads and hands under a tiny tricklet close by, and are off to the shallows beneath the bridge, where the river runs wide and low, where geese are cackling on the boulders, fish leaping in the pools, and Kafir lads laughing and splashing on the brink. We leave Baby and his nurse in charge of the birds' dinner until the men return for the lightened baskets, and we three "grown-ups" start for a sharp scramble up the face of the cliff, over the bed of a dry watercourse, to look at the wonderful expanse of the great river coming down from the purple hills on the horizon, sweeping across the vast, almost level, plain in a magnificent tranquil curve, wide as an inland lake, until it falls abruptly over the precipice before it. Scarcely a ripple on the calm surface, scarcely a quickening of its steady, tranquil flow, and yet it has gone, dropped clean out of sight, and that monotonous roar is the noise of its fall. I should like to see it in summer, when its stately progress is quickened and its limpid waters stained by the overflow of countless lesser streams into its broad bosom, and when its banks are fringed with tufts of tall white arum lilies—now

only green folded leaves, shrunken as close to the water's edge as they can get—and when the carpet of violets beneath our feet is a sheet of blossom flecked with gayer flowers all over this great spreading veldt. To-day the wish of my heart, of all our hearts, is for a canoe apiece. Oh for the days of fairy thievery, to be able to swoop down upon Mr. Searle's yard and snatch up three perfect little canoes, paddles, sails, waterproof aprons and all, and put them down over there by that clump of lilies and crimson bushes! What a race we could have for clear eight miles up that shining reach, between banks which are never nearer than sixty or seventy feet to each other, and where the river is as smooth as glass, and free from let or hindrance to a canoe for all that distance! But, alas! there are neither roguish fairies nor stolen canoes to be seen—nothing except one's rough-and-ready fishing-rod and the everlasting mealie-meal worked into a paste for bait. We are too impatient to give it a fair trial, although the fish are leaping all around, for already the sun is traveling fast toward those high western hills, and when once he gets behind the tallest of the peaks darkness will be upon us in five minutes. We should be much more careful of our minutes even, did there not chance to be an early moon, already a silver disk in yonder bright blue sky. The homeward path is longer and easier, and leads us more circuitously back to the bridge, beneath which I am horrified to find G—— and his friends, their fishing-rods and one small fish on the bank, disporting themselves in the water, with nothing on save their hats. G—— is not at all dismayed at my shrill reproaches to him from the high bridge above, but suggests that I should throw him down my pocket handkerchief for a towel, and promises to dress and come up to the house directly. So I, with the thoughts of my tea in my mind—for we have not been able to have a fire at the falls—hurry up to the inn, and have time for a look round before the boys are ready. It is all so odd—such a strange jumble, such a thorough example of the queer upside-down fashion of colonizing

which reigns here—that I cannot help describing it. A fairly good, straggling house with sufficiently good furniture, and plenty of it, and an apparent abundance of good glass and crockery. A sort of bar also, with substantial array of bottles and tins of biscuits and preserved meats and pickles of all sorts and kinds. But what I want you to bear in mind is, that all this came from England, and has finally been brought up here, nearly seventy miles from the coast, at an enormous trouble and expense. There are several young white people about the place, but a person of that class in Natal is too fine to work, and in five minutes I hear fifty complaints of want of labor and of the idleness of the Kafirs. There is no garden, no poultry-yard, no dairy. Here, with the means of irrigation at their very doors, with the possibility of food for cattle all the year round at the cost of a little personal trouble, there is neither a drop of milk nor an ounce of butter to be had. Nor an egg: "The fowls don't do so very well." I should think not, with such accommodation as they have in the way of water and food. For more than twenty years that house has stood there, a generation has grown up around it and in it, and yet it might as well have been built last year for all the signs of a homestead about it. There is somewhere a mealie-patch, and perhaps a few acres of green forage, and that is all. Now, in Australia or New Zealand, in a more rigorous climate, under far greater disadvantages, the dwellers in that house would have had farmyard and grain-fields, garden and poultry-yard, about them in five years, and all the necessary labor would have been performed by the master and mistress and their sons and daughters. Here they all sit in-doors, listless and discontented, grumbling because the Kafirs won't come and work for them. I can't make it out, and I confess I long to give all this sort of colonists a good shaking, and take away every single Kafir from them. I am sure they would get on a thousand times better. The only thing is, it is too late to shake energy and thrift into elderly or already

grown-up people. They get on very well as it is, they say, and make money, which is all they care for, having no pride in neatness or order, and setting no value on the good opinion of others. They can sell their beer and pickles and tins of meat and milk at double and treble what they cost; and that is less fatiguing than digging and fencing and churning. So the tea has no milk and the bread no butter where twenty years ago cows were somewhere about five shillings apiece, and we get on as well as we can without them; but I long, up to the very last, to shake them all round, especially the fat, pallid young people. Fortunately for Her Majesty's peace, I refrain from this expression of my opinion, and get myself and all my boys into the mule-wagon, and so off again, jogging homeward before the sun has dipped behind that great blue hill. Long ere we have gone halfway the daylight has all died away, and the boys find fresh cause for shouts of delight at the fantastic shadows the moon casts as she glides in and out of her cloud-palaces.

It would have been an enchanting drive home, wrapped up to the chin as we all were, except for the dust. What air there was came from behind us, from the same point as it had blown in the morning, but now we carried the dust along with us, and were powdered snow-white by it. Every hundred yards or so the drivers put on the brake and whistled to the

mules to stop. They did not mind losing sight altogether of the leaders in a dense cloud of dust, nor even of the next pair, but when the wheelers were completely blotted out by the thick stirred-up mass of fine dust, then they thought it high time to pause and let it blow past us. But all this stopping made the return journey rather long and tedious, and all the curly little heads were nodding on our shoulders, only rousing up with a flicker of the day's animation when we came to where a grass-fire was sweeping over the veldt, and our road a dusty but wide and safe barrier against the sheets of crackling flame. All along the horizon these blazing belts showed brightly against the deep twilight sky, sometimes racing up the hills, again lighting up the valleys with yellow belt and circle of smoke and fire, but everywhere weird and picturesque beyond the power of words to tell.

I noticed during that drive what I have so often observed out here before—the curious layers of cold air. Sometimes we felt our wraps quite oppressive: generally, this was when we were at the top of a hill, or even climbing up it: then, when we were crossing a valley or a narrow ravine, we seemed to drive into an ice-cold region where we shivered beneath our furs; and then again in five minutes the air would once more be soft and balmy—crisp and bracing indeed, but many degrees warmer than those narrow arctic belts here and there.

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## SEPTEMBER.

THE changeful skies, earth's varied stores,  
Have each a quiet way of speech,  
In soft, deceptive metaphors,  
That sweet as loving kisses teach.

And when the tranquil tropic air  
A burst of fragrance overwhelms,  
I think how northern fields grow bare  
Save where the ivy dots the elms.

Like soft gray glass the atmosphere  
Lies over mellow tilth and fallow:  
The little brook is dusky clear  
Across its agate-colored shallow.

Through woodlands, where the shadow weaves  
A gleam of purple on the ground,  
The children gather painted leaves  
And hear a sweet, inconstant sound,

As if the quiet woods were breathing;  
Or see the highway's line of dust  
A silvery mirage softly wreathing,  
By orchards sweet with apple-must.

The evenings linger long and cool,  
Like brooks that loiter as they go  
Where laggard waters love to pool  
And listen to the underflow.

And saffron shadows, still and bright,  
Like pictures seen through colored glass,  
Have touched with pale, unreal light  
The undertones among the grass,

With Summer's wan and dying look,  
Ere frost in her familiar woods  
Has locked the windows of the brook  
In gray and grassy solitudes,

Like some fair soul that doth forebode  
The gentle parting of the seals,  
Yet lingers smiling on the road  
To speak the cheerful hope she feels.

Then, as the last light ebbs away,  
I linger by the pine and palm  
To see the night rise cool and gray  
And nun-like through the depths of calm,

Nor pause to ask how many times  
The roses leaved to make so sweet  
September here among the limes,  
Or there where fall and summer meet.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.



## FROM '60 TO '65.

BEFORE, during and after the war I lived in a little Southern town called Hollywell, almost on the boundary-line between Mississippi and Tennessee. The life of the dead-and-gone yesterday is divided by such sharp lines from that of to-day that its very memory is growing dim, even to those who talk most loudly of its idyllic contentment and peace. But of the four years between we all have stories to tell—years of peril and disaster, of hardship and suffering, yet they held all the fascination of romance, the splendid excitement of passionate tragedy.

Twenty years ago Hollywell was a sleepy, prosperous little town—so pretty that the country papers called it the "City of Flowers," and never tired of extolling its exquisite gardens, spacious, handsome houses, and dainty park where the young folks walked on summer evenings and fed the tame squirrels or made love to each other on the "swinging seats" under the linden trees. But the fire of '63 left ruin behind it, and the vacant spaces have been but poorly filled. The Beautiful is no longer cultivated by a people who describe themselves as "poverty-stricken," and have to struggle sharply for the bare comforts of life. The park has been utilized as a court-house square, and is ornamented by a row of wooden posts with perpendicular teeth, over which the country people throw their mules' bridles when they come into town to do their trading or "tend court." The court-house in the centre resembles a particularly bad style of frozen music, and is a blot upon the fair face of Hollywell. The gardens have lost their look of cultivated order, for the Uncle Neds and Cæsars who used to care for them are perplexing their simple souls with questions of supply and demand and problems of political economy. The untrained honeysuckles stretch long detaining arms across your path; seed-pods hang on the rose-bushes, skeletons at the feast

of the opening buds; heartsease and snapdragon, lily and larkspur, spring up intertwined as though some wanton fairy had flung them to earth in her flight; violets have grown over their beds, and are crushed under your feet with red japonica blossoms and the fragrant petals of the *Magnolia fuscata*. In all this there is

A sweet disorder and a wantoness

not without its picturesque charm, but to the people of Hollywell it speaks only of desolation.

Those among them who had reached middle age when the war began find nothing that is good in the life of to-day. They are fond of contrasting the old times with the new. Society lines "in their day" were very clearly defined. The planters—as lords of lands and men—held the highest social rank; the professional men came close behind them; the tradespeople and mechanics fell naturally into their places. To-day things are mixed in a dreadful way. The sons of our best people are clerks for petty shopkeepers; one of our college-bred youths has opened an ice-cream saloon; and, crowning humiliation! we have to accept the quondam tailor of the village as its aristocrat, for he made a fortune at blockade-running, and spends it "like a gentleman."

Nevertheless, I am disposed to think that vaunted life a dull one. Mothers and grandmothers gossiped placidly at "early teas" or solemn dinner-parties. Daughters went to church, rode horseback, and read Richardson and Scott, with occasional longing glances toward Fielding and Smollett on the high shelves—sealed books to them until they were married. The wild excitement of a tournament sometimes varied the monotony, and at election times there was much dissipation in the way of barbecues and torchlight processions. Now and then a party of young folks on horseback or in an old lumbering family coach

might be seen looking on at a "braudance" or a "gander-pulling;" these unique sports being indulged in by that class of the population called by the negroes "po' white trash." They owned no slaves, and lived in log houses through whose chinks sun and rain entered freely; the men supplied the larder by hunting and fishing; the women dipped snuff, moulded tallow candles, and "raised" tow-headed children who rejoiced in princely and historic names.

On the whole, the darkies had rather the best time of it. After the work of the day they danced "old Virginny breakdowns" until midnight, with an active enjoyment I have never seen equaled. To them the fascinating circus offered its manifold charms. The dearest joy my childhood recalls is a visit to the mysterious tent where the elephant and clown improved the shining hour, holding fast by the hand of my dear old "granmammy," both of us in an ecstasy of delight. Sunday was their great day. They lighted the long white streets with a picturesque glow as they poured forth from their afternoon church, laughing and chattering with the effervescent flow of spirits natural to the race. Their high voices were not unmelodious, and in their extraordinary combinations of color they nearly always managed a harmony of effect. Their air of self-conscious dignity was amusing, and prominent alike in the venerable aunties with their glossy faces surrounded by turbans of rainbow hues, the men in the cast-off swallow-tails and stove-pipes of their masters, and the children of various sizes and complexions tricked out with ribbons and beads, and stepping daintily along like important little paroquets. There was a wide difference between the town and plantation negroes. The former had a more cultivated taste, used better English, and could often read and write, the children of the house delighting in them as pupils. They were proud of the family name, and they were treated with a love and consideration that their after fidelity abundantly rewarded. They had a magnified idea of their own importance, and were rather apt to look

down on their country relations. As an old aunty of my acquaintance once expressed it, "Dey put on airs enuff ter stock de kingdom o' heaven." The plantation negroes, with the ignorance and uncouthness of their African ancestors, retained many of their superstitions. Foremost among these was the strange belief in Voodooism or Hoodooism, as it was indifferently called. The planters forbade the open practice of its repulsive rites, but they could not prevent the wild orgies of secret midnight meetings nor destroy the influence of the Hoodoo priests. These men held an extraordinary power. Even the negroes who were Christians and affected to scorn Voodooism feared them as much as their most abject followers, and were no less eager to win their favor by propitiatory offerings of spring chickens, scaly-barks, and the finest yield of the melon-patches.

To the men of Hollywell life was never dull, for it had an unfailing source of interest that, like the widow's cruse, never ran dry. They all talked politics. The planter and the merchant, as the one ordered and the other measured jeans and linsey for the hands; the young men in broad-brimmed hats and negligent neckties, who lounged at the street corners and arranged the details of fox-hunts and game suppers; the village great man and the village loafer,—had all the same common interest. To them the science of government was the only one worthy the serious attention of the mind. The very schoolboys squabbled fiercely over political questions, and the boundary of ambition for each was the Congressional hall. The women had no part nor lot in this matter. They wore the cockades or medals presented by husbands or lovers, and echoed their opinions with honest fervor. But the wisest of them had not much more knowledge of the subject than was displayed by my intimate enemy, a rival at school, who wept when Fillmore was defeated, and poisoned my life by the remark that she never knew a Democrat who didn't have red hair. The Southern men liked this ignorance, and thought it lovely and feminine. They cannot reconcile themselves

now to the lively interest in the affairs of the country felt by the women of to-day. Some years after the war an eminent politician turned against his party and joined "the Radicals." Hearing that a lady friend was deeply indignant at his course, he said with a sneer, "I had hoped that the day would never come when *Southern ladies* would attempt to understand political questions."

As the years went by improvements came to Hollywell—gas, railroad connections and an iron foundry. Property increased in value, and a new air of prosperity was given to the little town. But the social life remained much the same. Against this faint gray background was thrown the red beacon of the coming war. The people sprang from lethargy. They saw not in its glow a prophecy of disaster, but a promise of victory.

The first cannon made in the South was moulded at the Hollywell foundry. It was a great day when the work was begun. Crowds of people were outside the building, and as many as were allowed to enter were within. Standing there amid the din and whir of machinery, while the sooty-faced workmen hurried hither and thither and the great furnace roared and reddened, the hour was pregnant with grand significance. As the melted ore poured forth a woman's hand held under it the great iron ladle and emptied it into the mould with the solemnity of a priestess assisting at a holy rite. Every woman and child followed in turn. It was our consecration to the cause—an hour that I cannot remember now without a thrill of emotion akin to that which thrilled me to the very centre of my being as I clasped my hands around the iron handle and felt that in that moment I sealed my devotion to the South.

The next excitement at Hollywell was the presentation of a flag to the first regiment made up in the town. Eager groups of people assembled at an early hour in a large grove east of the town. Here were the ranks of soldiers in their spotless gray uniforms, the platform gay with ribbons and vases, the colonel

with his plumed hat and scarlet sash, the gorgeous banner whose silken folds fluttered around the slight figure of a dark-eyed girl upon whom all eyes were turned. She was the heroine of the day, for she had been chosen to present the flag. Her address was a wild appeal to Southern passion and patriotism: at its close she sang the Marseillaise hymn, which had been adapted to Southern words, in a voice of thrilling timbre. The effect was electrical. People threw themselves into each other's arms, wept, laughed, clasped the hands of the excited soldiers, and in every wild and extravagant way gave vent to their emotion. If there had been any cooler souls who had hung back when the secession fever was raging over the land, they resisted no longer, but were swept along by the current of popular feeling. It was some time before any realization of war came home to us. General Price made Hollywell his head-quarters for a few months, and we gave ourselves up to patriotic dissipation. Ah, those golden October days! who among us can forget them? Houses were thrown open, and around every table gathered the gray-coated officers. Young girls taken from the school-room blossomed into belles and coquettes. Picnics, balls and reviews made every day "run to golden sands."

General Price was a gallant old officer, with a square, portly figure, a bluff, hearty voice and a straightforward simplicity in his use of words. He took advantage of his position and kissed all the pretty girls. They submitted right loyally, though deep in many a little rebel's heart lurked the wish that the son stood in the father's shoes, for Celsus Price, youngest son of the general, was a hero with whom all the girls were in love. He had a prim little delicious way of saying *my father* that showed his pride in the old soldier's glory; but affectations aside, he was an elegant young fellow, with a handsome face and a handsome head covered with waving locks as beautiful as the clustering curls of the young Antinous. One night at a small party a pretty romp essayed to pull his hair. To her horror, it all came off at her touch,

and a round light poll under it blushed "celestial rosy red" at the sudden exposure. Celsus, it seemed, had been sick of a fever and lost his hair. The wig was borrowed from an old major on his father's staff, who retired into his night-cap while Celsus displayed his borrowed plumes, only claiming that the captain should take his turn in obscurity at the jovial dinner-parties that the major delighted to honor.

Heroes were so plentiful that we could afford to be fastidious. General Van Dorn was second in rank only to General Price, but he did not enjoy the same popularity. Hollywell was a strait-laced town, and Van Dorn was separated from his wife. Added to this, he had lost a recent battle by his unskillfulness as an infantry commander, and the people were embittered against him. But his friends were devoted, and the officers of his staff loved him as tenderly as men love women. Indeed, I know of no Southern officer who inspired such passionate attachment as the gallant and ill-fated Van Dorn. He seemed to live in an atmosphere of romance. When he showed his dark, haughty face in the ball-room not a girl among us would have refused him as a partner in spite of the warning looks of mammas and chaperons. But he felt that he was under a ban, and made little effort to gain the good-will of matron or maid.

Those were the bright days of Hollywell. Into a few short months we crowded the gayety of a lifetime. No fear shadowed our pleasure, for we had absolutely not a doubt as to the result of our struggle. It is pathetic now to look back upon that childlike confidence and unreasoning hope.

It was a sad day when the army left, for we bade friends good-bye to prepare for foes. Boxes of silver were buried at night under flower-beds or ash-heaps; gold-pieces were secured in leather belts; doors were locked and windows barred. Then we waited until one bright morning in December, when frightened negroes came flying in from the country round with the dread news, "The Yankees are coming!" They came, with the sound

of music and the beating of drums, into a silent town. From behind closed blinds we listened to the tread of their advancing feet or peeped timidly at the blue ranks marching by. Before sundown the pleasant groves of Hollywell were dotted with white tents, the stars and stripes fluttered from a high flag-pole, and from the park the inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle" seemed to mock our impotent anger and bitter humiliation.

We had just grown accustomed to the presence of our unwelcome guests when a wilder excitement than any we had yet known came to Hollywell. General Grant, with the main body of his army, had passed through the town "on his way to the Gulf," as he said, leaving only a few regiments to guard his ammunition and commissary supplies, which were stored in our foundry. Van Dorn seized the opportunity to make a raid into Hollywell. The day—"The *Glorious*, GLORIOUS Twentieth," I find it called in my diary of that date—has become for ever memorable in the Hollywell annals. The Confederates dashed in early in the morning, surprising the sleeping camp and gaining a surrender without a fight. The people were frantic with joy, ready to make an idol of the general they had condemned so bitterly. The air was alive with the shrill cry, "Hurrah! hurrah for General Van Dorn!" A Federal colonel had chosen our house as his head-quarters, and Van Dorn paid him the compliment of a call. He had a very handsome sword that had been presented to him by the ladies of his native place, and he bit his lip angrily as he gave it up. Van Dorn handed it back to him with a courteous bow, to the surprise and gratification of the irate colonel, who from that moment accepted things with a good grace. His wife, however, was furious enough for two: never were frowns so black or tones so sharp; her pale anger as she snapped out remarks about "rebel devils" was a joy to my Southern soul. I innocently inquired why her people had come South if they did not want to be so badly treated.

"To make you *behave* yourselves; and we're going to *do it*, too," said she fiercely.

I waved my hand toward the road where a squad of blue coats was passing, escorted by a rebel guard, and said in a melancholy voice, "It looks like it: it does, indeed!" This joke cost me dear, for two days later we were turned out of our house through the colonel's representations, but nothing could take away the satisfaction that had been mine for one perfect day.

Many of the negroes had been won over to the Northern side, and the most devoted were wearing the blue breeches given them by their soldier friends. Seeing the Southerners triumphant for a day, they thought it for ever, and quaked with fear for their lives. So they turned coat—or pantaloons—literally, and as easily as the vicar of Bray changed his principles. Skulking behind trees or under doorsteps, they tore off the offending garments and put them on again *wrong side out*, reappearing with faces of conscious integrity and legs clothed in virgin white, the blue seams down the sides the only remaining streaks of their disloyalty.

As the day wore away the Confederates prepared to leave, first firing the buildings that held the army stores. It was sad to think of the destruction of the delicate food needed by so many, and negroes and whites together tried to save something from the flames. The burning buildings were not far from our house. We could feel the hot wind against our cheeks as we watched the great blazing pyre where flame and smoke struggled together, and in whose very midst the daring wreckers were at work—soldiers filling their knapsacks, negroes loading wheelbarrows and baskets,—all fighting with the greedy fire that was licking up so many treasures. But for my mother's watchful eye, I should have joined the crowd and rushed to the scene of action. As it was, I had to content myself with sending my brother, a lad of ten, with instructions to bring me the biggest jar of pickles he could lay his hands on. Ruth yearned for cologne and letter-paper, while even the gentle mother owned that a few cans of pickled oysters would

not come amiss. That boy of ours was gone until after sundown: at last he appeared marching triumphantly over the hill. Our disgust can be imagined when we saw that the youthful pillager, as the result of his efforts in behalf of a hungry family, dragged behind him a battered canteen and a broken bayonet.

The destruction of his stores forced Grant to bring back his soldiers. They wreaked their vengeance on Hollywell as they passed through it a second time, and then left it to its old quiet. For the next six months I was at boarding-school in Montgomery, Alabama. Here again I saw the bright side of the war. To be sure, our preceptor had an unpleasant way of holding up a slice of beef on the end of his fork and telling us how much it cost, and we had to give sixty dollars a pair for very ill-fitting shoes; but these were minor evils that we bore with the easy philosophy of youth. The city was delightfully gay: General Joe Johnston was there a part of the time with his staff, and, school-girls though we were, we had more than an occasional glimpse of our military heroes in concert or ball-room.

In the summer I went back to Hollywell, and not until then did I realize the desolation that follows in the track of war. The town was cut off from communication with the outside world, except for a hand-car that ran between the towns on the Mississippi road. It was managed by a blind man, a cripple and two negroes. In the afternoon of a long hot day I stepped off the car at the village station. I found a young soldier-cousin who was at home on a furlough awaiting me in a "broken-down buggy that creaked mournfully at every turn of the wheels. I should never have recognized in the dreary village the once prosperous, comfortable little town. Rank weeds grew everywhere, and desolation hung over all things like a funeral pall. Where the town-hall had stood was now a shapeless heap of brick and mortar overgrown with nettles and dog-fennel. The door of the old church where we had worshiped from one generation to another had been torn away, and, looking in, I saw the organ bereft of its pipes,



the pulpit of its cushions. The seats were broken up, and not a pane of glass was left in the windows. Even in the graveyard the destroyer had been at work: the gravestones were toppled over, and upon the white columns yet standing were scrawled rude jests and caricatures. The flowers were dry and dead: a few melancholy cows were cropping the weeds that had overgrown the once sacred graves. Here and there a mouldy coffin-lid was thrown out upon the upturned sod. The school-house was leveled to the ground, but its red chimneys stood, like faithful sentinels, over the ruined pile. Private dwellings, too, were gone, and in their stead were hastily-erected cabins through whose open doors we caught glimpses of black-robed figures. The square was deserted, except by a company of small boys, who were marching round it in soldier-fashion, and a few old men with long white hair, who were dozing in the sun.

As we turned down the street leading to my home we met an ox-wagon holding three bales of cotton, on top of which a woman's figure was comfortably perched. She wore a green sun-bonnet, a faded calico dress and brown cotton gloves.

"That's Mrs. Herrick," said my cousin, with a nod in her direction.

"What?" and I gave such a start that the crazy buggy almost tipped over. Mrs. Herrick was the wife of one of the richest planters in our State, noted for her pride and aristocratic prejudices. I had seen her last at a dinner-party given in honor of General Price. She wore black velvet and pearls, and her languid beauty had never produced more effect.

"She is one of our best blockade-runners," said my cousin in a matter-of-course sort of tone—"on her way to Memphis now with her cotton. She brought me these cavalry-boots—tied 'em to her hoops, you know. The Yanks have the women searched now as they pass the picket-lines, but they can't get ahead of a first-class smuggler like Mrs. Herrick."

My aunt, Mrs. Ellen Hopeton, lived alone on a small plantation three miles

from Hollywell. At the first rumor of the approaching raid she came for me to stay with her during the troubled times. My bravery was my recommendation in Aunt Ellen's eyes, and my only one, I regret to say; for I was a most imprudent young rebel, and thought it my bounden duty to proclaim my patriotism in season and out. Far be it from me to say that at heart Aunt Ellen was not as much devoted to the cause, but she tried to play the part of England in the fight and keep in with both sides. To the Yankees she would talk of "my nephew, Charles Hopeton, in Sherman's army," with a more than maternal fondness, when the fact was that this youth was a degenerate and far-off relative whose face she had never seen. With the rebels she was safe, for "my son, Colonel Albert Hopeton," was well known through the country, and his mother's loyalty was never doubted in spite of her politeness to the enemy. Her plan was to treat her foes not only as men and brothers, but as gentlemen and scholars. She occasionally got a rebuff from some rude fellow, but on the whole she succeeded well in her efforts to keep the peace. She was by nature and education the most timid person I ever knew; and I am disposed to rate very highly the moral courage she displayed in preserving, under all circumstances, her calmness and dignity. I, in my imprudent youth, scorned her polite little speeches; yet, dear old lady! she was fighting a battle no less gallantly than the soldiers in the field—fighting to keep the old home for her boys. And what a beautiful home it was! A great white house, with dormer windows and queer little porches jutting about in all directions, set high on a hill from which the town could be seen like a picture in smoke. A green lawn sloped down to the road, dotted over with flower-covered mounds, in which white rabbits burrowed. A hawthorn hedge enclosed the place, and mimosas and magnolia trees made it an Eden of sweetness. Such a home was worth the fight Aunt Ellen made, yet the strain was terrible, and sometimes Nature was too much for her.

I remember an amusing instance of this. It was when the army first entered the town—a time of peculiar change on account of the mischievous stragglers who would break from the ranks. Aunt Ellen determined to keep them out of the house. There were two gates, the big gate and the little gate, the one being the entrance to the grove, the other to the front yard. Aunt Ellen had our chairs brought to the little gate, and here we prepared to "receive."

"Take a book with you," she said: "it will look more tranquil."

I was in no tranquil mood. I liked to do battle in my own way, and my weapon was sharpened for the fight. But in spite of my sauciness and rebellion Aunt Ellen managed me as she did every one else; so I tucked *Hyperion* under my arm, put on my blue sun-bonnet and followed her to the gate. She took some soft knitting-work with her, and we sat there in the sunlight, a white kitten on the folds of Aunt Ellen's black dress, a little mulatto girl holding a parasol over her gray head.

Soon they came straggling in through the big gate, up to the little gate where we sat in invincible repose. Aunt Ellen was all suavity and sweetness: she might have supposed them angels unawares, from the gentleness of her manner. Things went on delightfully. They were evidently impressed. Aunt Ellen spoke of her nephew, Charles Hopeton, and asked with innocent naïveté if any of the gentlemen were acquainted with him. (The gentlemen in question were a villainous-looking lot: one rough fellow had five diamond rings on his grimy forefinger.)

In an unlucky moment the conversation turned on retaliation. The soldiers approved it loudly, one of them declaring that "Scripter said an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Aunt Ellen seized the opportunity to give a lesson in love. "I don't believe in it at all," said she, in her gentle tremulous voice. "Don't you know that the New Testament tells us that a soft answer turneth away even a Yankee?"

Of course she intended to say, "turn-

eth away wrath," but out of the abundance of her heart her mouth spake, and she smiled placidly upon us, quite unconscious of the novel turn she had given to the sentence of peace. The soldiers saw this, and greeted her mistake with a roar of good-natured laughter, in which even I joined, and felt more friendly in consequence.

It is amusing to look over my diary and read my fiery accounts of these Degraded Beings, as they are usually called in pages black with underscorings and exclamation-points. The blackest and bitterest and funniest pages contain a humiliating account of a slight flirtation with one of those Degraded Beings, which, although it did not progress beyond shaking hands and singing rebel songs to him, seems to have filled my soul with anguish. "He is a Lieutenant Meeker," I say in a heart-broken way, "and certainly has the most beautiful dark eyes. The *facts* seem very bad." I can remember the groan with which I wrote the words, "If the girls knew of this they would judge me very harshly. Yet any *sensible* person can see that there are many *extenuating circumstances*. He is officer of the picket-stand in the lane, and being lonely comes up to the house often. Of course I have to be *polite* to him, for suppose any harm should come to dear Aunt Ellen through my *imprudence*?"

But my own soul resents this flagrant hypocrisy, and further on in a magnificent burst of magnanimity I give utterance to the rank heresy that a Yankee may be a gentleman, and Lieutenant Meeker *is* one; and, moreover, that "I have come to the conclusion that a man may be in the Northern army and yet be an honest man."

Yet I felt myself guilty of a miserable weakness, and could only even things by treating all the other officers with whom we were thrown with extra incivility. Aunt Ellen was in a constant fear lest my heedless tongue should undo the effect of her smiles. But on one occasion even her politeness was put to a sore test. The regiments had all left Hollywell to join the forces in the south.

One day we noticed a small company of men down by the old picket-stand. They had on gray jackets, and we jumped to the conclusion that they were Confederate guerillas. Uncle Wash, Mrs. Hope-ton's colored factotum, was called, and after a prolonged look he said, in an oracular tone, "Dem's our folks." This settled the question. We were wild with excitement. Not only were we anxious for news—there was fighting down on the Tallahatchie—but the very sight of Southern soldiers was "welcome as stars and flowers to prisoned men." Too impatient to wait, we started to meet them—Aunt Ellen and myself, a dozen or two darkies, and Uncle Wash in a dignified trot at our head. We ran down the hill at full speed, waving hats, bonnets and handkerchiefs, beckoning eagerly to our friends to come.

Come they did at a rapid gallop. As they neared us I noticed that the leader bore a singular resemblance to a Yankee captain whom we had met a few weeks before. I stopped as if I had been shot, staring with eyes that grew bigger every second. Need I say that it was the Yankee captain with his company? and can any one but a Southerner know how I felt as they greeted us with delighted surprise at our sudden loyalty? Aunt Ellen changed color several times: then with marvelous self-possession she responded to the captain's cordial greeting and invited him to the house. I walked by their side with averted face and swelling heart. Reaching the house, I bolted myself in my room and found relief in the bitterest and angriest tears I had ever shed.

As a rule, the Southern women were very frank in their expression of rebel sentiment: if they professed loyalty to the North, their truth was doubted by the very men with whom they hoped to win favor. An old lady and her daughter living in the country gave up part of their house to some Federal officers, whose good-will they were anxious to gain that their property might be protected. Hence they were loud in their protestations of loyalty and personal friendliness. One night there came a

low knock at the door. Mother and daughters stood in parley.

"Who's there?"

"Hush! speak low. We are gray guerillas: open the door, quick!"

The door was thrown open, and the gray-coated soldiers drawn into the dimly-lighted hall. The mother hastened off to prepare a supper from her hidden stores, while one of the daughters seized one of the soldiers by the arm, and pointing up to the officers' rooms, cried in a low, fierce voice, "Run up stairs and kill the devils!" A loud laugh was the response to her frantic appeal; and, stepping into the light, the rebel guerillas showed the faces of the Federal officers, who had got up this masquerade to test the sincerity of their Southern friends.

It is pleasant to remember that we often met with the utmost kindness from officers and men. Aunt Ellen had a pair of mules that were her sole dependence for the coming winter, as Uncle Wash drove them in a wood-wagon, and in this way earned money enough to supply the family with necessities. These mules she managed to keep, one commander after another giving her a protection-paper. One Sunday afternoon I had a fight for them. The soldiers had just been paid off and were ripe for mischief. We were sitting on the back porch with nearly fifty of them around us. Some were drunk, all were disposed to be noisy and quarrelsome. Aunt Ellen, trusting in her peace policy, proposed that I should read the Bible aloud. "I am sure these gentlemen would like to hear you," she said with her pathetic smile: "it will remind them of home."

At the least show of anger or fear the men would have broken all bounds. I did not dare to refuse, but quietly opened my Bible. A light breeze waved the boughs of the mulberry trees with which the old yard was shaded. The soldiers, with sabres clanking as they changed from one lounging position to another, sat on the cistern or well-curb, or leaned against the time-stained pillars of the porch. Occasionally they would nudge each other and break into a laugh, but on the whole they preserved a rude

respect. Aunt Ellen, in her dark skirt and cool linen sacque, sat with her back against the door she was guarding, fanning herself negligently. She was a perfect picture of a well-bred, elegant old lady at ease in her own home, and I could almost hear her heart beat.

Suddenly, Uncle Wash's little granddaughter came running up from the direction of the stable: "Oh, Miss Ellen, Miss Ellen! dey done busted de door offen de stable, an' de mules is gone dis time sho'!"

Aunt Ellen looked as if she had come to the end of her endurance. The mules must be saved. But what could be done? She dared not leave her post. I sprang to my feet: "Aunt Ellen, I will go."

For a moment she hesitated, and then, "God help us! there is no other way," she said, her very lips turning white. I rushed off with the fearlessness of youth. There were some twenty men at the stable. They were just leading the mules out. I ran at full speed, waving the protection-paper frantically, and shouting "Stop! stop!" at the top of my voice.

They halted and waited for me to draw near, with evident curiosity. As soon as my breath allowed I read them the paper in my most emphatic tone. It was very short: "Mrs. Hopeton is allowed to keep two mules. By order of Major-General Smith, U. S. A."

"Of course," said I, "you'll put those mules back, or I'll have you arrested for disobeying orders."

"I'd like to see you do it," muttered one of them. "Let me see that paper, will you, miss?"

Without thinking, I handed it to him. There was a great roar of laughter, and one of the men said, "Well, you *are* a green 'un! Don't you know that he can tear up that paper, and do what he likes with the mules and you too?"

I was frightened enough, but my mother wit came to my aid, and I said with a smile worthy of Aunt Ellen herself, "I trust to his honor as a gentleman."

It may have been his intention to destroy it, but he handed it back with a shamefaced expression, and said, "Well, miss, you've got plenty of pluck, so you

hev. If you'll just shake hands all round we'll leave you the mules. What'd'ye say, boys?"

There was a shout of approval. I very willingly submitted to the rough handshaking, and went back to Aunt Ellen radiant with triumph.

In addition to the mules, a small calf had been left us. One day I saw a tall soldier with a "lean and hungry look", taking long strides in the direction of the unconscious animal, which was dozing under a syringa bush. I ran to the rescue, caught the calf by the tail, and held on as he ran wildly about the yard, with the soldier in full pursuit. An officer riding by burst into a fit of laughter, and called the soldier off. "And I'd advise you, miss, to hide your pet," he called gayly. "He doesn't look very tempting, I'll allow," and his gaze wandered critically over the lean, ill-fed little beast, "but the boys won't leave him to fatten."

I took his advice, and hid the calf in the cellar with a pig that one of the neighbors had sent us for safe-keeping. The few chickens and turkeys we had left were then caged in an empty room up stairs. The work was just accomplished when some officers came to take dinner with us. Our dinner was a plate of greens and hot corn-dodgers. Aunt Ellen apologized for the poor fare by a remark on her destitution. "Heaven knows," said she, "where the next week's food is to come from! Everything is swept away."

At this moment, as if suddenly possessed by some perverse imp, our "dumb animals," above and below, opened their mouths and spake. Hens clucked, roosters crowed, the pig squealed and the calf mournfully moored. It was too much for our gravity, and we all laughed together. The officers honorably kept our secret, and we held our captives to the end.

The long summer wore away. The army left, winter came, and except for an occasional raid Hollywell was left in peace. We had no premonition that the end was near. It could not be denied that inch by inch the enemy was gaining ground, yet at the logical result we

never looked. When the shock came it found us all unprepared. One spring day—the 10th of April, 1865—two ladies of Hollywell were busy collecting silver plate to be sent to Richmond and melted for the depleted treasury. They had just left our house, and I stood with them on the brow of a hill beyond. One was a widow of seventeen, whose husband had been killed a few weeks after her marriage: the other, an older, graver woman, had lost her lover as short a time before her appointed wedding-day. As we lingered for a few last words we saw Dr. Pointdexter coming up the hill. He was a man of seventy, usually slow and stiff in his movements. Now his steps were rapid, almost a run. His long white hair floated out behind him, and once, twice, he threw his clasped hands above his head with a gesture of despair. We knew that he had a son in the army, and thought at once of some disaster to him.

"Jack is killed!" cried the young widow with a burst of tears.

We drew nearer together in trembling sympathy and waited for the grief-stricken father to pass. In the wild white face that he turned toward us there was such agony as I have never seen save in the face of a soldier in the hospital who had died an unlooked-for and horrible death. He looked at us a moment in silence, then in a hollow, harsh voice *struck* us with the words, "General Lee has surrendered!" and passed on into the falling darkness.

Of the suffering of that after-time I have even now no words to speak. Its very memory is so terrible that I do not know how we endured it then. You, who have lost much, suffered much, for a cause that you have gained, cannot measure the suffering of those who gave their all and lost.

SHERWOOD BONNER.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### THE OMNIBUSES OF PARIS.

PHILADELPHIA, the city *par excellence* of tramways, sees little cause to regret the heavy lumbering omnibus, slow, noisy and inconvenient, and only superior to the street-car by its incapacity for receiving extra passengers when once its seats were filled. But Paris, like London, still clings to these gigantic and unwieldy vehicles, which afford to the poorer classes of her population a means of transport at a comparatively low price. Thanks to a well-regulated system of exchange-tickets, a traveler can go from Bercy to the Porte Maillot for six cents, thus enjoying an amount of travel for his money which is unprecedented even in our land of cheap railways.

The omnibus system of Paris is more than two hundred years old. The idea of starting public coaches to run from one fixed point in the city to another

over a stated route, to convey passengers at a moderate price, first occurred to Pascal, and the new enterprise was solemnly inaugurated in March, 1662. The routes were fixed by royal edict, the drivers were costumed in liveries of the colors of the city, and the different coaches were distinguished by a larger or smaller number of fleurs-de-lis painted on them, as they now are by numbers. The fare was fixed at five sols per passenger. There were three lines, served by seven coaches each—one from the Porte St. Antoine to the Luxembourg; one from the Place Royale to the church of St. Roch in the Rue St. Honoré; and the third from the Luxembourg to the Pointe St. Eustache. Louis XIV. accorded a privilege for this enterprise to the marquises de Sourches and de Crenan, and to the duke de Roannes. These vehicles were almost exclusively for the



use of the *bourgeois*: the nobles scorned them, and the *canaille* were rigorously excluded. In consequence, probably, of the limited classes of patronage to which they appealed, they were in use about fifteen years only, and then disappeared without leaving a trace behind.

It was not till the year 1826 that the project was revived, and then not at Paris, but at Nantes, where the success of the undertaking was so great that its founder, M. Baudry, sought permission from the government to extend his operations to the capital. His request was at first rejected by the prefect of police on account of M. Baudry's revolutionary principles, but a new prefect of more liberal sentiments having come into power, the desired permission was finally accorded, and in 1828 the present omnibus system of Paris was definitely founded. At first, one hundred vehicles sufficed for the needs of the new enterprise. They were heavy and badly constructed, with places for fourteen passengers. They were drawn by three horses, and the coachman, by the aid of a pedal and bellows placed beneath his feet, and communicating with three trumpets, sounded loud and lugubrious notes to announce his approach. The success of the new undertaking called forth a host of imitators, and for several years Paris was traversed in every direction by lines of all sorts of vehicles, the very names of which have been forgotten. It was not till 1855 that all these different lines were united under a single company, which has ever since enjoyed the monopoly of this form of transit in the metropolis.

The Parisian omnibus differs from those in use in our large cities in several respects. It can contain fourteen persons, the places being separated by iron arms to prevent crowding. On the roof a double line of seats, accessible by a light iron staircase curving over the door, affords accommodation for fourteen more. The outside places are only half price (three sous), those of the interior being six sous. Infirm or aged persons and little children unaccompanied by parents or nurses are not allowed to mount to

the *impériale*, as the roof is called. Like our street-cars, each omnibus is provided with a conductor, who stands on the doorstep and governs the motions of the driver by means of a strap. These conductors are among the most disagreeable of Parisian officials, being almost invariably surly and disobliging. The average receipts of a Parisian omnibus are about seventeen dollars a day, and precautions to prevent dishonesty on the part of the employés of the company are multiplied on all sides. As each passenger takes his place the conductor must strike a bell communicating with one of two dials which indicate the number of places occupied in the interior or on the *impériale*; besides which, when he stops at a station he must produce his way-bill to have it *visé* by a functionary called the *contrôleur*, who with a glance ascertains the number of persons in or on the vehicle. There is, moreover, a secret espionage, the details and working of which are unknown, but which costs the company not less than ten thousand dollars a year. Thanks to all these precautions, the losses of the company are extremely insignificant.

The omnibus-drivers are chosen with great care. They must be men of irreproachable character, sober, honest, and, above all, skillful drivers, an extraordinary amount of science being needed to enable them to conduct their huge, heavily-laden vehicles through the crowded streets of Paris, avoiding collisions and accidents, and yet maintaining a high rate of speed. The post is considered highly desirable, though the pay (eighty cents per day during the first three years, and a dollar a day thereafter) does not seem excessive to our American ideas for fourteen or fifteen hours' work daily. But the pay is sure and steady, without any dull season, the work is comparatively easy apart from the exposure, and then the driver enjoys many advantages, such as gratuitous medical advice, clothes at cost-price, aid in case of sickness and a retiring pension.

The omnibus-horses of Paris are almost invariably animals of exceptional size and beauty, strong white or dappled-gray stal-

lions, selected with great care in the markets of Normandy, Perche or Brittany. They are well fed, carefully trained, and never overworked. Each omnibus has ten horses belonging to it. These ten horses go out every day: thus, during the fourteen hours' service the horses are changed five times. Being thus carefully managed, their strength and speed endure during long years of service. It is not uncommon to see horses that have been in the service of the company for fifteen years, and that are still capable of going through their regular daily task. Great care is taken not to overstrain their strength. At the foot of each of the hills that diversify the surface of the streets of Paris (there are thirty-one of these hills) an extra horse is always in waiting to aid in dragging the heavy vehicle up the ascent. Nor is the moral side, so to speak, of the horses' training neglected. The pairs, once formed, are never separated save in case of accident or of sickness: they occupy the same stall and feed from the same manger, divided by a partition into two compartments. They thus become almost a unit in gait, movement and impulses, and being always driven by the same coachman, they get to understand perfectly his words and motions. By this system the intelligence and docility of these beautiful and powerful animals have become almost proverbial. The ease with which they thread their way through crowded streets, encumbered with vehicles, thronged with foot-passengers, and in many instances scarce wider than one of our narrow alleys, and the readiness with which they stop at a word, and at another word start again, are simply marvelous. Next to the petted carriage-horses of the rich, the omnibus-horses of Paris are certainly among the most favored of the equine tribe.

To get a seat in a Paris omnibus it does not suffice to plant yourself at the corner of the street and hail the passing vehicle, for such is not the fashion in this land. The driver is not on the lookout, and the conductor disdains to pull the check-string, even though his vehicle be not half full. The speed of the horses may

indeed be slackened, and if the would-be passenger is young and active and willing to run, he may catch up with the omnibus, but the dead stop of an American omnibus-driver is not to be thought of. To secure a ride in peace and comfort you must go to one of the stations, of which there are two or three on every omnibus-route. There you will find a small waiting-room, with benches round the walls and a desk at one end, where sits a solemn functionary who presents you with a square ticket bearing a number. You take your seat and watch the arriving and departing vehicles till your number is called out; and you must be sharp about it, too, or the next number will be called and the omnibus depart without you. If you want an exchange-ticket—or *correspondance*, as it is called here—you are furnished with one gratis, your single payment of six sous entitling you to as long a ride as you wish in a single direction. Soldiers are entitled to ride inside on payment of three sous only.

There are over seven hundred omnibuses in Paris, served by ten thousand horses, and they transport on an average the enormous number of one hundred million persons annually. This calculation does not include the passengers on the street railways, which are now being multiplied on all sides. The oldest and best known of these runs from the Place de la Concorde to Sèvres. The vehicles that run on this tramway are not the ordinary street-cars, but are gigantic omnibuses called *Americaines*, probably because the like of them was never seen in America, and capable of transporting fifty persons each—twenty-five inside and a like number on the roof. This line is without doubt the most agreeable by which to go out to Sèvres, particularly on a pleasant day when a seat can be taken on the *impériale*. The other tramways employ the ordinary street-car. There are some five or six lines of these now in operation, and as many more are projected. When these cars were first started the Parisian public complained loudly of the lack of low-priced seats, occasioned by the absence of seats on the car-roofs. This difficulty

has been partially obviated by selling standing tickets for the front and back platforms, the number of which is strictly regulated by law, while movable bars prevent these standing passengers from falling off. No more persons are allowed to enter the car than can be accommodated with seats. One of the pleasantest and best frequented of these lines runs from the Place St. Augustin out the Boulevard Malesherbes and through the Avenue de Villars.

There exist in Paris thirty-one omnibus-lines, which traverse it in every direction, so that with a little patience and knowledge of the different correspondances, one can travel all over Paris in an omnibus. Some of these lines do not pay at all, but are maintained by the company by order of the government and as a sort of compensation for the monopoly it enjoys. The company cannot choose its routes at will nor augment the fares: these points are settled by the municipal authorities. By this wise regulation every quarter of Paris is provided with the means of transport for its population.

Of course, pickpockets and thieves are not lacking in the Parisian omnibuses, any more than they are in ours, and the French pickpocket, more ingenious than our own, has even invented a special mode of theft which has been christened "*vol à l'omnibus*." The *modus operandi* is very simple. The thief enters the omnibus, chooses a seat beside some well-dressed and apparently affluent person, and remains motionless and apparently absorbed in his reflections. But between his finger and thumb he holds a very small grain of shot, attached to a black silk thread of extreme fineness and strength. When his next neighbor opens his or her pocket-book to pay the fare the thief adroitly throws his grain of shot into the pocket-book, retaining the end of the silk thread in his hand. The pocket-book is closed and replaced in the owner's pocket, grain of shot and all. The thief profits by some extraordinary jolt of the vehicle to fall against his neighbor, and in that moment he draws in the silk thread and

gains possession of his prize. His aim accomplished, he calls to the conductor and gets out. So common did this style of theft become that an official warning was published in the papers, recommending all persons about to take an omnibus to prepare the fare before entering.

An immense number of articles are annually left in omnibuses by careless passengers. In one year over twenty thousand objects were found, including money to the amount of nineteen thousand five hundred dollars. The greatest delinquents are the cooks, who continually leave behind them chickens, fish, bunches of vegetables, baskets of fruit, etc. Among other things found last year were a valuable clock, a baby's coffin, a set of costly cameos, a small carpet, and of course umbrellas without end.

The omnibus may be considered the king of the Paris streets. When it appears, lofty, heavy, unwieldy and massive, thundering along at the full speed of its two powerful horses, all other vehicles respectfully make way for it. In case of a collision nothing can stand before it. It is twice as dangerous as an American street-car, for *that* is kept on a given track, and is easily regulated by means of its brakes, while all the skill of the omnibus-driver and the docility of his well-trained steeds are powerless to suddenly check the onward course of his overladen vehicle. Moreover, as the routes are anything but straight lines, the unwary foot-passenger may suddenly behold an omnibus come charging down upon him from round some unsuspected corner. Thus it happens that the danger to life and limb is very great, and accidents continually occur, particularly in the narrow streets on the left bank of the Seine. In one year the persons injured numbered sixteen hundred and six, of whom one hundred and thirty-nine were instantly killed. The melancholy fate of Mademoiselle Anspach, who was run over by an omnibus on the Boulevard des Italiens when returning with her mother from a performance at the Comédie Française, is still fresh in the memory of Parisian society. The poor street-venders of fruit, flowers and vegetables are frequent suf-

ferers, scarcely a day passing in which one or more of them is not knocked down, the little wagon overthrown, the wares dispersed and destroyed, and the proprietor injured, sometimes fatally. As pitiless as a locomotive, and far less certain and direct in its course, the Parisian omnibus, though convenient, comfortable and well regulated, is none the less the pest of the Parisian streets. L. H. H.

#### TASSO'S LAST RESTING-PLACE.

AMONG the various scenes and sights that for the most part escape the stranger in Rome, either because they occur mainly when the Roman sun has driven all save those "to the manner born" across the Alps, or because they belong to a phase of social life with which strangers, and especially Protestant strangers, have few or no points of contact, are the scholastic picnic-parties which the pupils of the Oratorian Fathers of St. Filippo Neri are in the habit of enjoying at St. Onofrio. There is in the garden of the monastery of St. Onofrio a sort of brick amphitheatre, formed of a range of semicircular seats, which has been constructed expressly for these little holiday-makings. English and American lads of from thirteen to eighteen would, I am apt to think, scarcely appreciate such a mode of keeping a holiday. But the young Romans—attired in dress-coats and white neckties, and in that trim marched in procession two and two through the city to the accustomed trysting-place, there to sit in a semicircle and listen to a display of wordy learning from some old fogy—like it, I suppose. They do not seem to be enjoying themselves much, it is true, but then the poor little prim and well-drilled, pinched yellow faces that you see between a white choker and a chimney-pot hat, as these full-dressed school-boys are occasionally paraded through the city, have not the air of being capable of enjoying anything much. I suppose they would like to sit in a café and eat ices, and would find a joy in escaping for an hour from the unfailing surveillance under which their lives are passed. But a game of football would, I imagine, leave the majority of them dead on the field.

St. Onofrio is a convent built in the fifteenth century for the monks of St. Jerome, on the top of the Janicular Hill on the farther side of the Tiber. The little church is well worth a visit for the sake of the frescoes it contains by Pinturicchio, Baldassare Peruzzi and Domenichino, and the convent, a humble and unpretending building enough, contains a small fresco by Lionardo da Vinci which alone would be worth a journey across the Alps to see. The reader may very likely be acquainted with it, for it has been reproduced in chromo-lithography by the Arundel Society of London. But, though this little bit by Lionardo—it is only a Virgin with the Child in her arms, and an elderly gentleman, the devout donor of the picture, standing gazing at the Divine Infant—be well worth a longer journey than that to Sant' Onofrio upon its hill, it is not because of these pictures that the little convent on the Janicular, with its half-wild garden behind it, is sacred ground to every man of culture in all parts of the world.

The morning of the first of April in the year 1595 was a very wild one. The rain was descending in torrents, and the wind was blowing over the Campagna from Soracte on the northern limits of it as if it would blow the little convent perched on the Janiculum into the Mediterranean. The fathers, gathered in the up-stairs gallery, which from its four huge windows commands so magnificent a view of Rome and the amphitheatre of hills that shut in the Campagna, were looking out at the storm, and speculating on the probability that the Tiber, which, as they could see, was already much swollen, would overflow its banks. Thus gathered in knots at the windows, it was with no little surprise that they saw a carriage slowly making its way up the straight bit of road that leads from the river-side to their convent-gate. A few minutes more showed it to be a cardinal's carriage, and when it had come a little nearer the well-known liveries of the Cardinal Cinthio Aldobrandini, the nephew of Clement VIII., were distinguished. What could such a phenomenon portend? It was not without a

certain amount of misgiving and uneasiness that the prior, followed by the greater number of his little flock, hurried down to the little portico on which then as now both the church and the convent open. Here, while the wind beat the big raindrops in their faces and whirled their frocks about over their heads, they awaited the drawing up of the carriage. No cardinal descended from it, but a remarkably tall, much-bent and emaciated man, evidently suffering greatly. It needed no second glance to tell the monks who their visitor was, though he was much changed since they had last seen him, for it was not his first visit to their hospitable walls.

It was Torquato Tasso whom the cardinal's carriage brought to the little convent on the Janicular Hill. It was well known to the members of the little community of St. Onofrio, as well as to every man, woman and child in Rome, that the great epic poet was within the walls of the Eternal City. He had come there—not very readily or willingly, but after much urging on the part of his friends—at the invitation of Clement VIII., to be crowned with the poet's laurel crown at the Capitol. All Rome was looking forward to the ceremony. But the poet had from his first arrival in Rome declared that the preparations were but so much labor lost—that whatsoever haste they might make, he on the pale horse was making yet better speed, and would be beforehand with them. Untoward circumstances had intervened to contribute to the fulfillment of the prophecy. First, the early spring weather was so unpropitious that it had been determined to wait till it should be more genial. Then the Cardinal Cinthio, Tasso's great friend and patron, fell ill, and remained so for several weeks. When he at last got better, the poet himself, who had been far enough from being well before, became so much worse that he insisted on leaving the cardinal's palace, where he was living, and being carried to St. Onofrio. The air of the Janicular has—or had—the reputation among medical men of being the healthiest in Rome; and this may have served to the poet as an excuse

for his wish to be taken thither. But it is evident enough that his own thoughts were of a very different kind; and the first words he said to the prior and the good fathers who received him with open arms was that he was come to die among them.

They did their utmost to persuade him to take a brighter view of his condition. They gave him the best room in their convent: there it is just as he left it to the present day, and a more charming chamber it would be difficult to imagine. From its cheerful, airy, sunny windows the whole of Rome is seen spread out like a wondrous map beneath the eye, which beyond the city ranges over the whole of the Campagna and the Sabine, Latin and Alban hills from Soracte, whose dark-blue isolated peak marks the extreme left, to Monte Cavo above Albano on the right. Not many dwellings on our earth's surface command such an outlook. And the time had been when the poet had found a delight in that outlook beyond that which less gifted eyes could be capable of receiving from it. But now it was in vain that the good fathers exerted themselves to lighten the load of hopeless melancholy which weighed upon the unhappy poet, a worn-out old man in his fifty-first year. It was in vain that tidings were brought to him of the approaching completion of the preparations, and the eager expectation of all Rome for the grand ceremonial of the coronation at the Capitol, the highest and most glorious recognition that the world could afford to acknowledge genius. Too late! too late! Tasso had come to Rome and to the little convent on the Janicular Hill, not to be crowned, but to die. And in that bright little room, with its unrivaled outlook over the Eternal City, then precisely such as the monks still show it to the curious, he died on the 25th of that same month of April, 1595.

Convents are—or were till very lately—places less subject to change than any other mortal dwellings; and it is owing to his having expired within the walls of the monastery on the Janicular Hill that so many little memorials of Tasso are



still to be seen in the room in which he died. The centre of the chamber is occupied by a wooden bust of the poet carved from a mask taken after death. The noble and powerful form of the forehead remains, but the face is so terribly and painfully changed that the representation is not a pleasant thing to look on. Crowned with a garland as the figure is, it seems but an offensive and untimely satire upon humanity. On one side of the room, in a glass case, is a small leaden coffin in which his bones were collected previously to their last interment in the chapel which has been recently adorned in commemoration of him in the church below. The amount of money spent on the decoration of this chapel may be taken, it is to be hoped, as a measure of the reverence felt by the nineteenth century for her sixteenth-century poet. But looked at from any other standpoint, this gaudy chapel is an utter abomination. Sculptors, carvers, painters, gilders have all done their worst to show to what an abyss of vulgarity and tasteless stupidity artists and their patrons had fallen beneath the leaden papal sway. There is what professes to be a life-size statue of the poet: it is enough to say of it that it was impossible for it to be worse.

Let us hasten back up stairs to take a last look at the simple little memorials preserved in the poet's death-chamber. Here there is only one jarring note. A brand new marble slab commemorates the fact that on a certain day in 1855 Pius IX. honored that chamber with his presence and "rendered it more illustrious"! Opposite to this, however, there are some more interesting souvenirs. There is Tasso's inkstand. So persistent a wanderer must have needed, it may be supposed, a portable one, and probably this was considered to be such in its day. It is a mass of wood—cypress, it looks like—about as large round as a man's wrist, and a foot long, with a small cavity about an inch and a half long by half an inch broad cut in the centre of it for holding the ink—a machine which forms a singular contrast with the elegant and well-known bronze inkstand of Ari-

osto which is preserved at Ferrara. By the side of this primitive machine is the crucifix which had been a present from Clement VIII., and which the poet held in his hand when death closed his fingers on it. There is a little round mirror also in a wooden frame, a small black-and-yellow marble patèra, which must have been preserved by him for the sake of some special memory attached to it, for it is a strange and useless thing for a wanderer to carry about with him. Close by it, on a rusty nail, hangs the belt which he wore round his loose gown, made, as a ticket attached to it tells us, of the bark of a tree. And last, not least, there is a piece of the oak tree still known as Tasso's oak in the convent garden. It stands immediately above the little brick hemicycle spoken of at the beginning of this paper, in the highest part of the garden. Here, tradition says, the world-worn poet loved to sit and gaze over the city at his feet, while his thoughts were doubtless still farther away. A lovelier and more enchanting spot for a poet's musings might be sought in vain throughout the entire world. And it is sad to think that all that abounding loveliness had but the savor of Dead Sea apples and ashes to him who should have been so pre-eminently fitted to delight in it.

T. A. T.

#### AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL DERIVATIVES.

"VILL you be so kind, my dear fellow," said my friend the intelligent commissioner from Pumpnickel to me the other day,—"Vill you be so kind as to gif me ze rule for deriving ze name of ze inhabitant from ze name of ze State in your land? I am oblige very frequently to use zese names in my discussions viz my American and English confrères at ze Exposition, and I do not villingly violate ze rules of a language."

This is very true: my friend is really exceedingly well posted on all the intricacies of rule and exception in our English grammar, although he has not been able quite to overcome all its difficulties of pronunciation.

"Why, that's very easy to tell," said I:

"it's just as it is with so many names of European countries—*Prussian, Russian, Austrian*. We add *n* or *an*—*Pennsylvania, Pennsylvanian*."

"Goot! goot! I tank. It is always ze best to know ze fix rule in a language. So my friend of ze oilcake-mill, viz whom I just spoke, I must write him down a New Yorkan."

"No, no!" I said, arresting the pencil as he was about to inscribe this new vowel in his neat and methodic memorandum-book. "That won't do. I believe I should have said we have *two* rules—one for State names ending with a *vowel*, and one for those that end with a *consonant*. The latter always take the ending *er* to designate the inhabitant—New York, *New Yorker*; Maryland, *Marylander*."

"Zat is goot—zat is very goot! Two rules, and both very clear and simple! Now shall I no more make mistakes. I inscribe zese rules in my book. And now I know zat ze *long* gentleman viz ze beef-extract on exhibition is a *Texaser*."

"No, not exactly," I said, a little annoyed at the bad working of my rules: "we never say *Texaser*—we say *Texan* or *Texian*."

"Ah, so! I beg pardon. Texas is zen one exception to ze second rule. I write zat down under ze rule as to State names ending viz a consonant: '*Texas, an exception, forms the derivative Texan or Texian*.' And zis is ze only exception to your two rules, my friend?"

"Oh yes," I said quite readily, "I believe that is the only one."

"Vell, now I am more zan satisfied; and I shall not be so uneasy as I vas yesterday ze next time I haf ze honor to converse viz your distinguished Massachusettser, Professor Whitney."

"But we don't say *Massachusettser*," I said, now really vexed with the systematic Teutonian, who *would* apply my rules in the very cases where they did not happen to fit. "We generally say '*Massachusetts-man*.'"

"And vy, my dear friend?"

"Indeed, I do not know: I never thought about the matter before."

"But I may safely call your handsome

friend viz ze new cotton-press an *Arkansas*er?"

"No, that is not right, either: we say *Arkansian*."

"My dear friend, I begin to fear your rules will but misguide me unless you give me at ze same time all ze exceptions. Allow zat I write ze names in order here according to your two rules, and tell me as I go on each case where in following zem I err against custom."

So he began to write his alphabetical list: "*Alabaman*."

"No: we call that *Alabamian*."

"Very well. Zen allow zat I take ze liberty to change your first rule a leetle, and express it so: '*Rule 1st. Names of States ending in a vowel drop this and add IAN to form the name of the inhabitant*.' Vill zis answer?"

"Let us try it and see," I said, beginning to be a little doubtful as to my power of philological generalization.

"*Arkansas*" came next, and my friend wrote down "*Arkansian*" as an exception to the second rule, and went on. "*Californian*" was the next word he inscribed.

"No: we never have two *i*'s together in English. We write *Californian*."

"So! Now ve haf our first exception to Rule 1st, and I express it zus: '*To avoid doubling the I, State names ending in a vowel preceded by I drop the final vowel, and add only AN*.' Vill zis answer?"

"We'll try it," I said, having learned caution by experience. So we ran over all the State names ending in a vowel preceded by *i*: "*Californian, Georgian, Pennsylvanian, Virginian, Ohian*." No hitch anywhere.

"Yes, that 'Exception' does very well: now go on."

"*Connecticut*."

"No: that won't do at all. We never say that: we say '*Connecticut-man*.'"

"Goot! goot!—like *Massachusetts*. I tink I see ze reason, and I can now write — '*1st Exception to Rule 2d. The State names Massachusetts and Connecticut, being already so long, it is preferred to use a compound rather than to form a derivative from them; and so the names Massachusetts-man and Connecticut-man are used*.'"

"How is it you seem to understand expressing all this so much better than I do?" I said, in surprise at his ready rules and generalizations.

"My friend, if you had been educated in Germany you would know zat all ze usages of every language, even ze most seemingly irregular, can be reduced to *rule and exception*, and a philosophical and sufficient reason given for each of zese. But now how about your *Arkansian* and *Texan*? Are zere others zat resemble zese, and can be reduced under one exception with zem?"

"Well, we generally say *Kansian*."

"I comprehend. Zen we haf '*Exception 2d to Rule 2d. Names of States ending in AS drop the last syllable and add IAN.* EXAMPLES: *Arkansian, Kansian, Texian.* NOTE. Many persons prefer the form *Texan* for the latter word.'"

To sum up in a few words the result of our labors, I found, to my surprise, that in a matter which I had before thought so simple, no less than two rules and three exceptions were necessary in order to explain it fully to a foreigner. Even when we had at last got our rules and exceptions into definite shape, and prescribed by them how each name should be derived, I was not at all sure that everybody would be satisfied with our decisions. For example, should we say *Mainian*, following our rule, or is *Mainer* preferable? Is *Oregonian* really right, or should we say *Oregonian* as more euphonious? Should we write *Michiganer* (never *Michigander*, as irreverent philologists do), or is *Michiganian* better? Do the inhabitants of the White Mountains prefer to be called *Hampshirians* or *Hampshirers*?

However, to bring the matter fairly before the public, philological and otherwise, I will give here the final result of the endeavors of the ingenious Herr Commissioner from Pumpernickel to express the intricacies of American derivatives in the form of "*Rules, Exceptions and Notes.*" All who can do better will please try their hand and send me the result, that I may have the means of satisfying more easily the next foreign commissioner of inquiring mind who comes to me

for information on this subject. It is too humiliating to be obliged to confess one's ignorance of such every-day matters:

*Rules for Deriving the Name of the Inhabitant from the Name of the State, with all the Exceptions.*

*Rule 1st.*—Names of States ending with a vowel drop this and add *ian*. *Examples:* *Alabamian, Delawarian, Floridian, Indianian, Iowian* (?), *Carolinian, Coloradian, Louisianian, Mainian* (?), *Mississippian, Missourian, Minnesotian, Nebraskian, Nevadian, New Hampshireian* (?), *Tennesseian* (?), *Kentuckian, New Jerseian* (?). *Exception 1st:* To avoid the doubling of the letter *i*, which is contrary to the usage of English orthography, State names ending in a vowel preceded by *i*, after dropping the final vowel, add only *an*. *Examples:* *Californian, Georgian, Pennsylvanian, Ohian, Virginian.*

*Rule 2d.*—State names ending in a consonant add *er* to form the name of the inhabitant. *Examples:* *Illinoiser* (?), *Oregoner* (?), *New Yorker, Marylander, Michiganan* (?), *Rhode Islander, Wisconsiner* (?), *Vermonters*. *Exception 1st:* The names *Massachusetts* and *Connecticut*, being already so long, it is preferable to form a compound rather than a derivative from them; so we say, "*a Massachusetts-man*" and "*a Connecticut-man.*" *Exception 2d:* State names ending in *as* drop the last syllable and add *ian*. *Examples:* *Arkansian, Kansian, Texian.* *Note:* The form *Texan* is preferred by many. J. T.

#### CLIMATIC ABERRATIONS.

LAST winter passed over us with a blandness that made nonsense of the almanacs. New England had the allowance of snow that usually falls to the lot of Nashville. Far north of Mason and Dixon's line the *r* months saw ploughs running as in Britain. Only the ice-plough, the variety that in our Northern States ordinarily has the winter to itself, found difficulty in running, and the ice-companies sent messengers far and wide to the highlands of the interior to seek from the summits of those Pisgahs the promised land of frost. But if winter

failed to pelt us with its customary bullets or besiege us in regular form, the batteries of summer have played with a fierceness hitherto unknown. There have been long lists of killed and wounded in all the large towns. In the rural regions our own species has suffered much less than the lower animals, and especially the insect race, among which there has been wholesale destruction. This will not seem a very lamentable fact, but an isolated case like the following, recorded by an observant correspondent, may move the sympathy of benevolent minds:

"One day I brushed a small hunting spider from the side of a doorway. He fell or spun his way down slowly to the floor of the porch where the sun was shining. To my surprise, he instituted a series of violent leaps, each feebler than the one before it. The last failing

to carry him out of the sun, he actually keeled over and died. I set the thermometer on the floor, and it rose to 110°; but the heat of the floor must have been something more than that—perhaps 120°. Flies are abundant around, but not one lit on that spot of sunshine. Those insects are happy and active in a heat between 65° and 95°; and I have often seen the spiders bustling about on sunny walls in mild winter days. Outside of that range torpidity or death threatens them. When we remember the philosophers who sat in an oven while a steak was broiled by their side, and the Esquimaux and the Nebraska farmers who flourish in 40° to 60° below zero, we understand how clearly the world in all its climates was made for man, and how limited, comparatively, is its adaptability to the lower animals."

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

X. Doudan, *Mélanges et Lettres*. Avec une Introduction par M. le Comte d'Haussonville, et des notices par MM. de Sacy et Cuvillier-Fleury. 2 vols. Paris.

The recently-published collection of M. Doudan's letters will be found very delightful reading by all who are interested in French literature. Doudan himself was a man wholly unknown outside of a very small circle of friends, but this circle was composed almost entirely of able men who are well known in modern history. At the age of about twenty-five he was admitted into the household of the duc de Broglie as tutor of the son Madame de Staël bore to her second husband, M. de Rocca, and in that household he remained until his death, being the duke's *chef de cabinet* for five years when the duke was in public life, and afterward partly as guest and intimate friend, partly as confidential adviser, living with the family until his death in his seventy-third year in 1872. Doudan led a quiet life, almost devoid of incident, shunning notoriety and devoting himself with the greatest fervor to reading and study. His letters contain comments on the more prominent political events of the period extending

from about 1825 to 1872, but their especial charm is the piquancy and excellence of his literary judgments.

We foreigners hardly understand how thoroughly the spirit of clique unites one school of writers in France and separates it from others, and how hard it is to keep the famous men in the sort of perspective that is held right by those who know them best. Doudan was not in any of the somewhat narrow literary sets, but his experience and wisdom enabled him to judge them all with great intelligence. His taste was of the finest sort, and was always kept pure in a way that is too often neglected by people harassed by daily cares and closely crowded by their work—namely, by perpetual reference to the highest models. He was never finical and over-refined, as a student in his closet might easily become, nor, on the other hand, did he fall readily into noisy enthusiasm about novelties. His long life saw the glory and the decay of many reputations, and his remarks on the different people show that he was as free from envy as he was safe from being dazzled by their brilliancy.

Before bringing in the testimony of his own

writings to prove his critical soundness, a word may be said about the delightfulness of his humor, which is truly charming. In almost every letter some example of it may be found, throwing more lightness into his already considerably elegant style and tempering both his praise and blame. Here is what he says of Lamartine's incredible *Chute d'un Ange*: "M. de Lamartine seems to me to be laying the foundation for a good many retractions on his deathbed. The fall of his angel is deplorable. That angel sinks into the void. His imagination is that of a giant, gross, monotonous and puerile. He mistakes bigness for grandeur. That is also somewhat the mistake of the present time." Here is a trifle from a letter to M. d'Haussonville: "My dear friend, if you deserve praise for the contents of your letters, you are somewhat inferior in the art of sealing them. The tenth of this month—that is to say, yesterday—M. Desages received a letter from you which he read with great pleasure. Then in another envelope likewise directed to him were several letters, sealed, addressed to different people, and one open, beginning, *My dear sir*, and ending *est un peu ombrageux*. Nothing in the letter indicated to M. Desages that it was not written to him, except a sentence about his friends in Naples, where he does not know even a cat. The letter was submitted to the inspection of M. de Viel-Castel, who thought that with the exception of the friends at Naples it was written to him. Finally, it was sent to me, and I decided that you intended it for your father-in-law, to whom I have faithfully forwarded it. It is strange that a family letter can leave any one in this uncertainty. If you had only written, 'It is my duty to inform you that your daughter beat me again last week,' that would have put us on the track; but there was not a word of the sort."

He writes this in 1840: "Voltaire (I quote him in Holy Week, but it is innocently)—Voltaire said, *Qui n'est que juste est dur, qui n'est que sage est triste*. In a certain sense that is a profound saying, and we will comment upon it some day. . . . As for the world, I have this year felt a contempt for it which equals the ennui it has always caused me. Every one's little faults become vices by a certain contagion that there is in every large assemblage of men, on the same principle that typhus is produced in a great hospital to which each one had brought only an inno-

cent little fever. I could preach a fine sermon upon the world. Put a man in a pretty little house on the edge of a lonely valley, with half a dozen good books, he will be amiable, gentle, kind to his neighbors on the other side of the valley: he will observe with an emotion he will not understand the smoke of distant houses, the declining day, falling snow, or budding flowers. Put him for six weeks in a Parisian drawing room, he will become cynical, hard, haughty if he is the stronger—contemptible if he is the weaker: he will think even to the depths of his heart whatever it is the fashion to think. It will require ten years of solitude to restore to him independence and peace of mind; and that time will hardly suffice. I do not doubt for a moment that the world and the devil are identically the same thing; hence I have found the world as tiresome as the devil."

Elsewhere he says: "I have found a Montaigne which I read with a new pleasure. I hold it for certain that the seventeenth century destroyed the real French language. It made of it a young lady laced in a corset, speaking always in the same tone, while the poor girl in the sixteenth century was lively and simple, ran about the fields plucking flowers and throwing them away to chase the birds. Now laughing, now weeping at all her little griefs, she said everything that came into her head, and all her words were as varied and as brilliant as her thoughts. Her color and her features were not more mobile than her language, which followed the diversity of her impressions. But the gentlemen of Port Royal, having had the good fortune to apply geometry to the French language, we have had the elegant correctness of M. de Jouy, of M. Jay, and other birds of an absolutely uniform plumage." Here is another agreeable bit: "Generally, in the village one is fond of the priests who are *bons enfants*—that is to say, who do not regard right and wrong too closely—and who in morals and dogmas do not split hairs. They are a perverse and vulgar set. This one is very different, and I do not know how he has managed to get any sway over the somewhat stupid Normandy peasants of these parts. He is fond of letters, which is rare among the village clergy. It is pleasant to think that during the long winter evenings, when the wind is roaring in the woods and wolves are wandering in the snow, and the honest mortals who inhabit these valleys are thinking about the price of cider and the



weight of their oxen, there is at least one human being before whose eyes pass the images of Homer and Virgil, and who combines all these hues of a superior society with the generous and disinterested thoughts of Christianity. That is what I find most attractive in the English villages which I have never seen. A poetic soul is there by the side of all the rather vulgar ones which form the majority of society. The clergyman dreams of Plato, of Job, of Italy, of the Syrian desert, among this herd occupied with their daily cares. He is like a lily or a flower-bush in a kitchen-garden. He represents the superfluous in the world, without which the rest is arid and miserable."

As may be imagined, Doudan felt but little admiration for Victor Hugo's genius, or, perhaps more truly, for his management of his genius. He says, for instance, in 1842, referring to Hugo's play *Les Burgraves*: "What! that cyclops of a Victor Hugo has composed a tragedy out of his absurd book on the Rhine? He ought to leave the banks of the Rhine to Goethe and Schiller, and not chalk his extravagances on the doors of those abandoned old castles. When a little bad French wit combines with the romantic revery of Germany, it produces abominations. It is as if the soul of a bagman animated the phantom of a beautiful nun of the Middle Ages." Here is what he says of Lamartine: "Whatever I may have said, this man describes well sometimes, but he has all the imaginations—that is to say, he has no imagination of his own. He thinks in green, rose, or blue from a premeditated plan. One might put in the margin of his pictures, This is Dante, M. de Chateaubriand, M. de Lamennais, Tasso, Pierre Leroux, Lord Byron, Homer and the Bible. You have there M. Pierre Leroux in good company, I hope. It is not that all these great minds have passed into Lamartine's blood. If they had, he would be justified, and this transmission would be perfectly legitimate, but it is one thing to have Dante's blood by transmission, and another to know there was a poet of that name and to imitate his power in writing."

His literary criticisms do not all refer simply to those older men whose place in literature is pretty well agreed upon by general consent, but mention is made in the letters written during the last years of his life of books still almost new. To one correspondent, a Mademoiselle Gavart, who seems to

have often consulted him about her reading, he speaks of Trollope's novels, and to another he writes under date of October, 1869: "You are wrong to take such a prejudice against English novels, and to defend German novels in comparison. We find ourselves at home with the imagination of the English. We enter easily into their feelings, their impressions and their reveries. It is very different with the particular genius of Germany. Excepting *Werther*, I have never understood Goethe's novels. One is lost in that strange world which seems to be lit by different stars from ours. What I say is not out of hatred for M. de Bismarck."

These few disconnected extracts do this writer no manner of justice. Many sides of his attractive character are wholly left out of this slight sketch: the reader cannot do better than take up the book and find for himself the delight and instruction which frank intercourse with a cultivated and enlightened man is sure to give. He will find that these volumes of letters stand high among recently-published French books. They will prove a rich possession when many other books of the day have been long forgotten.

#### Books Received.

- Transcendentalism in New England: A History. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 The Hand of Ethelberta. By Thomas Hardy. (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.  
 The Prime Minister. By Anthony Trollope. (International Series.) Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.  
 The Historical Jesus of Nazareth. By M. Schlesinger, Ph. D. New York: Charles P. Somerby.  
 Flesh and Spirit. By the author of "The Odd Trump," etc. New York: E. J. Hale & Son.  
 High Masonry Dams. By John B. McMaster, C. E. New York: D. Van Nostrand.  
 Elements of Psychology. By Henry N. Day. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

#### New Music.

- If Washington was Living Now! Centennial Song and Chorus. Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by Charles E. Prior. Cincinnati: F. W. Helmick.  
 Medley of American National Airs. (Flags-of-all-Nations Series.) By E. Mack. Philadelphia: W. H. Boner & Co.  
 Flags of all Nations: Grand March. By E. Mack. Philadelphia: W. H. Boner & Co.